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"THE LOOP OF GOLD"
DAVID LYALL'S Great New Serial
Starts this Month

For Health and Beauty"



There is much virtue in the early cup of



PURE BREAKFAST



DURO Fadeless Fabrics

"GARMENT REPLACED IF COLOUR FADES."

THE prettiest pastime frocks for tennis, river, fete, and sea-shore are made from these delightful, dainty and durable fadeless tabrics. Other of the DURO Cloths make up into the smartest walking suits and costumes, and into the most useful overalls and children's romp-wear.

The pattern folder will show that there is a DURO for every purpose. This folder, with names of local drapers, will be sent on application to the DURO Advertising Department, Room 33, Waterloo Buildings, Piccadilly, Manchester.

Dyers and Manufacturers:
BURGESS, LEDWARD & CO. LTD.
MANCHESTER,

DURO CAMBRIC ... 40 ins. ... 3/W for Frocks, Shirts & Children's Wear.

DURO ZEPHYR ... 40 ins. ... 3/11 for Children's and Ladies' Frocks.

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DURO SHIRTINGS for Men, in all



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Cake Royal!

Easily! Quickly! Cheaply!

Contains all the necessary sweetening, flavouring and raising properties.

You can make many different kinds of cake by following the Recipes and full directions given in each

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The purity and high quality of the ingredients makes every "Cake Royal" cake not only a delightful dainty but a valuable food.



Ask your grocer for this perfect Cake Maker
J & J. BEAULAH LTD
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-New and Nice -

Choice Table Daintiesmade with ease.



Plumtree's HOME MADE Send 3d, for Lemon Cheese.

A choice Table Delicacy. Children fove it.
The PASTRY-COOK'S FRIEND and DELIGHT.
A Spiendid Spread for Bread or Toast.
AS GOOD AS PLUMTREES HOME-POTTED MEATS AND FISE.

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I'M GLAD I HAD

Leaks grow like cabbages while the Plumber lights his pipe. In other words FLUXITE will end the trouble in less time than it takes you to remember where the Plumber lives. Quickly, easily and at next-to-nothing cost you can mend damaged gas and water pipes, kitchen and household utensils, tools of all kinds, gardening implements, toys-all can be made as good as new with FLUXITE. Mechanics will have FLUXITE because it

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The inexpensive FLUXITE Soldering Set saves its cost in a very short time—lasts for vears—is simple and handy to use, Ask your Ironmonger or Hardware Dealer to show you this outfit.

FLUXITE can be obtained in all Hardware and Ironmongery Stores, in tins, costing 8d., 1/4 and 2/8

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The "FLUXITE" SOLDERING SET

contains a special "small-space" Soldering Iron, with non-heating metal handle, a Pocket Blow-Lamp, Fluxite, Solder, etc., and full instructions. Price 10/6. Sample Set post paid United Kingdom.

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The published biographies of many great business builders provide the most instructive comment on the qualities of mind necessary for the conception and consummation of great enterprises. Read these life stories and you will find that such qualities as :--RESOURCEFULNESS,

- -OBSERVATION, -PERCEPTION,
 - -TACT.
- -IUDGMENT.
- -CONCENTRATION.
- -FORESIGHT. -DECISION.
- -INITIATIVE. -IMAGINATION,
- -WILL-POWER.
- -ORGANISING POWER.

-SELF-CONFIDENCE, -MEMORY.

have always been brought into play in a highly developed state. It is because Pelmanism develops every function of the mind - because the student is given practical individualised training in all mental functionsthat every one of these qualities is brought to that state of efficiency which enables the owner of the Pelmanised mind to rise to the individual height to which he or she aspires. The following letter taken at random from a mass of others is eloquent evidence of the resultfulness of Pelmanism-

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"The chief benefits which I have derived from the Course are: Increased self-confidence; greater interest power; wider outlook; keener mental grasp; more tenacious memory; ability to do more work and better work with greater rapidity and less fatigue; and a rise of £145 per annum in From a CLERK.

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(1) A copy of "Mind and Memory," perhaps the most wide'y read book in the world. This book in the compass of 32 pages gives a full Synopsis of the New Pelman

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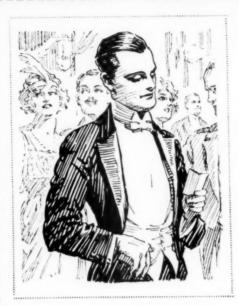
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Pelmanism is quite simple, easy and interesting to follow, and its small cost places it within reach of every

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Enjoyable Recreation

The rather strenuous exertions of the ballroom are apt to make one's hair become ruffled and untidy. This will not happen if you rub a little Anzora well into the scalp every morning and carefully brush the hair. You will then be able to part your hair in just the way desired, and it will remain in perfect position until bedtime again.

Anzora Cream for slightly greasy scalps, and Anzora Viola for dry scalps, are sold by all Chemists, Hairdressers, Stores, etc., in 1/6 and 2/6 (double quantity) bottles.



Masters the Hair

Ansora Perfumery Co., Willesden Lane, London, N.W 6.

Heart Neuralgia, Nerves, and Hysteria

"Nothing Short of a Miracle," says Young Lady Cured by Dr. Cassell's Tablets.

Miss Caroline M. Hawkins, 1 St. Philip's Road, Upper Stratton, Swindon, says: "When I think of all I suffered, it seems nothing short of a miracle that Dr. Cassell's Tablets should have restored my health as they have done. I had been nervous all my life, and a severe illness at fourteen left me worse than ever. I was simply a wreck, wasted to a shadow, and ever after had queer turns, said to be a form of hysteria. During these attacks I was quite helpless. Next I had neuralgia, which soon aftected my heart and breathing. I could not lie down for it. My appetite, too, was bad, and I ate very little.

I could not lie down for it. My appetite, too, was bad, and I ate very little.

"After eighteen months of this I got Dr. Cassell's Tablets. Then the neuralgia ceased, my breathing became easy, and my nerves became steady again, and now I am ever so well and strong."



Dr. Cassell's Tablets

HOME PRICES:

1/3 & 3/-

(the ps. size being the more economical). Sold by Chemists in all parts of the world. Refuse substitutes.

The Universal Home Remedy for

Nervous Breakdown Sieeplessness Nerve Paralysis Angemia Malnutrition Kidney Trouble

Neurasthenia

Sieeplessness Wasting Diseases
Anomia Palpitation
Kidney Trouble Indigestion Vital Exhaustion
Nervous Debility

Specially valuable for Nursing Mothers and during the Critical Periods of Life. FREE INFORMATION

as to the suitability of Dr. Cassell's Tablets in your own case sent on request Dr. Cassell's Co. Little, Chester Road, Manchester, Eng. A

Don't Wear

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Cushio Appliar make f who a in this Our can be child v safety one, nothing how m ance, who m

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A Genuine Rupture Cure Sent on Trial to Prove It.

Don't Wear a Truss any Longer.

After thirty years' experience we have produced an Appliance for men, women, and children that actually cures rupture.

Don't Make Your Child Wear a Truss Through Life.

We Want to Reach the Parents of Every Ruptured Child in the Country.

We want them to know about the Automatic Air Cushion Rupture Appliance that we make for children who are afflicted in this way.

Our appliance can be put on any child with perfect safety to the little

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For growing children there is nothing better to be had-no matter how much you pay-than our appli-ance. We want the parents or others who may have children in their care to understand that there should be no delay in getting proper help for ruptured children.

Every day that the rupture is allowed to go on without the right means of correcting it-just so much harder will it be for the child to get

No ruptured child can ever be free from the thought of the rupture, and it is not fair to any child not to have an equal chance with other children. No matter what we may wish to think ruptured children do not have an equal

Common trusses do not help.

Thousands of men and women know that from their own experience with

But it is not necessary for children to wear harsh, cumbersome trusses any

You may have had to wear something like this, but don't make your child do it. Give the child something

Our Appliance is better, and we want to prove it to you.

The Automatic Air Cushion conforms with every movement of the child; there is an even, gentle pressure which gradually binds the broken parts together—as you would bind a broken limb—and then no matter how much the child jumps, runs, rolls over, or falls down, the pressure is kept up just the same - always drawing the parts together.

Write us to-day and get all the information. Send the coupon.

Ten Reasons Why

You Should Send for the Brooks' Rupture Appliance.

1. It is absolutely the only Appliance of the kind on the market to-day, and in it are embodied the principles that inventors have sought after for

2. The appliance for retaining the rup-

ture cannot be thrown out of position.

3. Being an air cushion of soft rubber, it clings closely to the body, yet never blisters or causes irritation.

4. Unlike the ordinary so-called pads used in common trusses, it is not cumbersome or ungainly.

s. It is small, soft, and pliable, and positively cannot be detected through the clothing.

6. The soft pliable bands holding the Appliance do not give one the un-pleasant sensation of wearing a harness.

7. There is nothing about it to get foul, and when it becomes soiled it can be washed without injuring it in the

8. There are no metal springs in the Appliance to torture one by cutting and

bruising the flesh, 9. All the material of which the Appliances are made is of the very best that money can buy, making it a durable and safe Appliance to wear.

10. Our reputation for honesty and fair dealing is so thoroughly established by an experience of over thirty years of dealing with the public, and the prices are so reasonable, the terms so fair, that there certainly should be no hesitancy in sending the free coupon to-day,

8-Weeks Old Baby Perfectly Cured.

27 New Street, Littshill, Staffs. I now take great pleasure in thanking you for the Appliance, as it has been a perfect cure for my little boy. He was only eight weeks old when I tried the Appliance, and is now perfectly cured at sax months. I shall certainly recommend your Appliance as being a perfect cure. Thanking you greatly for what you have done for me.

Mrs. SMITH. If you have tried almost everything else come to us. Where others fail is where we have our greatest success. Send attached coupon to-lay, and we will send you free our illustrated book



From a photograph of Mr. C. E. Brocks, Inventor of the Appliance, who cured him-self, and whose experience has since benefited thousands. If inplured, write to-day,

on Rupture and its cure, showing the Appliance, and giving you prices and names of many people who have tried it and are extremely grateful. It is instant relief when all others fail. Remember we use no salves, no harness, no lies.

We send on trial to prove what we say is true. You are the judge, and having once seen our illustrated book and read it, you will be as enthusiastic as hundreds of patients whose letters you can also read. Fill in the free coupon below and post it to-day. It is well worth your time, whether you try our Appliance or not.

"A Permanent Cure."

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3 Ametal Road. Holloway, No.
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rooming. Ledlewell of the Appliance for more than four
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you grateful thanks, and I will recommend the Appliance to all sufferers whom I know. You are at
theory to use my letter in any way that will be help
that to other sufferers. J. CHESHIRE.

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We send the Appliance on trial to prove that what we say is true. You are to be the judge. Fill in the free coupon below, and post to-day.

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Free Information Coupon. Brooks Appliance Company Limited (1553 A), 80 Chancery Lane, W.C.2.

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OLIDAYS AT BRING **PLEASURE**

TRY IT THIS YEAR. F. J. C. BROOME, Cure Director, HARROGATE.

Delightful Country Rambles & Excursions Plenty of Amusement Inside and Out Finest Treatment in the World Magnificently Equipped Baths

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Write Him To-day.

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FOR REMOVING GREASE FROM GAS OVENS, ETC. Ask your Ironmonger or Gas Company for it.

If they do not stock send 2: for 2 tins nost free-

The Manager, The Kleenoff Co., 33 St. Mary at-Hill, London, E.C.3.



MOTHERS will find this unequalled for keeping the children's hair in a clean and healthy condition.



instantly kills all nits and vermin in the and is pleasant in use.

In 6d. and 1 . sizes of all Chemists,

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Instantly Kills Pain!

One touch of Vikwik and you can feel the pain of Rheumatism, Gout, Sciatica, Lumbago, Sprains, Strains, Bruisec, etc., etc., fade away. Kills pain—gives new life to tortured limbs and aching muscles.

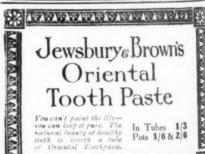
Doctors support and recommend it.

Vikwik Liniment can be obtained from
Boots (580 branches) and all Chemists at

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Jewsbury&Brown's Oriental Tooth Paste

von can keep it pure. The natural beauty of healthy teeth is worth a tube Oriental Toothpaste.

In Tubes 1/3 Pots 1/6 & 2/6 AN ANACANANAN AN AN AN AN AN

The Simplest Pen to Use. The Onoto is as simple to use as the Pillar Box. And like the Pillar Box, it is always ready for your letters. It never leaks. It fills itself. It cleans itself in filling. You can regulate the flow of ink to a nicety, by a turn with the thumb and finger. And like the Pillar Box, the Onoto is a British Institution made in London by the famous firm of De la Rue, whose name is a guarantee of perfect British workmanship When you see a Pillar Box, remember to get an ONOTO. THOMAS DE LA RUE & CO., Ltd. Bunbill Row, London, E.C.I.

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NOTHING IS THE SAME, NOR HAS THE SAME REFRESHING SMELL AND ANTISEPTIC VALUE

For FLOORS, FURNITURE, LINOLEUM, &c.

Of all Grocers, Stores, Ironmongers.

A little RONUK goes a long way, and will polish and re-polish by simply using a brush or a cloth or, better still, a Ronuk Home Polisher.

Write for leaflet to-

RONUK, LTD.
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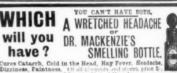
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Real Harris, Lewis, and Shetland Homespuns

Direct from the Makers.

Light weights for Ladies—Medium for Cents.

Futures and Frace on Application.

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EPILEPSY Is there



Mr. Gilbert Dale has devoted

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Mr. Galbert Date has devoted the most unremitting effort to the investigation of the causes of Epilepsy, and the reasons for the failure of the existing methods to combat it. More than or years have been spent on this one subject by him, and the funits of his study are seen in the real and permanent cures he is continually effecting.

What the Doctors say.

That Mr. Gilbert Dale's deep knowledge of his subject is name and other Date's deep knowledge of his subject is acknowledged by the medical practitioner is evidenced by the following extracts from recent letters:

"We told our doctor you were treating him for fits, and you would be flattered and pleased to know how well he spake of you and of your treatment. He said if any man could cure him you could. It was very pleasing also to me to have his opinion, as he is about the cleverest doctor in this district."

"My doctor called yesterday, and he says if our boy had not had your treatment in 1915 he probably would not be alive now, or if he had lived he must have been an imbecile by this now, or n ne nad fived he must have been an imbecile by this time. He is very quick at repartee, and never at a loss for a word."

The doctor mentioned in this second extract sent a case from Scotland for a consultation with Mr. Gilbert Dale, which case has since been cured.

Truth, in its issue of a few years ago, speaking of the Dale Treatment and its originator, said: "I am satisfied that he is perfectly honest and conscientious, and that no one need hesiate about trying his treatment where orthodox science is of no avail, and, unfortunately, there are many cases of epilepsy where it is."

The Dale Treatment applies especially to cases of epilepsy which have been turned down as hopeless by the medical practitioner.

A deeply interesting book, "Epilepsy: Its Causes, Symptoms, and Treatment," containing results from Mr. Dale's methods, and published at 1 - net, will be sent post free for six penny stamps by

MR. GILBERT DALE, 69 Bond Street House, 14 Clifford Street, London, W.1.

STOP FORGET

and MIND-WANDERING. Develop your MEMORY, CONCENTRATION and WILL POWER by the ST. SETTEF COURSE. Intressing exercises. Highly recommended. Kev. Walter Wynn, author of "Ropert Lives," says: "Can do no other than good." "Pit want jumn!" recommends as follows: "No better course of scientific EN Higher Lives, says: "Can do no ourse. Lives, says: "Can do no ourse course of formends as follows: "No better course of forsons, raming could be desired than this series of lessons, are adultably adapted for sel-mastery." Complete Re: no mether roes. Course sent in plant, scaled Property Scot'and. which are admirably adapted for settlemostery. Company company



HEALTH

should wear "healthy" Corsets, and the "Natural Ease" Corset is the most healthy of all. Every wearer says so, While moulding the figure to the most delicate lines of feminine grace, they vastly improve the health.

THE CORSET HEALTH



The Natural Ease Corset Style 2.

10/11 pair Postage abroad extra.

Complete with Special Detachable Suspenders.

Stocked in all sizes from 20 to 30. Made in finest quality Drill.

SPECIAL POINTS OF INTEREST.

No bones or steels to drag, hurt, or break. No lacing at the back. Made of strong, durable drill of finest quality.

Made of strong, durable drill of finest quality, with corded supports and special suspenders, detachable for washing.

It is laced at the sides with elastic cord to expand freely when breathing.

It is fitted with adjustable shoulder straps, lit has a short (9 inch) busk in front which ensures a perfect shape, and is fastened at the top and bottom with non-rusting Hooks and Eyes.

It can be easily washed at home, having nothing to rust or tarnish.

The History of the Health Corset may be set out in a few lines-it is founded on Science, improved by Experience, and beautified by Art; its perfection is the result of the co-operation of the Artist and the Expert.

These Corsets are specially recommended for ladies who enjoy cycling, tennis, dancing, golf, etc., as there is nothing to hut or break. Singers, Actresses, and anvalids will find wonderful assistance, as they enable them to breathe with perfect treedom. All women, especially housewives, and those employed in occupations demanding constant movement, appreciate the "Natural Ease" Corsets. They yield freely to every movement of the body, and whist giving beauty of figure are the most comfortable Corsets ever worn.

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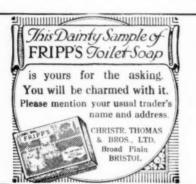
No goods sent without cash, but money willingly returned if dissatisfied. Catalogue sent with Corsets. Cross your Possal Orders thus [] and make payable to the

HEALTH CORSET COMPANY, Room 99. Morley House, 26-28 Holborn Viaduct, London. EDWIN TURPIN & CO., LTD

WRIGHT'S Coal Tar Soap

For nearly 60 Years has had the recommendation of

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A Lady writes:-" Most comfortable, not heavy, never seem to wear out."

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SOLES AND HEELS make one pair of boots last the time of three.

OF ALL BOOTMAKERS.

Men's Stout (General Wear) ... cie Light (City Wear) ... 4/6 Ladies' (General Wear) ... 3f-Per Set (Soles and He ls).





THE PHYSICIAN'S REMEDY FOR NEURALGIA, HEADACHE, RHEUMATISM AND INFLUENZA.

A SAFE AND CERTAIN CURE AND SPLENDID TONIC.

Does not affect the Heart

CEPHOS does NOT contain any Antifebrin whatever.

To be obtained of Messrs. Boots Cash Chemists, Taylors' Drug Stores, and of all chemists, 1/3 and 3/- per Box.

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If your chemist does not happen to have it in stock, send 1/3 or 3/- in stamps, or P.O., addressed CEPHOS. LTD., BLACKBURN, and they will send it to you POST FREE.



HERE'S HEALTH FOR YOU

A HOME CURE BY NATURE'S REMEDY

Don't waste your time trying to cure a chronic ailment by doping your system with stimulants and poisons. Such complaints as lack of vigour, rheumatism, lumbago, neuralgia, sciatica, and stomach, kidney, liver, and bladder troubles are due to a weakened condition of the nerves and vital organs. Your body needs new strength and vitality, and that is what you must have before you can get well. Taking drugs into the stomach won't help you. You know that if you've tried them. They really leave you in a worse state than ever.

Electricity, properly applied, will restore the strength and activity of every weak, sluggish organ of your body. Apply the "Ajax" Battery for one hour daily. It is the only successful body appliance made, and the only one that infuses the current into the system in the right volume to effect a cure. Under its powerful influence your pains and aches vanish like mists before the morning sun. The blood courses through your veins with renewed vigour. The glow of health returns to your cheeks, and you feel the thrill of new life that comes with increased vitality and nerve power.

The "Ajax" Body Battery is easy to use. There is no charging to do, no

The "Ajax" Body Battery is easy to use. There is no charging to do, no bother of any kind. Just put it on and lie down. The current is then absorbed in its entirety. The sensation is pleasant, exhibitaring. Everyone who uses the "Ajax" Battery recommends it, because it is an honest remedy and does grand work.

Our 80-page book about electric treatment is written in plain language and nicely illustrated. It contains many facts you should know about the cause and cure of disease. It is free, together with full information concerning the treatment, to both men and women. Don't wait a minute—send now.

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everyone who needs Napery to day everyone who needs Napery to day ever what amazing values we ofter in threebill fleat. Sheets, and Flalow Cherica Medica Medica

Tints grey or faded hair any natural shade desired—brown, dark-brown, ight-brown, or black. It is permanent and washable, bas no grease, and does not burn the hair. It is used by over three-quarters of a million people. Medical certificate accompanies each bottle. Of all the chemists, Stores and Hairdressers, 2.6 the Flask, or direct from HINDES, Ltd., 1 Tabernacle Street, City, London.

Patentees and Manufacturers of the World-Famous Hindes Wavers.



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The charm of "Plasticining" opens a new world of delight to that immense army of little people who are always coming on. Do not think it old because maybe you used it ten or fifteen years ago; it sun't to them. Pass on your pleasures: buy a box and show them the funny things you used to make.

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Prevents Indigestion

Never confuse pure, light, digestible Hovis Bread with ordinary wholemeal bread, made coarse and clammy with bran and husks.

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is made of the purest, cleanest white flour with the golden germ of the wheat added to it. That is why Hovis Bread is so digestible. That addition of the natural nitrogen and organic phosphates of wheat makes

Hovis a nourishing and valuable food

YOUR BAKER BAKES IT



Brogues Summer Footwear

For all the glorious outdoor life of the links the hills, the open country, the short Norwell's 'Perth' Brogues are built They are smart, sturdy, sporty: light, easy perfect-fitting.

Built of tough flexible leather, entirely waterproof and surprisingly wearproof, they yield full money value.

Norwell's PerthBrogues

" Direct from Scotland "

Uppers of best selection of surproof chrome calfskin, blass
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When ordering give name and number required

Orders sent post free in Britain: postar abroad extra. Foreign orders receive specia attention. Should dissatisfaction arise to purchase money will be fully refunded.

> Write now for New Footwear Catalogue to

NORWELL'S 'PERTH' FOOTWEAR, LTD.
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per yard, 54 ins. wide Write for patterns (No. 66) to-day. WEST RIDING WEAVING CO., 11 AIRE STREET, LEEDS.

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HERCULES

Inexpensive Spring
Frocks for Children
Look Well—Wear Well—Wash Well
HERCULES Frocks for Children are made of
Joshua Hoyle & Sons' "Hercules," the tested
cloth, and may be obtained in a large variety of
pretty designs and styles.
They can be washed again and again—the
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sumply defies wear. Children are always
happy when wearing HERCULES Frocks,
for they know they can romp and play
to their hearts' content without fear of
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Every "Hercules" gament bears the "Molfre and Child'
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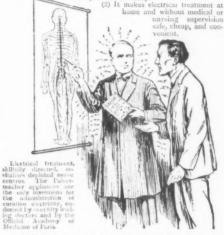
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yet there is a clarity, a courage, and a directness of expression which opens up the world of understanding in all its most beautiful aspects. The books are for you to read. They are for the youth of either ext to study with a desire for the total removal of sex mystery. You need the knowledge they will impart NOW—you will need it more and more as you face the problems of family life in the future. The volumes are a veritable masterpiece of literature, written by those who are best able to express their intimate thoughts for the benefit of life and race. Send for the books now. Read them carefully—realise how wonderful are the TRUTHS we so little understand, and you will feel thankful that such literature is offered to the public at a price within the reach of all.

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The Editor's Announcement Page

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June is the month for the countryside. Next month, therefore, will be my Outdoor Life Number. The delights of the open trail, the fascination of living in a country caravan, the charm of a rock garden, the strange grip of life in the wilds, the placid excitements of village life and gossip-all these varied aspects of Outdoor Life will have their place: the stories, articles, illustrations, will breathe the spirit of the countryside.

In addition, there will be another long instalment of the serial, an article by Dr. Hutton, an interview with Miss Maude Royden, and a generous selection of needlecraft for the home-loving

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Little Minister'- J.M. Barrie



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R V 362 -- 23

THE "HOME-MADE" CRAZE

ORK finished? That's splendid. Well, idle for a little until a fresh lot of files are ready: this comes of 'hustling'!"

And the door closed behind the back of the head of Department X of the Ministry of Y. The four occupants of the room settled themselves a trifle more easily in their chairs. One, a slim red-haired girl, whipped a piece of lemon-coloured knitting from a drawer and bent

diligently to her needles.

That going to be a jumper, Miss Mayfield?" inquired a dark girl whose hair tumbled untidily about her ears. Then, as the other nodded, "You are clever; there's a regular craze for home-made things, but I'm such an awful slacker . . . oh, bother my hair,' she broke off, vainly trying to thrust back an unruly lock; "I washed it last night, and I can't do a thing with it to-day."

"What do you wash it with?" inquired Miss Mayfield, "not stallax, I'm sure . . .

ah, I thought not."
"I do," said a pretty, fair girl who had not yet spoken. "It's simply splendid stuff."
"There," said Miss Mayfield, "I told you

so. You try it next time. If you haven't any at home, a chemist will always supply it. It works up into the most lovely foamy lather and cleans your hair in no time. Afterwards it dries quickly and crisply, so that it can be done up at once . . . none of that untidy, 'endy' look, the day after a shampoo."

"Well, well," said the dark-haired one, "that's something worth trying. As we're on the subject, do any of you know a cure for falling hair? I'm convinced I'm getting prematurely bald . . . also I've got quite a little patch of grey hair-overwork, of course," she grinned.

The head of the room, a slightly older woman whose face was redeemed from plainness by the masses of soft brown hair surrounding it, sailed into the discussion. "I don't think you'll beat my recipe, Miss Carey," she said . . "and, like Miss Mayfield's jumper, it's home-made. Get one ounce of boranium from your drug-stores and dissolve it in bay rum. If you rub this into the roots of your hair at night, you will find, in a few days, that not only will your hair stop falling out, but it will grow much more thick and glossy. If you aren't joking about that grey hair, I can give you a tip which has been of great use to me personally.

"I'd be fearfully grateful, Mrs. Drewe," an-

swered Miss Carev.

"Well," said the other, "it is not unlike the first recipe, only this time the bay rum should have pure tammalite dissolved in it, You should apply the mixture with a clean small brush, and it will gradually restore the faded part to its normal colour. Of course, this isn't a dye; I know nothing about hair-dyes, for I disapprove of them entirely. But it's a wonderful tonic."

"Thanks, so much," Miss Carey said, "I ought

to be a dream of beauty as regards my hair . . . Seriously though, I'm going to try your ideas... stallax, boranium, tammalite . . . is that right? Thanks. Miss Mayfield, what a delicious jumper that is . . . but my complexion would never stand the colour. You red-haired girls are lucky, you always have such topping skins."

"I had anything but a topping skin a year ago," replied the latter . . . "I used to freekle and burn and get dreadfully blotched-looking.

Then a friend told me that mercolized wax was by far the most scientific and effective thing she knew. If it is rubbed on at night and washed off with warm water in the morning, it gradually absorbs the outer skin which has become stained and roughened, and reveals the fresh new skin underneath. It sounded rather wonderful, and so I tried it . . . and I've used no other face-cream since."

"Would you believe it?" murmured the facetious Miss Carey . . . "I wouldn't be half so bad-looking if I had your skin, Miss Mayfield. Is this wax very difficult to get?"

" Not a bit," said the other, "any decent chemist has some in stock. Of course, I use cleminite too-it's such a wonderful protection to the skin, and it's so nice to feel proof against a shiny nose."

"Don't you use powder then?" inquired

the fair girl.

"No: I've outgrown that. I've found something that has all the good points of powder, the smooth, velvety look, but hasn't the disadvantages of being untidy to use and giving one the appearance of being 'made up.' I bathe my face with a lotion of cleminite and water, and then I don't need to bother about powdering at all."

"Well, well," exclaimed Miss Carey, "that's something worth knowing. It sounds too good to be true. Fancy being able to enjoy a dance thoroughly without worrying if you are looking red or shiny. Lovely!"

Mrs. Drewe looked up . . . "You all seem great beauty specialists! I wonder if one of you experts could suggest a really trustworthy remedy for superfluous hair. I should like to know for a friend of mine."

" I think I know," said Miss Carey . . " from personal experience. I once had quite a moustache. But I got rid of it by simply applying a paste that I made myself with pheminol, and never went near an electric needle, which, I believe, is very painful. It was so successful; it was all over in a few minutes and my skin never hurt at all."

"Thank you so much: I am sure my friend will be very grateful," smiled Mrs. Drewe.

A step sounded in the corridor.

"I'm afraid this very enlightening discussion must be postponed," she continued; "I think that's the messenger with our files. . . Yes, here they come . . . we must carry on with the work now . . ."

The Quiver

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Never was the demand for fiction greater than to-day: our best story writers are better paid than the politicians.

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** Sherston caught her to him passionately, but in her very nearness sensed something remote and inaccessible. Here, indeed, in secret intangible form was part of the aftermath of the war "-p. 606

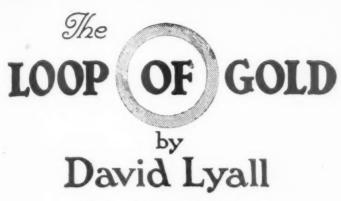
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(Author of "An English Rose," etc.)

CHAPTER I

Sherston's Home-coming

THE troop train, with sun-browned faces at the window of every compartment, ran smoothly up to the platform, and the flotsam and jetsam of the station began to gather instantaneously.

But both officers and men looked in vain for some sign of official welcome or recognition. No red tabs stood at the salute waiting to shake hands and congratulate the officers on the smart appearance of the men after their long voyage and their glorious record.

Someone had blundered.

An expression of the deepest disgust and annoyance convulsed for a moment the hard-bitten features of the commanding officer, and he said something in a low undertone to the second in command which provoked a smile on his youthful face.

Nothing could be done but put the best face on it. The commanding officer de-

cided to say nothing at all.

The men tumbled out of the train helterskelter, looking round anxiously some of them, not for officials or red tabs, but for dear familiar faces which they loved and had lost awhile.

Again apparently someone had blundered; the post office people, presumably, for none of the messages dispatched from the port of landing apparently had been delivered in time to bring their recipients to the station.

The men, after the first glance of keen disappointment, addressed themselves to the business of getting away as quickly as possible.

But the hungry-look did not depart from their eyes, and the first impression of their long-anticipated home-coming was decidedly chilly. None of them knew what was to become of them, nor at the moment perhaps greatly cared. All that mattered was that they had exchanged the burning desert, the pest-haunted stretches of Mesopotamia, for the good old grey of London streets. She had recovered from the delirium of the Armistice and had only a little cheer left for these returning sons of hers who had held the fort on the far-flung outposts of Empire.

Those who had the wherewithal and could persuade the haughty and independent drivers of taxi-cabs to take them, rode off in a whirl for some loved and longed-for destination, while others, who had farther railway journeys in prospect, made their way by tube or omnibus to the great termini to discover what trains could take them to their ultimate destinations.

Among those who were so fortunate as to secure a taxi-cab was one Jack Sherston, London born, a sergeant in the regiment of which the arriving soldiers formed a com-

He was a long, lean, brown person, wearing his shabby uniform with a certain distinction, and the helmet shaded a pair of very fine, if rather melancholy, dark eyes.



" 'Is Mrs. Sherston at home?' he asked"

Drawn by H. Coller

By every known precedent Sherston ought to have risen automatically in the new army, since undoubtedly he possessed certain governing qualities, but after three years' active service in the East he still remained in the non-commissioned ranks. He had had to suffer the humiliation of seeing baser and less competent men exalted over him, an experience which causes the iron to enter even into the sweetest souls. Sherston had tried to fight against it; nevertheless he did not return to England in a very happy frame of mind. He had dispatched a telegram from Plymouth to his wife, but was in no way disappointed

that she was not on the platform to welcome him. If she were still carrying on as he imagined and believed her to be, she would only be leaving her office at about that hour.

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His pulses quickened as he gave the taxi-driver the address, 23 Welstood Mansions, Maida Vale. Although the full glory of lighting was not yet restored to London streets there was sufficient to cheer the returned traveller. Sherston was conscious of a singular softness at his heart for the city in which he had been born. A queer salt rheum stung his eyes as he

turned his head from side to side in his anxiety not to lose a single landmark. Trafalgar Square, from which the illumined sky signs had disappeared, Piccadilly Circus, Shaftesbury Avenue, the long line of Oxford Street, satisfied some homing instinct in the man's soul.

He was glad that the chauffeur, almost as if he had sensed his home-sickness, avoided the dark byways beloved of the average driver's soul, and, keeping steadily to the main thoroughfares, brought him to Maida Vale by way of the Edgware Road. In this block of flats, in a cosy little eyrie on the fifth floor very near the stars, Sherston had left his six days' bride and had never seen her since. Mingling with his eagerness, which had all a lover's ardour in it, was a slight sinking of heart.

For Winnie was very young; he remembered the singularly childlike look on the face of the girl-wife as she had stood that dreadful day with streaming eyes on the departure platform waving her last goodbye.

Nearly three years had passed since then, and though she had kept up a fairly faithful correspondence, it is very difficult to keep so many rent threads together or to maintain in absence that complete fusion of interests which is the essence of happy marriage.

What could Winnie Tebbit, who had never been out of London in her life, save to pay hectic visits to the seaside on bank holidays or in August, know of the great undiscovered country where her husband had been stationed for over two years, going there from Egypt, which had been his first objective? Then again, how could Sherston follow even in imagination the complicated and ever-changing web of Winnie's experience as a war worker among the many distractions London has to offer a solitary woman, especially when she is young, attractive, and unprotected? Sherston had tried bravely to face every possibility, but his heart was undoubtedly heavy, and there was a very keen edge to his apprehension as he was run up in the lift to the fifth story and knocked at the familiar door of the little flat.

It was now six o'clock, and from what he knew of the hours kept in public offices, Winnie ought to be home. His heart beat almost to suffocation when he heard someone moving within, and presently a light appeared in the little fanlight above the door, and it was opened not by Winnie, as he had expected, but by a small brown creature wearing a straight robe of sad-coloured serge, embroidered by hand, bobbed hair, and a queer little smile.

"Is Mrs. Sherston at home?" he asked,

saluting mechanically.

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"Not to-night. You are Sergeant Sherston, of course. Won't you come in? You're wondering about me. I'm Sally Withers. Hasn't Winnie told you about me?"

"Of course she has. How do you do, Miss Withers?" said Sherston, brightening visibly. "Next best to seeing Winnie will be hearing all about her from you."

"Of course," answered Sally demurely, and holding the door wide enough helped him to drag in his kit and closed it behind him. It was a very small entrance hall, and when presently Sherston found himself in the sitting-room he felt very large and cumbersome, and wondered whether he could have grown or whether the room had shrunk.

The last night he had spent in it alone with Winnie there seemed to have been plenty of room.

"Hadn't you better take off your greatcoat?" suggested Miss Withers. "It looks damp too. Here, give it to me, I'll hang it up in the scullery. Now, that's better."

She spoke cheerfully, and seemed a brisk, businesslike person. Sherston decided that he liked her, though he wondered what she had done to her hair and why she wore such queer clothes.

"When does Winnie usually get home?"

he asked when she returned from her disposal of the great-coat.

"Winnie? Oh, she varies; we all do. Sometimes we work overtime."

"Are you working in the same place?" he asked interestedly.

"No; I'm at the Ministry of Agriculture, so I may have a chance of being kept on," observed Sally cheerfully. "Wars and munitions come to an end, but people have to go on eating. There's a great deal of different kinds of activity at the Ministry of Agriculture at present, I assure you."

Sherston glanced at the little carriage

clock ticking on the mantelpiece.

"She will be home by seven anyhow, surely?"

"Not to-night," Sally explained evasively, and her expression indicated that she wished she had some other message to convey. "As it happens, to-night she has an engagement to dine out and to go to the theatre."

"But does she go there in her working garb?"

"Oh, no, she has a pal who has a room in the Temple, and she goes there to change; I've often done it myself," added Sally hastily, observing a dark cloud rising on the man's face. "It's a woman pal, so you needn't look so glum."

"And is she the pal she has gone to dine

and see the play with?"

"Well, no," admitted Sally. "It's most unfortunate that it should have happened to-night. Why didn't you send a telegram?"

"I did, but apparently it has miscarried. What would it have done, anyway? It couldn't have been delivered at an empty flat. In my last letter I said I might be home any day now. Hasn't she been expecting me?"

"She hasn't said. Would you like to go to the theatre and send in a message to

her?"

"Oh, no," he answered a trifle sourly.
"Let her have her evening's entertainment.
But if you happen to know where it is you might mention it. I may go myself and meet her later on and bring her home."

Sally distinctly hesitated again,

"She's dining with her chief—at least, one of them—Major Perry Butler," she said bravely. "He has been very kind to her, and helped her a lot in rather a difficult situation."

"I see, and crowns his goodness by taking her out to dinner and the play," said Sherston shortly. His expression drove

Sally into further defence.

"Oh, come now, Mr. Sherston, don't take it like that. Winnie has had rather a rotten time, really. She didn't get in with a very nice set in her particular department, and Perry Butler has made it easier for her. He's quite a middle-aged party, and you needn't be thinking things. Winnie is perfectly loyal, I assure you. I have lived with her for eighteen months, and I know."

Sherston looked at the odd little person thoughtfully, half inclined to resent her remarks on his wife, yet comforted by them.

"I suppose it's all right, but the welcome strikes cold. What are you going to do to-night? Supposing we dine together and

go to a play?

"Oh, no, thank you," responded Sally quickly. "I'm just going to have a cup of tea and go out to see an old aunt at Wood Green. As you've come home I'll stay there overnight till you and Winnie have talked over things. Will you take a cup of tea?"

"Yes, thank you. It's jolly good of you to bother about me, but why go to Wood Green? It is a shame to turn you out."

"It's a duty visit that is overdue," responded Sally demurely. "So now that's fixed up. The theatre-oh, yes, the Apollo -I think it is-oh, no, I remember they couldn't get stalls there. It's the Criterion, and it's a very good show if you are so lucky as to get in. Do take off something. You look like a pantechnicon; I can't think how you can carry so much stuff. I hope you didn't have to convert yourselves into such beasts of burden under the suns of Araby?"

Sherston smiled at her quaint conceit, and while she made off to the kitchen to attend to the kettle he began to unburden himself

of some of his kit.

His welcome might have been better, yet certainly it might have been worse. For he could have arrived to find a locked door and no kind of information available about his wife. Over the gas ring, however, Sally was biting her lips because she was certain she had made a mistake in mentioning the name of the theatre to which Winnie and her friend had gone. It would have been infinitely better had she left him to wait in the flat till Winnie returned. There was no hint of her disquiet, however, on her bright face when she returned with a small tray bearing the tea-things and the freshly made

"Tell me, Miss Withers, is there no word of my wife being demobilised yet? Aren't they reducing the departmental staffs every. where now?"

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"I believe they are in some places. Munitions is practically closed down; but of course there are a great many ramifications

at the War Office."

" We've read a good deal of criticism of the flappers in the newspapers we were so lucky as to get out there," observed Sherston.

"I dare say; but some of the flappers did quite good work, I assure you. If they had spread their criticisms a little more over to the heads of departments, perhaps they might have been nearer the truth. The flapper served as a convenient peg, that was all. Can I give you sugar?"

"If you can spare it."

"Oh, we manage, because Winnie doesn't take it. She's looking most awfully well, Mr. Sherston. You'll be pleased with her looks, I'm sure."

"I am sure I shall."

"But you look well, too, though very smburned. Are you glad to get back to England?"

"Of course, though my future is a trifle uncertain."

"I suppose it is; but won't you go into your father's business?"

"There isn't much left, I'm afraid. My father's business, unfortunately, was one of those which suffered in the war."

"Oh, dear me, how sad! But I hope he

saved enough to live on?"

"Yes, I think he has; at least, I've heard no complaint. You don't happen to know whether Winnie ever goes out to Putney, Miss Withers?"

"Not very often, I'm afraid. She doesn't get on very well with your mother and sister. She imagines they don't think her good enough. Of course, Winnie has a proud spirit. She won't go where she isn't

Sherston seemed disappointed, but Sally babbled artlessly on.

"She goes once in a blue moon, I think, to pay a polite call-generally on Sunday afternoon after she's had a letter from you. It's a grievance with them that you don't write to them so regularly."

"There isn't time in a fighting soldier's life for a very large correspondence," said Sherston in self-defence. "And I asked her particularly to go over to Vale House and read them some of my letters, the bits I thought they'd likely feel interested in."

"Well, she did it, and it seems they didn't like it at all, so she hasn't gone during the last six months or so. That was a psychological mistake on your part, Mr. Sherston. We all make them, don't we, now and again?"

"I suppose we do."

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"So you don't know what you are going to do in the future? Winnie had better hang on to her job, don't you think? She was only talking about it the other day."

"Not at all," said Sherston stiffly. "She'll have to be at home looking after the house

we shall get together."

"Oh my, I don't envy you. Why, a common kitchen chair you used to get for four and sixpence is about twenty-five shillings now, and other things en suite. Some things you can't buy at all—only millionaires can. It's a bad time for the newlywed. I'm rather glad on the whole that I've eschewed matrimony."

She smiled in such a friendly detached sort of way that it provoked an answering

smile on Sherston's grave face.

"When the right man comes along, Miss Withers, you won't let a trifle like a kitchen chair come between you."

Sally laughed at that.

"Perhaps not." Suddenly she leaned her elbows on the little table and looked across at him rather wistfully.

"It's been a rotten war, Mr. Sherston."

"Well, yes, it has," he admitted in rather a startled voice. "But as it has accomplished its aim and object, we may write it down as a successful one."

"But it has upset everything. For one thing, it took girls like Winnie and me out of our stations. It makes Winnie mad when I say that, and the truer it is the madder she gets. All sorts of people have tasted all sorts of forbidden fruit, and now they don't want to go back to the places where there isn't any fruit, excepting what hangs over your neighbour's wall."

This shrewd observation sank deep into

Sherston's mind.

"I believe you are perfectly right, Miss Withers. But things will sort themselves out by and by."

"Some of them—others never," she said emphatically. "I'm seeing it every day."

"You don't belong to London, then?"

"I do not. I came from a village in Somerset, where before the war I was fairly contented. My father is the village carpenter there. Shall I go back and fit in there again? Never. I've eaten of the tree. That's why I'm praying for the everlasting life of the Ministry of Agriculture, so that I may keep my job."

"Are your people quite pleased to hear

you remain in London?"

Sally shrugged her shoulders.
"I haven't asked them really."

"But surely you know; don't you ever go

home?"

"Not very often; last time was Christmas. Nothing seemed the same. For one thing, a lot of my pals have gone from the place, never to come back. Then father's and mother's ways of doing and thinking seemed just impossible to me now."

This statement seemed to deepen Sher-

ston's thoughtfulness.

"There's something in what you say; but people will settle down again after all this

abnormal excitement is over."

"I am sure I hope so," cried Sally, jumping up; "but this won't get me to Wood Green in time to prevent me finding my sainted aunt in bed. I'll leave you my latchkey, Mr. Sherston; Winnie has hers, of course. Good luck to you! I'll come back to the flat to-morrow evening and hear what you've decided on."

Sally naturally thought a good deal about the Sherstons on her way to Wood Green, and somehow was not very hopeful regarding their reunion. She knew Winnie very well, and while so far she had walked straightly, she had done a good many things of which no husband could be expected to approve. She was very sorry indeed that her heedless tongue had put Sherston in possession of his wife's rendezvous that evening. She was so certain that Winnie would blame her for it that she set about preparing her line of defence.

Sherston did not linger long at the flat. He did not feel somehow that he had even the right to wash and brush up there. He decided to pop into somewhere to dine and make himself presentable. He had some difficulty in procuring a meal at an hour when all London seemed to be dining away from home. About eight-fifteen he drifted into the Criterion, where he was informed that the only seat was in the back row of the upper circle.

"It'll do," he said, and paid the money over and made his way up the stairs. The place was already in darkness, the play



"Perry Butler said something which provoked a merry smile to her lips. As she turned to answer him her eyes fell on Sherston's face "-p. 602



Drewn by

THE QUIVER

having begun. He was obliged to fix his attention on the stage, because it was the only thing he could see; but it did not interest him to any great extent. When the curtain was rung down in the first act he stood up, craning his neck to see the stalls. Only the first four rows came within his immediate However, during the interval he made his way down the stairway between the sections of the upper circle, and presently was able to obtain an uninterrupted view of all the stalls excepting the two back rows. It did not take his eager eyes long to discover his wife about the middle of the stalls, sitting beside a middle-aged figure in khaki with red tabs on his shoulders. most unreasoning hatred and anger against this man surged in his heart, taking the edge off his pride and joy in his wife's beauty. Never had he seen her look more charming. She wore a black evening frock cut low at the neck with jet shoulder straps, which showed up the dazzling whiteness of her skin. Her reddish fair hair simply shone in the brilliant light. She had a fine colour in her cheeks and a most animated air as she turned to listen in a certain coquettish manner to the plainly admiring remarks of her escort. A dull resentment began to rise in Sherston's breast, so bitter as almost to choke him.

Why should she be down there among the elect ones dressed in beautiful clothes enjoying herself to the full, while he, tired and anxious in his shabby uniform, was up aloft, a great gulf fixed between them? Every coquettish wave of her feather fan, no doubt a gift from some one of her admirers, drove the iron into his soul. Small wonder that he could not enjoy the play, that every meaningless act seemed interminably drawn out. At each interval he watched her again, and when at the third her companion left her side and went out, he was tempted to slip downstairs and take his place. Why not? It was his by right; no one, Winnie least of all, could prevent it. But better counsels prevailed; he tried even to be glad that she was having a good time and some innocent enjoyment. But he did not succeed very well in convincing himself that he was glad.

At last the play ended; with the crash of "God save the King" the audience began to flow outward. Sherston ran quickly down the stairs and planted himself on the steps of the middle door, where he could obtain a good view of those coming out, and where

they would probably see him without dis-

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It was a most brilliant scene, splendidly dressed beautiful women flashing royal glances at their escorts—a bit of London life from which Sherston had been long she out. But he was only interested in the individual units. Presently they came, Winnie holding about her the graceful folds of a beautiful grey weap with an enormous white fur collar, which made a most becoming frame for her piquant face. Perry Butler, leaning towards her, said something which provoked a merry smile to her lips. As she turned her head to answer him her eyes fell on Sherston's face.

CHAPTER II

The Spirit of the New Age

T was undoubtedly a crucial moment for Winnie Sherston. She was not gladest least, not as glad as she ought to have been—to see her husband. She was an extraordinarily quick-witted woman, for so swept her eyes from Sherston's face after one sharp glance of recognition and whispered something in her companion's en. Had. Sherston been near enough he might have caught the word "brother." She then and there bade Perry Butler a hasty good night, which appeared to have the effect of stupefying him for the moment, then she darted to Sherston's side and pushed her hand excitedly through his arm.

"Oh, Jack; why, Jack, it just can't be you! Are you real? Let us get awar quickly from this crowd, or I shall hom. If we get round the corner, we'll get a tail without waiting. Come on! I know the ropes."

"But the fellow you are with?" cried Sherston.

"Oh, I've explained. He's gone; don't mind him! The only thing that matters is that you've come back! But, oh, Jacks, why did you come like this? Why didn't you send a proper wire, so that I might have you, or at least been at the flat? This is rotten, you know; absolutely rotten fit you."

She was patting his arm all the time and hurrying him round the corner out of sight of the immediate throng, more especially away from Perry Butler's eyes.

"I did wire, Winnie; but according to Miss Withers it didn't get to the flat." "Oh, you saw Sally then?" said Winnie in a voice of relief.

"Yes, and it was she told me where you

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"Oh, indeed; yes, I suppose so," said Winnie, trying to keep the edge out of her voice, but at the same time resolving to get even with the pal who, in the language they spoke to one another, had "given the whole show away."

"Well, that's all right; Sally was better than nobody, wasn't she, old thing?"

"Hi! taxi-man! Yes, of course he'll take us. You leave it to me; I know how to handle them."

Very quick, almost like lightning in her movements, she had the taxi-door open before Sherston could push forward to do

it himself, and she sprang in.

"All right, cabby; twenty-three Welstood Mansions, Maida Vale. Your petrol tank will run to that, I'm sure, even if it is a quarter-past eleven."

Sherston clambered in beside her, and in

a minute more they were off.

"Now you may give me a kiss if you like, Jacky," she said, turning her pink face to his, "How do you think I'm looking? Worth kissing, ch?"

Sherston felt the wine of her getting into his veins, and turned to her with all a

lover's eagerness.

"You look simply splendid, darling. What I hated was seeing you sitting beside that wretch in the stalls. It's a wonder I didn't come down and make a scene."

"I thought I saw murder in your eyes on the steps there. Poor, stodgy old Perry Butler, didn't he look put out? It'll do him no end of good. He's my chief, you know, Jacky, and I've got to be civil to him, very civil. He's been very decent to me really, and I assure you I don't accept half the invitations he offers me. I've tried to play the game, Jack, right through. It takes some doing, dear, for really you've been a dreadful long time away, and I've been just about the loneliest thing on earth."

She began to cry then, quite real tears, which Sherston had to wipe away.

"Are you really glad to see me, Jacky? You haven't said it yet," she asked pre-

sently through her tears.

"Of course I'm glad, darling; perhaps a bit too glad," he said rather thickly. "I'm sorry for that Butler chap. Wouldn't it have been more civil if you'd waited and introduced me?"

"I couldn't have done it to-night, Jacky. I should have made a fool of myself. You're desperately cool, but I'm only a poor, lonely little girl who hasn't her feelings so well under control. You ought to take it as a compliment that I was so willing to rush off with you, especially as he'd asked me to go to the Troc. for supper. Now tell me what Sally said. Isn't she a bit of a sport?"

"She seems to be. She's gone to Wood Green to see somebody, possibly imaginary, she calls her sainted aunt, so that we may

have the flat to ourselves.'

Winnie made a tiny grimace in the dark.

"Has she, though? Never knew she had a sainted aunt anywhere. I must be looking after her morals, I fear. Yes, it was game of her, but Sally's like that, a clinking good sort. I couldn't have had a better or straighter pal if you'd chosen her for me yourself."

"Who and what is she?" asked Sherston

vaguely.

"Hasn't she told you? She comes from the country; her father's a country carpenter. She's got a job at the Ministry of Agriculture, and she's jolly clever, far cleverer than me. She'll never be demobbed; she'll take care of that."

"But you will be now, of course; you'll tell them to-morrow," said Sherston quickly

and rather sternly,

"Oh, shall I? We must talk it over," she said. "Oh, Jacky, nothing matters now we're together and needn't ever part again. Are you demobbed now, then?"

"Going to be immediately."

"And haven't they given you anything, not even a commission, for all you've done?"

Now, next to his jealous fears regarding his wife, which she had partly succeeded in dissipating, Sherston undoubtedly cherished a secret resentment against the very mediocre kind of experience he had had in the war.

Winnie was not the only one who felt keen disappointment over the non-commissioned rank, which was all he had brought back with him.

At the beginning, when they had made one of the most hurried and unconsidered of war marriages, Winnie had been proud enough of her soldier lover, who was to her a being out of another sphere. He belonged to very well-to-do people, who though engaged in commercial pursuits, and living at Putney Heath, were a branch of a very old Dorset family, and were proud of the fact

that they had the right to bear arms on their shield.

Their only son's marriage to a girl who was nobody, daughter of a Brixton newsagent, and who earned her living as a clerk in a butcher's shop, had inflicted a cruel blow both on their pride and their affection. And though no fault could be found with her appearance, all attempts at intercourse between the Sherstons and their son's wife during his absence had broken down.

"Ever see any of them at Vale House, darling?" he asked, but Winnie did not immediately answer.

"We're just in sight of the mansions, Jacky. Don't let us start that till we get inside. Got any loose change? I'm afraid I'm stony; you see, when one goes out with one's chief, the needful is not required."

Sherston, having plenty of loose change, paid the taxi-man, and they went up in the lift together, Winnie fumbling for her latchkey in her bag.

"Believe I've lost it, what ho! Wha

"Miss Withers gave me hers," said Sherston, and presently he was fitting it in the familiar door.

Once inside and in the little sitting-room, Sherston took her in his arms and recaptured for a moment or two the brief rapture of the honeymoon which had ended too soon for him.

"Now you must be quiet and good, old man; go and sit on that chair while I get on my overall and cook you, or rather us both, an omelet-and there's coffee to warm, I'm sure. Sally's the coffee provider, and we're never without. Isn't it a pretty frock? I got it a great bargain through Lily Pagley. Remember Lily, the girl with the white face and big, solemn eyes? She's a mannequin in Dover Street, and gets chances of chic things at the price of common ones. Don't clothes make a difference? My hat, when I think of the things I used to buy in the Brixton Road! Do you like my frock, Jacky? You'd better like it, because Perry Butler did tremendously.

She was a born coquette, but Sherston was hardly in the mood for that kind of badinage. He was honestly and sincerely in love with his wife, and he wanted her all to himself, without reference to the admiration or opinions of other men.

"Nothing doing," observed Winnie with a fascinating little grimace. "Well, I'll go and take the offending garment off, and get

into the housewife's overall. You can go and forage in the kitchen if you like, Jacky, and show whether you've learned anything useful campaigning. We've had boys here who could cook us perfectly delicious meak in the chafing dish. Sally's pals chiefly, she added, seeing the cloud gather on Shrston's brow again. "There was one particular one who was a don at kidney and mush room stew. Only wish I'd got some to tree you to to-night. Never mind, wait fill you see my omelet."

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She kept on talking like a steam engine ready to start. She looked equally chaming, though different, in her pale blue over all, and they became very jolly together in the tiny kitchen, where she set him on a chair to beat up the eggs while she prepared the omelet pan.

Quite a dainty, appetising meal was som ready, and they sat down together to est it in the tiny sitting-room where his kin still lay about.

"Quite like Darby and Joan, aren't we, Jacky?" she purred, leaning over the narrow slip of the table to pat his arm. "And it isn't every returned hero who has such a dinky little home to come to. Aren't you liking it all, dear, because you ought we, you know, just tremendously?"

"Of course I like it; do you see anything about me to indicate the reverse?" asked Sherston. "Everything's top-hole, and better even than I had any right to expent I've often tried to picture it, you know, out there, but somehow I never could."

"If only that wire had come you would have had nothing to complain of in your welcome, old son," she said, and having put the last morsel in her mouth started to clear away.

"We'll wash up now, and you'll de, Jacky. I'm a very tidy housewife, chiefe because if one isn't, in a life like this, it jet means pilling up the agony for another de. There isn't any time ever in the morning for extra chores; Sally and I have discovered that. It's a case of getting tumbled out it our jobs by the skin of our teeth."

The washing up was a small and brid affair, and presently they were sitting by the cheerful little gas fire in the sitting-ton again, ready for further talk. He was rather stunned when she offered him he

"You didn't use to smoke, Winnie. What did you acquire the habit?"

"Had to in self defence; they all do in

our show. It's a beastly expensive taste, that's the worst of it, and getting more so, still it's a poor heart that never rejoices. So you're to be demobbed immediately, eh, and what next?"

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"That's what we've got to discover. Failing everything it'll be the old man's business, I expect-though oI can't say I'm very keen on that. It brings us back to Vale House. When did you see any of them? I haven't had a letter for over five months."

"Haven't you? Too bad!" said Winnie, puffing her smoke rings daintily into the "Well, to own up, Jacky, I haven't been there since November, the week after the Armistice."

"Oh, you haven't; not even at Christmas?"

"Not even at Christmas. I went into Somerset with Sally for that, and had a good, old-fashioned country Christmas-as I wrote and told you. Some of her pals went down to stop at the village inn; we had waits and carols and serenades, and even a hop, and the jolliest possible time."

"Was Mr. Perry Butler, by any chance, there?" asked Sherston jealously. Winnie met his eyes unflinchingly.

"Major Butler was not. Do you think he's small beer like that? He spent his Christmas with the rich and great."

She did not, however, tell him that the rich and great lived in an old manor house not very far from Sally's village, and that Butler had begged for an invitation to that particular house because Winnie had told him where her Christmas was to be spent,

"I suppose you'll be going out to see them to-morrow. Did you wire to them, too?" "I didn't," he answered shortly.

wanted only you."

"Good old Jacky!" There was quite sincere affection in her eyes as she turned them on his face; but the glow and glory of the early days were gone, never perhaps to come back. It would be too much to say that Winnie Sherston regretted her marriage, but she wished she had not been in such a hurry. For other and better chances had come in her way since that day, and she had discovered that the world is a bigger place than she had imagined when the Brixton High Road set the limits to her ambitions.

"But you'll have to go, of course. Your mother was quite kind to me in a sort of far-away touch-me-if-you-date sort of way the last Sunday I spent there, but Grace was the limit-the absolutely bally limit. When they talked about making my Sunday dinner with them an institution I said within my little soul, 'Not for Joe,' and I've only been back once since. I'm as good as they are, Jack, and though I'm your wife I'm not called to stand their patronising, and I'm not going to."

Sherston looked rather pained.

He had the well-bred Englishman's respect for his family very deeply embedded in his nature, and he had hoped that they would be kind to his wife, and that somehow by the time he came back he would find that good relations had been established between them.

But Winnie's words left him with no illusions regarding that. He suddenly realised that this was not the timid, pliable, adoring creature he had married. Some subtle change had come over her. She was not less charming, though she had lost that diffident naïveté which the difference in their social position had marked so strongly when they met first.

She had become by some invisible process a wide-eyed, self-reliant young woman with her eyes on the far horizon, and the full determination to get as much out of life as possible. She seemed to embody in some new rather terrible kind of way the spirit of the new age, the women's age, which some hope is going to transform the world.

Jack Sherston had sufficient of the primeval man in him not to like the change, and to be deeply apprehensive about it.

He resolved to take the bull by the horns. "You'll tell them at your place to-morrow, Winnie, that you are giving up."

She took her half-burned fag from her mouth and threw it into the preplace, then stooped and swept it up again into a small copper receptacle in the corner.

"I'm not going to be in a hurry, Jack. You're talking like a bloated millionaire, Perhaps you've brought a fortune back with you?

Sherston made a grimace of dissent.

"Well, please remember that we live in a real world. We've got nothing but the few sticks here; half of them are Sally's, and she's responsible for half the rent. Don't you think it would be a good thing if you went back to your people for a few weeks, till we look round and decide what's going to happen?"

"I'll see them to-morrow, and ask if

they'll take us in. It's a good idea," said

Sherston, brightening perceptibly.

"Oh, there won't be any 'us' about it," said Winnie decidedly. "I don't want their charity; I'll stop here with Sally."

"No, you won't, not if I know it!"

"Only for a few weeks, silly, till something turns up."

Sherston shook his head,

"Miss Withers must find another lodging. We must be together, Winnie, now for all time; we've been too long separated."

"Not my fault, I'm sure," put in Winnie

with a small edge to her voice.

"Of course I know that; it was just our misfortune. It's been pretty rotten for us both, but you've had the best of it."

"Maybe and maybe not," she said guardedly. "I haven't grizzled anyhow, and I've played the game. You can tell them that if they trump up any lies about me at Vale House to-morrow. That Grace is fit for anything."

The extreme virulence with which Winnie spoke indicated that there must have been some severe passages between his elder sister

and his wife.

"Is Grace at her war work yet?" "Yes, she's two floors above me."

Sherston looked the surprise he felt. "And she has a nasty suspicious mind. She watches me like a cat watching a mouse.

Yes, a cat, Jacky-that is what your respected maiden sister really is."

Sherston sighed and began to unlace his

"We don't seem to get anywhere with this discussion, Winnie, and it's the half-hour after midnight. I'll go out to Vale House to-morrow, and find out the lie of the land."

She rose, too, and as she passed by his chair laid her arm caressingly about his

"Poor old Jacky, it isn't all tea and skittles getting home, is it? Never mind, if we've made a mistake we'll try to make the best of it; but I've got the sort of feeling that there are rocks ahead. Glad to see you? Why, of course; but we're not silly any more, only sensible. We're by-products of the war, Jacky, that's what we are; and we don't rightly know what use we are going to be in the world yet."

Sherston caught her to him passionately, but in her very nearness sensed something remote and inaccessible. Here, indeed, in secret intangible form was part of the after-

math of the war.

CHAPTER III A Cool Reception

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C HERSTON, worn out with his long vovaging and the excitement of getting home, slept like a log in Sally Wither, little bed. The closely drawn dark curtains relic of a long series of Zeppelin nights, so effectively shut out the clear March light that he never heard Winnie moving about getting her breakfast or leaving the house

She slipped about like a mouse (for to awake him was the last thing she desired to do), closing every door, and eating her breakfast in the kitchen where she cooked in

If the truth must be told, she shrank from renewed discussion of the problems they had dropped at midnight, and which the merciless light of day seemed to render so deso-

latingly clear.

At the usual time, about half-past eight, she left the flat quite easy in her mind about her husband, or perhaps, to put it more correctly, not inclined to bother about him. She left his breakfast things on a tray or the sitting-room table, and a little note in his plate with explanations and instructions She closed the flat door with a quite distinct feeling of relief. Life had suddenly become complicated, and at the very back of he mind was tucked away the conviction that she had very little use just then for a returned husband, especially as he was not in any way a victorious hero for her admiration and her pride. As she crouched in the corner of the motor-bus which for the lisyear had carried her every morning to Whitehall, she closed her eyes instead sitting upright, as usual, taking alert stori of everything around her. She forgot en that she was an attractive figure, though that was the thought usually uppermost a her mind. She wore a long, loose coat of purple velours cloth with an enormous colla of skunk, a beautiful coat which had cost in more than her means entitled her to pay a small hat pulled well down over her eyes. and a big pair of fur-backed pull-on glove —a very neat and workmanlike garb for wild March morning.

Underneath was worn a coat frock of fire gabardine cut on straight lines rather lor at the neck, and destitute of any trimming A string of small but genuine jade bead one of Perry Butler's gifts, lay against the pearly whiteness of her skin. Winnie love that bit of colour, but she felt glad that th hue of her frock the previous evening he forbidden its near proximity. She would not have been able perhaps successfully to parry Jack's questioning. Sitting there in the corner of the omnibus with her eyes closed, Winnie went back in thought to the night she had met Sherston first at a Y.M.C.A. dance in one of the biggest huts used for overseas troops. He had been there by the merest chance for the sake of some good pals to whom the Y.M.C.A. meant home in leave-time. He had longed to take some of them to Vale House, and keep them there on his leave, but the powers in command did not find it convenient to do so.

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It had been in a hurt, sore mood that Sherston met Winnie Tebbit, a mood in revolt against everything, including the social system still prevailing in certain sections of London life. Winnie knew nothing about social distinctions. She was frankly out for a good time, and had it. Her beauty, her vivacity, her frank comradeship made a strong appeal to Sherston.

She was very straight and wholesome, too, not imagining that every man who smiled at her wanted to marry her. She

smiled back, and that was an end of it.
But Sherston proved a more serious admirer, and the dance was the prelude to a very short but very rapid courtship, which ended in a war marriage a few days before his leave ended.

Her people, newsagents in Brixton, and her position as a clerk in the National Meat Stores there, horrified the Sherstons, though for Jack's sake, and because he was going to the Far East and they might never see him again, they offered a semblance of forgiveness, and tried to show a little detached patronising kindness to his wife. But the brief spasm soon passed because the elements were not really soluble. Winnie, not long after Sherston left, was successful in obtaining a very good post at the War Office as supervisor, where she earned four pounds per week. And for a year she had been having a beautiful time, as she herself would have expressed it.

She hated it being disturbed, and she was afraid with a mighty fear of the future. She had felt strange to Sherston last night, strange and resentful. A husband with rights, and a rather stern voice demanding obedience and the surrender of all that had made her life so well worth living in his absence, was not a proposition to be accepted too meekly by Winnie. She was

already marshalling her forces and getting ready for the coming fray.

She met Perry Butler on the stairs as she went up to his office,

"Hallo," he said kindly as she stopped, to note her pale, rather listless air. "That was a queer trick you played me last night. I don't know that I've forgiven you yet."

Perry Butler was one of the old young men with a full, slightly vacuous face, a bald head, and colourless eyes. He was clever within limits, and had some strong influence which had kept him out of the fighting line. And he fancied himself tremendously in his red-tabbed uniform.

"I'm sorry if you haven't, but I'll have to bear it," she answered with a kind of mock humility.

"Your brother, I think you said. Why in heaven's name couldn't you have introduced us, and we could all have had sopper together."

"That's exactly what he said, but, you see —I got a fright, for I thought he was dead; we hadn't heard anything about him for such a long time I thought it was his ghost really."

"Well, we must talk it out another day," he said more affably. "You look dog-tired this morning."

"I am; late hours don't suit me. Good morning, Major Butler; I must go. You wouldn't have me late, would you? I don't want to break my record."

She gave him one of her most bewitching smiles, a little flash from the glad eye she had found very useful on occasion with him and others, and continued her progress to her work.

While she, with a headache and a horrid sense of depression, was addressing herself to the usual routine, less her usual energy to tackle it, Sherston woke up and tried to remember where he was.

When it all dawned upon him he sprang up, turned on his flash-light, and was horrified to discover that it was half-past nine.

He stalked through the flat immediately, looking for Winnie, and then cursed himself, remembering that she must have left for business at least an hour before. Her little room was all tidied up, her bed made, and in the sitting-room he found the breakfast tray and the note on his plate.

Though shivering in the chill of an English spring, to which long residence in the



" Sherston was out in the sleety air again, feeling cold "-p. 611

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East had made him very sensitive, he took up the scrap of typewriting paper and read her message.

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"You're sleeping so dead soundly, old sport, I just can't wake you. I've been standing by you, wondering whether I should. I dare say you'll find the day long enough anyhow. Hope you'll prove vourself a handy man, and get yourself a good breakfast. I've opened a tinned tongue we'd been hoarding for a special feast, but surely this is one! So glad you're back, Jack. Keep your pecker up; we'll hustle through somehow. Meet me to-night at Trafalgar Square Tube station. five-forty-five sharp, and we'll have to together. Heaps of love.-WINNE."

It was quite a friendly little note, so far as it went, but it did not go far enough She had no need of him. He had butted in on the fair order of her life, and she somehow in an indefinable way already made him feel it. The cold of the polished boards striking into his bare feet cause him to grab a match quickly from the mantelpiece and light the gas fire.

Then he brought his clothes from the other room, and proceeded to make a leisurely toilet. He felt very queer in that little flat, almost as an intruder might wie had entered burglariously in the absence of the regular inmates. Although he

> father's house was the only other refuge open to him, and he ought to have been grateful to find things no worse, he hard it all furiously,

> A man who had done what b did ought to have had money a his purse sufficient to make his careless of expense. The fito hotel in London ought to have opened its shining portals is him and his wife. Instead which he was grubbing in woman's flat, which two works. girls had got together by that

united effort and thrift. It hurt him beribly, and even the common-sense refects that the situation had arisen quite naturaand inevitably out of abnormal war contions did not somehow mend it at all.

Sherston was not; in active revolt.

He managed somewhat clumsily to ge something to eat. His first impulse was " leave the flat and go forth to the nearest hotel or restaurant, and get a good Britis

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breakfast. But reflecting that he was some distance from the centre of things, he decided to break his fast.

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By the time he had got his modest meal and cleared up according to example set by Winnie the night before, it was eleven o'clock. He left the flat wearing his greatcoat, and shivered when he faced at the open hall door a thin white sleet being driven before an exceedingly bitter nor'easter.

"By gad! if a man can live in this bally country, he can live anywhere," he observed to the commissionaire, as he turned up his collar and prepared to face it.

He took a motor-bus up to Edgware Road Station, where he entrained by Underground to Putney. By half-past twelve he was walking through the shrubbery of the pleasant old-world garden surrounding

It seemed very spacious and imposing after the quarters he had been inhabiting, and in contrast to the little box he had just left, but he felt an odd warming of the heart to it, quite vivid stirrings of gratitude for all the solid creature comfort it had afforded him in the past.

When he lived in his father's house, beyond paying a negligible honorarium in lieu of board to his mother, he had been absolutely care free.

But he had cut himself off voluntarily from all its benefits, and he was made to feel it at the very first moment of greeting.

He had now no latch-key to that massive glass door which shut off the inner hall from the outer world. He pressed the electric button, and in due course Harrington, the immaculate parlour-maid, whose streamers seemed wider and more stiffly starched than ever, opened the door.

She looked dumbfounded at sight of him, but smiled when he thrust out his hand.

"How do you do, Harrington? I hope you're very well. No, I'm not a ghost; I came home last night."

"Oh my, won't mistress be pleased, Mr. John! Come in, please. She's got people to lunch to-day, the ladies of the War Savings Committee."

"Oh dash! Well, never mind, where is she now? "

Mrs. Sherston had heard the commotion, and now came to the top of the stairs in her dressing-gown.

"John, John, is it you? Come upstairs quickly!"

Sherston took the stairs at a bound, for the voice went to his heart. On the landing he took his mother in his arms, and they both cried a little, she rather furtively, wiping her eyes with the corner of her handkerchief. She was a handsome, well-preserved woman of fifty-three, her somewhat ample figure kept in strict bounds by well-made corsets, and her hair dressed with a certain artificial carefulness which gave it every advantage.

"Oddly enough, I dreamed of you last night, John," she said, when she drew away and looked at him critically. " Have

you only arrived to-day?"

" No, mother; I arrived yesterday afternoon, and went direct to Winnie."

"Without thinking it worth while even to 'phone to us," she said quickly. "Come into my room while I finish dressing. I've got my Depot Committee to lunch to-day, worse luck! Can you face them, do you think?"

" No, no, mother, I don't want to; besides, it would spoil your committee talk. I can go down town again, and look up

"After luncheon you could do that. Harrington can take you a tray into the morning-room. It is really very tiresome, for there is so much to talk about. Sit down there, John, while I get into my gown. You're only Johnnic to me yet. I don't mind my deshabille if you don't."

John sat down in his mother's easy chair in the cold English bedroom, with the open window and the absence of any heat whatsoever.

"England seems cold to me, mother. 1 suppose it's being so long baked out in the East."

"Oh, you'll harden up again. We're on very short commons where coal is concerned. We never have a fire in our bedroom now, not even a weeny gas one. Well, and how did you find Winnie?"

She did not look at him as she put the question, but dived her hand into the skirt of her gown, and deftly pulled it down over her shoulders.

"Winnie's top-hole-never saw her look better,"

"We never see her. She pays us no attention whatever, simply left off of her own accord. She said it took too long to get out to Putney in time for Sunday dinner, so of course I left her alone after that, the only dignified thing to do, John."

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"I expect so, mother," said John vaguely. He sat on the edge of his chair, feeling queerly out of place, and not in the least at home in his father's house. His appearance had intensely disappointed his mother, and the sight of his by no means smart uniform with the sergeant's stripes filled her with disgust. Her son had not made good in the war; she had gotten no glory out of it at all, excepting the right to wear a badge on her own breast for service rendered to the War Supplies Depot in the district.

"Are you glad it's all over, John?"

"I am-it's been a poor show so far as I'm concerned."

"Are you demobilised?"
"I shall be next week."

"No word of reward, decoration, or commission for you. You didn't make good out there," she proceeded mercilessly.

"No," answered John, in a steady monotone, "I didn't make good."

Mrs. Sherston heaved a resigned sigh.

"We belong to the section who have been broke in the wars. Your father's business has been practically wiped out. He's busy winding it up now, and we're going to sell the house."

Sherston looked astonished at this unwelcome information. Before the war Sherston's had seemed a solid enough concern—exporters of heavy goods to foreign markets; the news that it had not survived the long strain of the war years staggered him. He suddenly felt that there seemed little left to cling to in a falling world.

"I'm sorry to hear that, for the governor's sake, but I hope he has enough to retire

"Yes, we shall be able to manage, living quietly and paying a very small house rent—a cottage in the country is our objective. We are in hopes your Uncle Loftus may find us one at Digswell. Meanwhile, we've had a bit of luck. He has offered us the loan of it furnished for a year, the Priory, I mean, while he takes an extensive voyage abroad—something to do with copra, I believe, though I don't know what it is."

"Then you'll be leaving London soon, mother?"

"Twenty-fifth of March, if we are so lucky as to sell the house. Quite a lot have been after it already."

"How is Grace, mother?"

"Grace is all right. Probably she may

remain in London, as she likes her wa work very much. She happens to work quite near your wife in the War office they see each other sometimes,"

"But they are not very friendly," said

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Mrs. Sherston shrugged her shoulders a she fastened her diamond brooch into a soft gorgette collar on her gown.

"What do you think, John? Grace is a gentlewoman to her finger-tips, and is hasn't been able to find a common meeting ground with Winnie—in fact, I think is a rather anxious about your future, with that attractive but very independent your woman."

"Grace can mind her own business, Lonmanage my wife, thank you, and if Insatisfied nobody else need mind."

"But are you satisfied, Johnnie?" Emother asked, wheeling round suddenly and fixing him with her cool, clear gaze. "You don't look deliriously happy."

"How can I be? I've just been through two years of hot fighting in a climate in which insects only can flourish. I've had a rotten voyage, in the sick bay most of the time, and now there doesn't seem to be anthing solid to hang on to here. There is in much to make a man look deliriously happy, is there now?"

His mother, whose heart ached in spited her efforts to hide it, seemed to listen with a detached interest, but in reality not a word was lost on her, and she took the full poignancy out of every one.

"The War Office ought to do something for you, dear. Probably they will. Be you'll have to have a talk to your father about it all—I don't know anything about business. I hear the bell; I think the first of the guests are arriving. I must make the you wouldn't like to come in, after all. We could hold our committee afterwards."

"No, no, mother; never mind me. Ill

get on all right."
"I'll tell Harrington about your land, then, and probably they'll all be gone by

three—then we can have quite a good talk. She moved to his side, bent over him, kissed him lightly, and patted his head, almost as if he had been some strange founding making appeal to her motherly instinct.

"Poor boy, it is hard lines on you; but never mind, something will turn up. If only you hadn't married, then we should all have gone so happily together to Digswell, and probably Uncle Loftus could have put

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something in your way. I hear he is making great improvements. You must try and see him."

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She drifted out with that, leaving him sitting on the edge of the chair with that odd feeling that he did not belong anywhere.

Even his mother, the apple of whose eye he had once imagined himself to be, had spoken to him as if he were some charitable object needing her help. Perhaps that was what he was, after all—she had diagnosed the situation correctly, and carefully adjusted her demeanour.

Sherston suddenly felt that he was a colossal and unspeakable failure, judged by the standard of his family. He rose rather heavily, and after listening intently on the landing to make sure no guests were arriving at the moment, glided softly down the sairs.

They had all arrived by then, and Harrington, carrying the silver soup tureen through from the serving pantry, found him getting into his great-coat.

"Oh, Mr. John, I'm to get your lunch. It won't be a minute; directly I've served the soup I can bring your tray to the morningnom. Won't you wait?"

"No, thank you, Harrington; I'm lunching elsewhere," he answered, trying, to speak as naturally as possible. But the gloom on his face, the bitterness in his eyes did not escape the astute notice of Harrington, who a little later delivered it as her opinion to her colleagues in the kitchen that the mistress had been giving him beans. Out in the sleety air again, feeling cold and really needing a good meal after his very sketchy breakfast, Sherston decided that the humorist who had said that England was a place in which only heroes could live had been nearer the mark than most of the commentators of his time.

CHAPTER IV Father and Son

E took the Underground back to the City, where he lunched solidly at an old chop-house once well known to him. It had changed, too; not a familiar face was visible, and the quality of the viands seemed to have deteriorated, though the prices had nearly trebled. However, he managed to make a most satisfying meal, washed down with a cup of coffee without sugar. Then a good pipe and he went forth fortified for what lay in front, and feeling certainly somewhat less gloomy in mind.

From the chop-house he made his way on foot to his father's office in Austin Friars. Recalling his habits of bygone years, he concluded that three o'clock would be sure to find him in his private room, through with the business of lunching, and unless it was a mail day, merely putting in time until he left the office for the day. All these surmises proved correct, and he walked right into his father's room, to the great astonishment of a perky flapper, who had replaced the old-fashioned commissionaire who used to confer a certain dignity on the place.

"Hallo, father!" he said as he opened the door, noting even in that moment of brief emotion how very white his father's hair had grown, especially about the temples, and how thin was the outline of his face.

Christopher Sherston sprang up, his face working, and the two men clasped hands in a moment of real emotion such as Englishmen find so trying and are always secretly ashamed of.

"Ah, there you are, John; very glad to see you, boy. When did you come? We've lived in hope of seeing you for some time, ever since the Armistice was signed; but letters didn't come very often our way."

Sherston felt ashamed for the first time of his slackness in writing to his own people, and said so.

"The postal arrangements in the East left much to be desired, father. I've known chaps get nothing for nine months. I got very few myself."

"Well, I suppose we can't expect efficiency everywhere," said Mr. Sherston mildly. "But sit down, and tell me about yourself, all about yourself. Seen your mother?"

"Yes, I've been there this morning, but she had a luncheon party, so I didn't wait. I'll go back later."

"And your wife, of course?"

Mr. Sherston's tone was quite kindly, if a little detached.

It was the Sherstons who could boast the claims of long descent, Jack's mother being the daughter of a man who had kept a preparatory school for boys on the South Coast. Yet, oddly enough, she had made the greater fuss over her son's marriage, while Mr. Sherston, whom it affected most, had done his very best to bring about the right kind of relations with the young wife in her husband's absence. It is not too much to say that if there had only been Jack's father to

deal with, Winnie would have behaved differently. They liked one another from the beginning, and could have got on very well. Mr. Sherston, a shy, reserved man, liked her frank outspokenness, and, of course, the bright charm of her youthfulness and vivacity made the usual appeal. Among the women, however, who found cause of offence in very little things, he had been powerless. But he had regretted it, and he felt as he looked at his son's face now that they might and ought to have done more.

Christopher Sherston represented in his personality and outlook the best of the old order that is passing away. He was kindly, gracious, courteous to all men, and never, or scarcely ever, revealed the odd strain of invincible pride in certain things, which was at the back of his mind all the time. He had not been a success in business, and the concern had declined since the day a more executive and purely commercial partner had died.

"And how is Winnie? We are sorry we have not been able to see more of her. We tried, I think honestly, but conditions were not favourable. I hope she is quite well?"

"She is quite well."

"And getting on all right, I'm sure. She struck me as being a very capable girl who would never stick."

"Oh, she's all that; she'll never stick. She has had a very good billet at the War Office, but of course now she'll give it up, and we'll make a home."

Mr. Sherston fidgeted on his chair, and noted even as his mother had done, and with quite as sincere, if less aggressive disapproval, the uniform his son wore. It was not the uniform as such he disapproved of; no Sherston could possibly lack patriotism, since they had fought in all the wars of their country from immemorial times. But the rank disappointed. Jack had not made good; he wondered why; for the boy had parts, and was a fine, well-set-

"You didn't get your chance out there, Jack?" he said mildly.

"Oh, yes I did, the same chance as other chaps. I'm not the stuff the big-wig soldier is made of; I can't suck or climb or lay plans. I just carried on same as thousands of other decent chaps did, and when I was needed I was there. But I'm fed up to the back teeth with the war. Don't let us talk about it. I've got to address myself now to getting a living for

Winnie and myself. My mother said something, but there wasn't time to at questions. What has happened here?"

Mr. Sherston put his finger-tips together and looked over his eyeglass into his son; perturbed and rather gloomy face.

"It has just died a natural death through causes which needn't be explained. Et port and import depending entirely on transport, where were we when all transport was commandeered for war purposes! Not grumbling, John, only explaining We've been killed by the war."

"Beyond hope of resuscitation?" is quired Sherston, looking round the ugh little office with a sudden feeling of affect tion for it, an overweening desire to hold on to it, because it represented something solid in a falling world. But apparent that was going too, along with the rest, into the vast maw of the world's unrest.

His father shook his head.

"Absolutely beyond. You see, boy, resuscitation requires money. I haven't got any. All I shall save from the wreck is about two hundred and fifty pounds a year to keep your mother and myself from absolute penury. Did she say anything to you about your Uncle Loftus?"

"She said that he had offered you Digs well or something of that sort, I didn't

"Quarters at Digswell for the summer, while he is absent on some big business journey, and after that he'll let us have; house cheap on the estate. I don't like my cousin Loftus very much, John, but I'm not in a position to refuse his offer."

"And when does all this happen?" asked Sherston dully,

"Oh! we clear both from the premise here and from Vale House at Lady Day I think we shall sell the house without diffculty. Several have been after it, and prices for house property are, fortunately, favourable. I expect to get two thousand five hundred for it, which will help a good deal. There's no mortgage on it, happily, so the money will be clear,"

"In addition to the sum you mentioned a

minute ago, you mean?"

"Oh, no! that was included."

"Have you sold anything here? Won't the goodwill bring something?"

"There isn't any goodwill now; it's been frittered away. I've sold the lease hold of the offices, but that's neither here

"He sprang to his feet as he spoke, his lean brown face set in an invincible determination"—p. 614

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Drawn by H. Coller

"So you'll clear out from London lock, stock and barrel very soon?"

Mr. Sherston inclined his head.

"That's so. I'm not sorry. I've not been a great success in business, Jack. I wasn't cut out for the commercial life. In fact, entre nous, I loathe it. I shall be happier at Digswell. It was Blackburn who really carried on here to any advantage, and when he died it was hopeless. Of course, if there had been no war, and you had put your back into it, it might have been a different story."

"I suppose so," said Sherston; and his face became set in a curious fixed mask.

"It isn't a very cheerful outlook for you, my lad, but you're young, and what would dismay me will probably only put you on your mettle. Have you any plans?"

"Haven't had time to make any," Jack answered jerkily. "Only got in last night; hadn't an earthly idea all this was in pickle for me. I'm sorry you've been worried, father. I wish I'd been here to take some

of it off you."

It was rather a fine strain in Sherston which made him acknowledge first the hardship of his father's lot. Mr. Sherston was touched by it, touched and pleased, yet in no way surprised. Jack and he had always got on well; in some respects they were very much alike, while Grace was her mother's daughter, hard and worldly, and with the commercial strain rather highly developed. Grace Sherston was not a person who would give anything away, unless that for which she herself had no use.

"From all I can hear there doesn't seem to be many openings. You see, I'm nothing, father, except a bally clerk. I was twenty-two when I enlisted, and now I'm twenty-seven, fit for nothing really. I'll have to begin at the bottom and work up."

The prospect dismayed Mr. Sherston even more than it dismayed his son; but it was necessary to put a brave face on the

sordid, realistic facts.

"Oh! there will be something. We must leave no stone unturned. I'll bestir myself among all the old connections. There will have to be posts found for the men who gave up everything to save us. That ought to be the nation's first concern."

Sherston smiled a kind of sickly smile.

"From what I can see and hear the nation's business is to jolly well get back

to the old easy days as fast as possible, and hero-worship has died a natural death."

Mr. Sherston did not smile. He hated the trend the conversation had taken, some womanish streak in him urging the cover-

ing up of ugly facts.

"I hope for the sake of—of everything and everybody that you're wrong, Jack. We've had a long strain, and the reaction has come. But things will right themselves and justice will see to the scales. There are certain immutable laws—"

"Gone by the board, all of them, you may take it from me, Dad," said Sherston, interrupting rather fiercely. "The new world we're promised is, so far as my judgment serves me, likely to revert to the prehistoric type when the law of give and take was enforced by the club. We're starting another kind of war which may easily knock this old one into smithereens; but I'll make good, by heaven I will! I shan't let it master me."

He sprang to his feet as he spoke these words, his lean brown face set in an invincible determination, his eyes flashing a sombre fire. His father looked at him with a mingling of compassion and admiration

"I'm sure you will, and I'll do what I can to help you. Now tell me where you are living just now—at your wife's flat?"

Sherston sat down again.

"I was there last night, but her pal, Miss Withers, had to go out in consequence. Of course I can't stop there because Miss Withers has her rights. I might make an arrangement with her to take over her part of the responsibility and buy what articles of furniture belong to her. That is probably what I will do."

"Have you money for that?"

"I have back pay and some I've saved. Oh, yes! I think I can manage that little lot."

"But it will take a little time—some days at least—to make such an arrangement. Of course you'll come home to us in the interval?"

Sherston seemed to ponder.

"My mother did not say anything about that—of course, there wasn't time—but I suppose I'd better do that, just for a very few days. It would certainly be a convenience."

"Your old place in the house is yours still, Jack," said his father affectionately. "And wherever we have a roof to cover us, please believe it will be your home too." Something smarted in Sherston's eyes.
"Thank you, Dad. I won't forget it;
and you may take it from me I won't

sponge off you."

"Tell me something I don't know—lad," said the older man with a confident, encouraging smile. "I'll ring up your mother and tell her you'll be coming out. What are you going to do now?"

Sherston glanced at his wrist-watch.

"It's only half past four. I've to meet Winnie at Trafalgar Tube at a quarter to six to have tea. We'll be talking things over. If you are telephoning to mother, ask her not to mind if I don't get out until rather late, between nine and ten. I'll retrieve my kit and bring it along, and if, after talking things over with Winnie, there should be any change in my plans, I'll 'phone through from Charing Cross or some other post office.'

His father nodded, and they began over a friendly eigarette to discuss some phases of the Eastern campaign on which Jack could shed the light of personal experience.

Mr. Sherston, a keen student of men and history, and secretly a strategist and a soldier, had a grip of international questions and geographical boundaries which his son's more limited outlook and grasp could not touch.

"Dad, you ought to have been in the seats of the mighty. My hat! but you would have made some of 'em sit up! Talk of ignorance! Some of them out there dressed in a little brief authority didn't begin to know the A B C either of strategy or geography, or anything necessary to carrying on the show."

Mr. Sherston smiled.

"I'm only one of the armchair soldiers, my son. Strategy in theory and in practice are two mighty different propositions. I amused myself in the evenings at home studying maps and things, and, of course, fighting is in the Sherston blood. I've enjoyed this talk; we must have another. I'm glad you're home, Jack. Please God, things will go well with you and yours yet. You can give your wife my love, and when you're settled in, wherever you elect to settle," he added vaguely, "I'll come and see you and give you my blessing."

Sherston wrung his father's hand and left the office in Austin Friars mightily com-

forted.

Trouble met him at the Tube station, however, in the shape of Winnie's gloomy

face, from which all the brightness of the last evening had fled.

"I was just going off, Jack," she said discontentedly. "You needn't have kept me waiting, seeing you've absolutely nothing to do. I suppose it was your people—if you prefer them to me——"

Sherston glanced at his wrist-watch, "Two minutes behind time, Winnie, and I saw you coming across the street a minute ago," he said quietly.

She tossed her head.

"I'd been over before. Where are you going to take me to tea?"

"You know the places better than I do," answered Sherston, glancing vaguely round, "Won't that do?"

He indicated the brightly-lit windows of a tea-shop, but Winnie's lip curled.

"Is that all you can rise to, the first meal we've had together out since you've come back? No, thank you—I don't patronise that class of goods. Come on; I'll take you out to tea just to show you how it should be done."

She thrust her hand through his arm and dragged him to the steps of the nearest omnibus, bundled him in, and they sat

down together.

"Only round to the Circus and the Troc., or maybe the Piccadilly, where there's a decent band to listen to and something to see," she whispered, and began, from force of habit, to fumble in her bag for coppers. But Sherston quickly repaired that omission, and they rode in silence the short distance along the Mall and to Piccadilly Circus. Sherston had the odd feeling of being not only dominated but weighed in the balance and found wanting. There was a new hostility in his wife's eyes, a kind of sharp resentment which, reacting on his temper, getting a little raw-edged by the experiences of the last twenty-four hours, made him feel resentful too.

He followed the slim, attractive figure across the familiar crowded Circus to the flashing revolving doors of the Piccadilly

Restaurant.

"Perhaps I'm not smart enough for this show, Winnie," he said ruefully.

She glanced casually at his uniform with

inscrutable eyes.

"Oh, you'll do. All sorts and conditions come in here. I've seen top-hole swells with men who looked like ordinary tommies in here. It's a nice place, and they do you proud."

With an air of complete assurance which indicated familiarity with the place and surroundings she piloted her way to the interior of the warm, comfortable, brightly-lit restaurant, and found a table by the wall where they could talk without being overheard and obtain a good view of all that was going on.

The waiter took her order; she drew off her fur gloves, revealing pretty, well-kept hands, threw open her coat so that the clear, beautiful outline of her neck was visible. Flushing slightly, she put up her hand to the jade beads which she had for-

"That's a pretty thing, Winnie; where did you'get it? Jade spells money, doesn't it? I saw a lot of it in Cairo; got an odd little charm of it for you stowed somewhere in my kit."

"Oh, this is imitation," she said, lying, without a flicker of the eyelid. "Yes, it is a jolly good imitation, but too dark for the real thing. How topping of you to bring me a real bit! We'll match them up later on, and perhaps they'll go together. Well, and what have you been doing with yourself all day, old sport? I hope you've been behaving yourself. Did you get the note I left?"

"Yes, of course; but why didn't you kick me up? I should have been waiting on you, not letting you do all that for me."

"Oh, that's all right. It was better to let you sleep on. We might have started jawing again, then I'd have been late. Besides, you were dog-tired; anybody could see that. So after you got up and fed yourself, what did you do?"

"Went out to Putney."

"Well, and how's Putney?"

"Looks much as it used to look. My mother was having a luncheon party."

"Old tabbies or what; and did they all sit round purring over the returned hero?"

"I didn't wait to see them. I only stopped about ten minutes, then went back to the City to see my father."

"I see."

Winnie made an odd little contraction of her level brows, but just then the waiter appeared with the laden tea-tray and set the things down in front of her. After he had departed, and before she started pouring out tea, she looked over the silver pot and put the leading question:

"Well, and what are they going to do

for you now?"

(End of Chapter Four)



"A garden of flowers Newly refreshed by the sun and the showers"

Photo: R. J. Malby

Is Britain on the Downgrade?

How Things Impress Me in the Provinces
By Our Special Commissioner

What is the truth about our commercial position and our economic outlook? I told our Special Commissioner to go and find out—not from Government officials, but by personal investigation through the length and breadth of the country. Here is his report

HAVE spent a fortnight touring over England, Scotland and Wales with the object of ascertaining the truth in regard to this country's social and industrial condition and prospects. Needless to say, I have met all sorts and conditions of men, and although "travellers' tales" are proverbially in need of verification, yet I think that I can claim that a fortnight's tour given up solely to the elucidation of this question, and embracing all of the most important industrial centres of the country, is sufficient to make one's answer to the question, "Is Britain on the Downgrade?" of particular value and interest.

Easier Travelling

I might, at the outset, remark that travelling is certainly easier than in the dark days of the war; it is possible to get from city to city with something like pre-war comfort, meals are again served on the trains, and the irksome restrictions on hotel living are rescinded. That, perhaps, is the traveller's first impression of the tour. But that is hardly what your Editor and his readers want to know. What do leaders of industry, labour representatives—and the ordinary man in the train and the man in the workshop—have to report as to present conditions and prospects?

Bankruptcy-or Prosperity?

"This country is on the dizzy edge of bankruptcy, our financial position is one of paper, and it will take a minor miracle to save us from toppling over the precipice," is the most pessimistic opinion I have heard during my travels. "The country was never in better heart for work, and the years immediately in front of us present an unrivalled opportunity for a vast expansion of our trade and commerce, which will as

far surpass pre-war records as they surpassed the records of a century ago," is the most optimistic opinion I heard. Which of these two pronouncements is right?

Things as they Really are

Well, to get any idea of "things as they are," one must do one's best to get into the heart of that great mass of humanity we call the nation. Our morning paper keeps us informed of "moving accidents by flood and field," of Bolshevik activities in Siberia and Seven Dials, of the progress of the latest "peace" treaty, of the final panacea Parliament propounds and expounds for labour unrest, the lack of cottages, and the high cost of living, but it does not tell us much of the mind and heart of the people. It picks and chooses its news from the point of view of sensation rather than settlement, of interest rather than interests, and barely stops to ask whether either its news or its notions are true or false. So, for better or worse, I am going to try to give readers of THE QUIVER a personal impression of the way things impressed me as I journeyed from town to town, talking, listening, observing, weighing, measuring,

Things will never be the same again! That is true whatever is false. It is the impression one gets all the time. The prewar world is past and gone; men—and women—are thinking new thoughts, viewing things from fresh angles, testing the old ideas by new standards, and, withal, bringing a much larger, fuller understanding to bear upon everything which belongs to our common humanity. The new thought is largely a product of the war, which shattered so many old idols and scrapped so many long-received opinions and usages, and out of that new thought, that fresh way of looking at things, will be made the

Britain of the new era. Much depends upon our rulers and representatives. If they are well inspired, make no attempt to retrace the giant strides of the past five years, accept accomplished facts, take a right view of the new national impulse, and take the people into their confidence, my observation leads me to think that from the point of view of moral, national and political, there is little to fear in Britain.

But it was never more fatally easy for a Government to "take the wrong turning." Six or seven millions of men actually took a share in the war, and I find that men everywhere have a new concept of their own value to the State, the worth of their own manhood, of what the State owes to them as well as what they owe to the State. They have learned what man-power means behind the loom as well as behind the gun, and, having done their best for the country, they confidently expect the country to do its best for them. If it fails the results will be disastrous.

The Demand of Labour

It is hard to regard this demand as unreasonable. It expresses itself in a hundred ways-higher pay all round, better life conditions, equality of opportunity, more leisure, a better social status, and in a certain pride which may sometimes overstep the bounds of good sense, but which is not to be lightly regarded, much less ignored, lest it become not only unreasonable but unmanageable. This new type of common Britisher has not only been through the war-he has rubbed shoulders with his brethren from Australia, New Zealand and Canada, and will no longer brook the spirit which regards him as a "hand," or an "operative," or a "mechanic," the human machine of production.

Much less will he brook neglect, or anything which looks like the sacrifice of justice to expediency. He is sick of expediency. He has seen things in such blank, stark nakedness that the tricks and juggles of the wire-pulling politician are anathema to him. Time and time again, in train and street and car, has that big fact been forced upon my notice. The ancient cajolery will no longer work. There is no doubt that the war has left a lot of inflammable material lying about the country. One comes across quite a dump of it in wholly unexpected places, and,

although we need not mistake a furze-fire for a general conflagration, or the waving of a red flag for the downfall of society as we know it in Britain, yet both fire and flag are forces too terrible to treat flippantly or even carelessly.

Not Going to the Dogs

I will talk about "bankruptcy" and industrial output presently, but I want to put first things first, and I saw many signs that the agony and stress of war, despite signs to the contrary which are often more in the way of notice, has deepened the national character. Did I live on a Pacific atoll, upon which some passing ship should cast a bundle of daily papers, I should inevitably conclude that Britain was swiftly and irretrievably going to the dogs. Nevertheless, it isn't. There is a deeper substratum of solid sense and sane judgment in Britain than ever before in history, and I believe that if some man of mighty faith and deep, unmistakable spirituality like Wesley, or Moody, were to arise to-day his message would find the soil wonderfully prepared for its growth and spread. And that would simply solve all our difficulties.

Men's Minds are Bigger since the War

I found myself several times talking to my train companions quite freely about the deepest things of life, and I found them discussing these things with me with a freedom and knowledge which pre-war days did not know. Indeed, there is a very distinct and distinctive new tone in common conversation. Men talk of bigger things than they did, things that really matter. There is nothing our statesmen need to bear in mind more than the fact that Britain has sloughed off her insularity. She is cosmopolitan to-day. The Crusades took a few nobles and their retainers to the Holy Land. To-day "Tom, Dick and Harry," who live in the New Cut, have been there with thousands of their comrades who watch football matches on Saturday afternoons and go to the "pictures." Mesopotamia, which to thousands was but a name on the map of Asia yesterday, to-day is as familiar as Surrey. Believe me, the men who landed on the beaches of Gallipoli, who have smoked cigarettes under the shadow of the Sphinx, and held the line through weary months before Ypres, can never revert to the old view-points. Boys grew up with amazing rapidity during the war. Some millions of them have now returned to the old country, and presently we shall know

For instance, I found the young men everywhere amazingly keen on business. They may dance on occasion. I saw some of them doing it. But they know more about cotton yarn, and worsted, and hosiery, and dynamos than they do about the two-step and the maxina. Moreover, if their conversation is any guide—and I think it may be—they are bringing imagination into business, and it is this quality of imagination which makes the difference between big business and that pettifogging, parochial type which never comes from behind its counter.

The Danger of Soaring Prices

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I heard much talk of our enormous national liabilities, of the growing menace of soaring prices. I came to the conclusion that if there is a mine being bored beneath the entrenched position of our national safety, and the home dug-outs we love, which are Britain, and without which life is unendurable, it is being bored by the profiteer, the spendthrift, the callous or purblind master, and the slacker and shirker in the house of industry. These four, in conjunction if not separately, can bring our national house about our ears, and it is our financial position which gives them all their power over our destinies and fortunes.

Whilst I heard many expressions of opinion concerning the gravity of our financial position, some, as I have indicated, extremely pessimistic, others distinctly hopeful, I found no one who regards our vast indebtedness as devoid of danger, our economic position as a trivial matter. The exchange value of the pound is proof of a serious state of things, whether it be exchanged for dollars in New York or for butter and bacon at the corner shop. The nation is involved in a vicious circle of financial futility from which it is difficult to escape.

"But," said a working man to me in the train, "why need I worry as long as that piece of paper"—he took a pound note from his pocket—"is guaranteed by the State to stand for a sovereign?"

I said: "You and I are the only guarantee for that piece of paper, because you and I are the State, and when you say that that

piece of paper stands for a sovereign, you mean that it stands for as much as the sovereign will buy, and that is about half it would buy before the war. So you need to worry after all."

At this point a commercial traveller joined in the conversation. "The truth is," he said, "that both the sovereign and the Bradbury are tokens only. The only asset the nation has is its workers. If, by intensive production they can make two things where in pre-war days they made only one; if machine and field and mine and brain can double their effectiveness your money will soon recover its purchasing power."

"But," said the working man—and it was a question repeated in various forms in England, Scotland and Wales—"what is the the use of my troubling to double my output, whether by harder work or better machinery or more efficient methods—all of which are feasible ways—if the profiteer and the shareholder and the company promoter rake in the lion's share and leave me and my mates to fight for the bones like jackals? My increased output does neither me nor the country its maximum amount of good."

"There is truth in what you say," I replied, "but do not forget that the profiteer battens on scarcity. So fond of a shortage is he that he will create one artificially if he can by 'cornering' the market. The one thing that can suppress the profiteer is cheapness, and the only way to cheapness is plenty, and the only road to plenty is production without stint or stoppage."

The British workman is beginning to see that restriction of output means in the long run restriction of wages. That sane and gifted labour leader, Mr. J. R. Clynes, M.P., said lately: "If there are workmen who believe in restricted output and in any way practise it, they are, without knowing it, committing an offence against the interests of their own class."

Humming with Industry

I found the country humming with industry everywhere. The moulders' strike was happily over, and Glasgow and Newcastle and Ipswich and other engineering centres were beginning to feel their feet again. I heard, for instance, of a foundry but lately making shell-cases and other munitions, which has already built 200 new locomotives and hopes to double its output very soon. The chemical trade, which had largely gone to Germany, is being recaptured rapidly. The stress of war conditions gave a great impetus to research, which is bearing good fruit to-day in our industries. Glass-making, too, is another half-lost industry we are rapidly recovering, and these are but specimens of a new spirit of enterprise which is moving in business circles.

I was talking to a well-known business man in the North of England. He said: "We are apt to blame the working man, call him slack and inefficient, but, believe me, the slackness and inefficiency are by no means his monopoly. There are many slack and inefficient masters, men who are too lethargic to get out of the old ruts, who refuse to see the economic futility of their out-of-date methods of management and obsolete machinery. The new generation, full of ideas and energy, with the cosmopolitan outlook, will presently supersede him. But at present the inefficient employer is a clog on commercial progress, and blocks the line of increased output."

Tired of "Controls"

and Bad Transport

I found the most universal grumbles to be "transport" and "control." They appear to most people to be part and parcel of the same thing. "Complete mationalisation of railways might work well, and the pre-war management by the old companies was as good as anything elsewhere, but this half-and-half arrangement appears only to lead to chaos and congestion." That was the expression of opinion I heard everywhere. At the great seaports I visited I found docks and warehouses cluttered up with goods of all kinds, ships lying unloaded, everywhere vast arrears both inwards and outwards, and harbour and dock boards in despair.

Yet these things are the life-blood of the country's finance. These are the only things that can rectify exchange. The congestion of goods is everywhere most marked. We hear daily about the housing problem, and one might imagine the bricklayer was standing, trowel in hand, waiting for non-existent bricks. He may be waiting for bricks, but they are certainly in existence. The trouble is to get the brick and the bricklayer together. I saw millions of bricks stacked in useless masses with little chance, it would seem, of being removed for months, bricks sufficient to build whole towns. I saw works threatened with actual

stoppage for lack of the raw material which is lying in ships' holds or on the dock side. Yet during the railway strike thousands of road vehicles could be requisitioned. Why can they not be used to-day to reinforce the congested lines and case the pressure?

Great dissatisfaction was expressed everywhere in my hearing with regard to the continuance in the post-war days of irritating controls and embargoes and licences, which, merely war measures as they are, now clog and hamper the stream of trade, check the interchange of commodities and tie the hands of business. "Give us back all our old freedom, and more if possible," said a great business man to me, and his words were echoed and re-echoed a hundred times, "and the business of the country will rapidly recover and prices will fall automatically."

A Spirit of Hopefulness

But, in spite of grumbles of this kind, I found everywhere a spirit of hopefulness and expectancy. Self-depreciation is a British habit which I think the war has done something to cure. Our workshops and foundries and factories did such miraculous things, our chemists and scientists rose to the occasion so wonderfully, we showed so much of the old traditional spirit still inherent in the race, that I fancy the nation got a new idea of its own possibilities, and that is a great step towards realising them.

I saw everywhere signs of the spirit of the trenches pervading town life and workshop life. There is certainly a comradeship in Britain which was not there in pre-war days. But there is still a long way to travel before we reach that point where labour and capital, master and man, work together in harmonious co-operation, the master with an eye on the best interests of his workman and the workman with an eye on the best interests of his master. But I am sure that, so far from these relations being embittered, they are greatly improved.

To sum up my impressions: Britain, industrially, is not on the downgrade. The situation is full of difficulties and dangers, we shall feel the heavy weight of the war on our shoulders for many a long day yet; still, provided the future is faced with wisdom, courage and large-mindedness by all concerned there is no reason why we should not do as well as, and even better than,

before the war.

From my Window

The Story of a Flat

By

L. G. Moberly

" WILL take this—I will certainly take this."

At a rough guess, and judging by the number of wearisome stairs I had mounted and agents I had interviewed, this must have been about the thousandth flat I had visited in my search for exactly the right kind of dwelling, and hitherto I had found nothing which came within measurable distance of appealing to me. But now at last,

I could say "Eureka."

The stout little man who had accompanied me from the agent's office stared at me when I spoke, because I had not even attempted to go round the flat and look at the rooms. I had only walked to the window, glanced out of it, and then and there had made up my mind. The window gave upon a little side road-very quiet and very little frequented-and immediately opposite me, as I looked out, I saw a garden wall, a brick wall with ivy creeping over its top. And amongst the ivy on that July day there straggled a long spray of clematis with deep purple flowers wide open in the sunlight. I could not see right into the garden encircled by that garden wall, but somewhere upon its lawn or in its beds there must have been a pergola of roses, for within my range of vision was a tangled loveliness of ramblers, crimson and rose-coloured and delicately pink. Beyond that garden stretched a vista of trees and shrubs which meant other gardens, but it was joy enough for me to know that the window of the flat I meant to take looked on to that ivy-topped wall upon which a purple clematis had climbed, and that I could catch a glimpse of these roses, crimson and rose-coloured and delicately

I therefore repeated my remark with in-

creased decision.

"I will take this—I will certainly take this—and I should be glad to come in as

soon as possible."

I believe the man from the agent's office thought I was stark staring mad—but what did I care? I cared no more than I minded whether the bedroom was 12 ft. square or 8 ft. nothing! As long as I might have that garden opposite to me, and no racket and rumble of a street below, I was content. For a busy woman whose chief business was with her pen, what better or more peaceful place could be found than this new abode of mine-100, Convent Mansions. Whether or no there had once been a convent upon the spot where this quiet, up-todate flat now stood, I do not know, but I have a fancy for imagining that the gardens stretching away to the south were long and long ago part of the garden of a real convent, where grave-faced nuns paced the garden paths, and perhaps helped to tend the roses which for them held no symbolism of love and joy as they do for us commonplace mortals of less ethereal build,

As I sat writing close to my open window, which added to its charm by opening on to a tiny balcony, I tried to visualise, not only my imaginary nuns in the past, but the present tenants of the garden that was shut in by so high a wall. Who were they? What lives did they live? What manner of things did they think and say and do as they went to and fro under the wall where the clematis grew, or past the roses that waved their flowery sprays in the summer breeze? The house belonging to the garden was only just visible to me. I could see nothing of it but the roof, and I began to feel as if house and garden had a magical touch all their own. Perhaps they sheltered a Sleeping Beauty who lay waiting for the kiss of the Prince; perhaps a powerful witch hid behind the ivy-covered wall working powerful spells; or a great magician studied black magic in the rooms of the invisible house-searching, maybe, for the Elixir of Life!

Like the child who wanted to see beyond the gateway in an illuminated manuscript into the little town that lay beyond, so did I, as the days went by, long to see more of the garden than merely the spray of clematis which had escaped from it, and the roses that swung in the July air.

It was all very well to weave romances

about the unknown inhabitants of the garden. There came a time when I had got beyond weaving tales out of my imagination. I wanted to know. But the days drifted on, and though daily I sat writing at my table in the window, or even out upon the balcony, I heard no sound of voices from the garden, and more than ever I wanted to know something about its owners.

A great crimson branch of Virginia creeper had pushed itself over the ivy close to the purple clematis before even a fragment of my curiosity was gratified, and the petals of the roses had long been blown away or had drifted of themselves down to the ground before on a clear autumn morning I heard a man's voice say: "Oh, nonsense! Of course I can get up an absurd little ladder like that. As it is, I've been on the shelf much too long." Another voice. a man's, too-made some remonstrance in low, rather deprecating tones, which were brushed aside by that other masterful first speaker. "Rubbish, Stokes! I tell you I'm sick to death of being in leading-strings."

There was something besides masterfulness in those ringing tones-there was sadness as well, such sadness as sent a little pang of sympathy through my heart, even though the speaker was a total stranger. My eyes had insensibly turned towards the wall and the flaming Virginia creeper, and just as the other voice began to speak, once more in low tones of remonstrance, I saw the top of a ladder appear on the wall's far side, and a moment later a head was visible over the top of the ladder. I found that my eyes were staring into a pair of blue, blue eyes-the saddest I had ever seen. The roadway between the flat and the wall was very narrow; it was easy enough to see the expression of those eyes that met mine.

But to my unfeigned amazement—all in the flash of a second—their expression changed. They gazed at me fixedly for that tick of a second, and then the sadness left them, quite suddenly left them, and instead of it there came a look of such radiant joy as made me draw in my breath sharply.

"Lois!" he said, and his voice was like a caress, it spoke so softly, so gladly. "Lois—why, Lois!" Then as suddenly as his head had appeared above the top of the ladder it disappeared again, and once more I heard the murmuring of the two men, one clear and masterful, the other remonstrating. But I could no longer distinguish

what they said, and presently there was silence—the usual silence of the garden beyond the wall.

But I could not settle down at once to my usual work. My brain refused to run along its customary grooves; my pen remained poised in my hand until the ink dried upon it, and the sheet of paper in front of me showed no trace of writing. I sat there idly, my eyes fixed upon the wall and the flaming Virginia creeper, whilst over and over again in my mind rang those strange, incomprehensible words: "Lois—why, Lois!"

My own name was Elizabeth Mordaunt, shortened by my intimate friends into Beth. Why had a stranger looked into my face with eyes full of radiant joy, exclaiming in a voice no less full of gladness: "Lois—Lois—why, Lois!"

Naturally, I could find no answer to the puzzling question, turn it over as I would in my mind. The strange impression made upon me by the episode did not leave me for several days, and though those days were very busy ones and full of work, I found my thoughts often drifting back to the blue eyes which had looked at me over the ivy-crowned wall, and the voice which had rung with such masterful clearness, such curious charm.

A rather exigeant editor was just then pressing me to finish a story against time, and one October afternoon I was putting my whole energies into shaping it according to his wishes, when the front door bell of my flat was rung impatiently, almost violently.

I went at once to answer the imperious summons, but the bell rang again before I had reached the door, and when I opened it I found an agitated-looking man standing on the mat outside.

"I have been to every other flat on this side," he exclaimed without any other preamble. "It must be you, madam."

"What must I be?" I asked, wondering whether my unexpected visitor had taken leave of his senses. "Can I do anything for you?"

"I can't be sure whether it is you," he said rather breathlessly—he had evidently been walking quickly or climbing many stairs in our block of flats—"but I can't find anybody else on this side of the building who answers to the description."

"What description?" I inquired, feeling



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"I knelt down by his couch, wondering how I could explain that I was not the Lois for whom he craved "-p, 625

Drawn by John Sutcliffe

more than ever puzzled. He was a most respectable, quiet-looking man of the type one associates with gentlemen's servants. He might have been a butler or a valet. His clothes were well cut and well put on; his face was well shaved, his hair immaculately smooth, his manner deferential, with exactly the right amount of deference and not an ounce more.

"What description?" I repeated when he did not at once answer my question, but looked at me gravely and fixedly, though

with perfect politeness.

"I feel I have come on a strange errand," he said, not answering me and speaking in measured and stilted language. "But my master was so set on my coming, and in his condition I did not dare refuse his request."

"Your master?" I questioned, growing every moment more bewildered. "But who is your master? Why should he want you to come to me? Surely I do not know him?"

"Not to say exactly know him," was the odd reply, "but he has seen you, madam, and he has made up his mind that you—that you—" He hesitated, stammered, looked away, and then looked back again. "Will you come to him, madam? It may be a matter of life or death."

. His stilted manner was all at once dropped. He spoke eagerly, vehemently; into the face which convention made him cover with a mask of impassiveness there suddenly flashed a look of appealing anxiety.

"Could you explain a little more?" I asked gently, seeing that the man was labouring under great emotion. "I don't even know who your master is or where he lives, and I can't imagine why he should want to see me."

"He lives in the house opposite," came the quick reply. "He saw—a lady in one of these flats. He saw her over the wall, and—"

"Does the garden over the wall belong to your master?" I interrupted, illumination breaking in upon me, although I was more than ever bewildered.

"The garden is my master's garden," the man said. "And the first day he went into it after his—long illness"—he paused before the words—"he saw someone over here in the flats."

"He saw me," I put in quickly. "He

looked over the wall and saw me on my balcony."

"And he has asked for you ever since," came the astonishing reply. "The doctor says his whole life may depend upon your coming. I have hunted all through the building until I found you. Will you come—now—at once?"

"But why should his life depend on me?" I asked in a mystified voice. "I do not even know his name."

And as I spoke the memory came back to me of those blue eyes that had looked into mine, the blue eyes whose unutterable sadness had suddenly been turned into joy.

"His name is MacDonald—Major Desmond MacDonald—and I am his valet, and I must not stay away from him any longer. Please come, madam, if you will."

I could not resist the appeal in his voice and eyes, and though I felt as if I were in some strange kind of dream, I followed him down the stairs and so to the entrance of the house round the corner of our little byroad. Into the house we went together, across an oak-panelled hall, and up a shallow oak staircase, and at the top of the stairs I saw an open door. The sound of a voice came through the door, a voice that was clear and masterful, with a singularly charming ring in it.

"Lois," it said. "Why does not Lois come? I should get well if Lois came. I saw her and she is lost again. Lois—Lois."

The valet turned and looked at me, and there was positive anguish in his eyes.

"If only you could quiet him," he said, and without waiting to answer the man or to ask further questions, I walked straight in through the open door.

The room was big and oak-panelled like the rest of the house; it gave me an impression of great airiness, and it was very Through the open window there drifted the sounds of distant traffic, and upon the warm October air came the scent of autumn roses. Near to that open window stood a couch, and half sitting, half lying upon it was the man whose face had looked at me over the ivy-crowned wall three weeks before. There was a pitiful haggardness about his features; under his eyes there were deep shadows, and the eyes themselves looked sunken. Their sadness hurt me, as did the lines of pain about his mouth.

I went straight towards him across that room—a great pity for him stirred my heart—and when he saw me the most extraordinary change swept over his face. He held out his hands with an eager, youthful gesture, which gave him a strangé look of boyishness, although he must have been over forty.

"At last," he said, a note of irrepressible gladness in his voice. "I thought you would never come—but it is you at last."

Carried on by some force which I could neither understand nor comprehend, I went to his side and laid my hands in his that were outstretched towards me. He drew me closer, and still obeying an impulse which I was powerless to resist, I knelt down by his couch, wondering how I could frame words to explain to him that I was not the Lois for whom he craved. But his eyes gazed at me with hungry yearning and with a great gladness, so great that I felt I dared not disturb it.

"You are still the same Lois," he said, and a faint, a very faint, accent of doubt crept into his voice. "Why don't you kiss me if you are the same loving Lois?"

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The colour passed over my face, but I met the appealing glance of the valet's eyes watching me from the doorway, and that glance seemed to say, "For heaven's sake do what he asks you." I resisted the inclination to shrink away from the hands that drew me, and stooping over him I kissed the blue-eyed man very gently on the cheek. All in a minute his arm went round me. I was folded in a close embrace, and he kissed my lips, which no one had ever kissed before.

A queer little thrill ran all along my pulses; my heart beat until it seemed as though its beating would suffocate me, but I could not move. Some power against which I was incapable of struggling, kept me still and unresisting in the embrace of those masterful arms. My heart gave a quick little flutter when the masterful voice spoke to me in soft, caressing tones. The words were all a variant of the same theme—"Lois, you have come back at last."

And still one half of me felt like a base and miserable deceiver, whilst the other half of me stirred with a curious sense of elation.

What had come to me—to me, Elizabeth Mordaunt—who had always prided herself upon her lack of sentimentality? By what magic had I been so transformed that I

would tolerate what was happening to me without a protest?

Presently the arm round me loosened its hold. An expression of extreme weariness crossed the face so close to mine; it suddenly grew grey and lifeless.

"Tired," he said with a breathless gasp,
"so tired. Don't go far away. Stay close
—I must never lose you again—never
again."

His eyes closed, and his faithful servant came across the room and gave him something out of a glass, signing to me at the same time to go into a small room opening out of the one in which we were. He joined me there a few minutes later, shutting the communicating door.

"He is asleep," he said in triumphant accents. "Thank God for that—he is asleep—and thanks to you, madam," he added quickly. "The doctor said we must get him to sleep at any cost. And he is asleep now."

He looked at me gratefully, and there was a question in his eyes, a question which seemed to say: "Has the cost been too much for you?"

"I am glad I could do anything to help," I answered, flushing brightly. "Has he been ill long? And who is—"

"The lady he calls Lois was the lady he was going to marry, madam," my companion broke in. "She went away with someone else the day before the wedding. My master had ten days' leave, and everything was fixed up. But he"—the man paused, as though the words choked him—"he came back ill. They had gassed him, those devils, and because he was not his old gay self, because he was under the weather, Miss Lois threw him over for a rich man long past military age."

The man's voice rang with scorn; all his stilted expression left him. He was humanly, furiously angry with the woman who had broken his master's heart.

"He's not a soldier by trade, Major Mac-Donald isn't," the valet went on. "He was an artist, working peacefully here. But he joined up because he thought it was his duty, and well he did his duty, too, I dare swear."

"Were you with him at the front?" I asked,

But he shook his head.

"They wouldn't have me. I tried times out of number, but they said my heart wouldn't stand the strain. I'll be bound it would have stood anything the master could stand. But p'r'aps it's all for the best. For when he got bad I was ready to take care of him, and if I'd been a soldier in France he'd have been left to strangers."

He spoke with a tenderness which made a lump climb into my throat. Here, at any rate, was a valet to whom his master was

a hero.

"He was ill when Miss Lois threw him over, and what she did finished the business. Brain fever, the doctors called it—I call it a broken heart. But it's been touch and go with him for months, and for longer than I can say he hasn't slept. The doctors, they were pretty well in despair. They didn't know what to be at. But now he's asleep—asleep, thank God!" There was genuine thankfulness in the man's voice. "And if it hadn't been for you, madam, I believe we should have lost him altogether."



"Now that you have come back we can be married at once." Desmond Mac-Donald's voice, eager and masterful, put the question, though it was more a command than a question. "There is nothing to wait for—we can be married at once. There is nothing to wait for, doctor, is there?"

It was a few hours later on that same day, and the doctor, a tall, kindly-faced man, stood beside the speaker, who was in the oak-panelled room downstairs. And I was there too—the sick man's hand rested on my shoulder. Hayman, the valet, had fetched me hurriedly the moment he woke.

"There is nothing to wait for," the masterful voice repeated, and the doctor

turned slowly and looked at me.

"No," he said. "If the lady is willing there is nothing to wait for. The sooner

she comes to you the better."

I drew my breath in a long gasp. I tried to speak, I tried to cry out that what they suggested was impossible, unthinkable, could not be. But something in the doctor's glance held me silent.

"She has given me new life." Again it was Desmond MacDonald who spoke. The eager, vibrating voice made my heart beat fast. "I have risen from the dead because Lois has come back."

"Let me speak to—to the lady for a minute or two," Dr. Henderson said quietly, and he took me into a room beyond and shut the door between.

"I can't do it! "I exclaimed. " How can

I do such a thing? I am a stranger to him, and he to me. Am I so like this Lois of whom he speaks?"

"His man says you are extraordinarily like her," came the grave reply. "And in any case, Major MacDonald is obsessed with the idea that you are the woman he loves. The real lady is, I understand, married to a rich American, and is in the States. You"—he looked at me narrowly—" you could save his reason and his life if you chose. If you disappoint him now, I will not answer for either."

"But how can I?" I repeated helplessly.

"How can I?"

For a moment there was silence. Then the doctor put a hand on my arm; his kind and understanding eyes looked full into mine.

"If I am not mistaken," he said, "you are one of the mother women of this world—one of the helpers. If you are heart-free, if you want to save a man body and soul, come to this man's help. He needs just such a mother woman as you are to take care of him and help him back to life."

"He needs just such a mother woman as you are." The doctor's words echoed in my brain, but still I held back. How could I

do otherwise?

"But when he realises—as he surely will some day—that I am not the right woman, what will happen then?" I asked.

"By then he will have learnt to lean on you and love you for yourself," came the startling response, and I could only stand there looking out into the garden, saying

nothing.

It was the garden I had so often wanted to see, the garden so tantalisingly shut out by that high wall opposite my room. Now my glance could wander over its smooth lawn where some late roses still lingered on the pergola. I saw tall sunflowers beside great clumps of starry Michaelmas daisies; and there upon the wall were the purple clematis, and the scarlet Virginia creeper whose sprays had climbed up amongst the ivy, and made a royal splash of colour for my eyes to see on the other side.

"It is a gigantic thing to ask any woman to do." The doctor's voice broke into the confusion of my thoughts. "But Desmond MacDonald is a splendid man. I cannot bear to let him go without doing my utmost to save him."

"Lois-Lois!" From the next room



" I rose to my feet, and for one awful moment I stood staring into his face "-p. 628

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Orawn by John Suteliffe

came the eager call, and I suddenly knew that at the sound of the voice which called something in my inmost soul rose up to answer; and without another word to the doctor I opened the door and went swiftly back to Desmond's side and put my hand into his.

"You shall marry me whenever you like," I said.

And when for the second time he kissed my lips, I knew that the beating of my heart came from gladness—sheer, inexpressible gladness which I did not attempt to explain or justify.

So

"But you are not Lois! "

The words I had been dreading broke from my husband's lips three months after our marriage, and in those three months he had come to lean upon me as Doctor Henderson had said he would. I knew without his telling me—though he told me often enough too—that I was his chief comfort and help, the centre of his world. And now, on this January day when he was painting in his studio, his face eager and happy, free from haggard care, his eyes no

longer sad, now all at once he looked at me, his brush poised in his hand, and he said gravely and deliberately, "But you are not Lois."

I rose to my feet, and for one awful moment I stood staring into his face with the hopeless feeling that an end had come to all my newly-found joy—the joy of caring for the man I loved. For one ghastly moment I thought he would repudiate me, drive me away from him, tell me it was Lois, and Lois only he wanted, now that his brain had recovered its balance.

I felt as if we had stood facing one another for years and years, if not for centuries, before the puzzled frown passed from his face, and there leapt into his eyes a look which set all my questioning and doubt at rest.

"You are not Lois," he said again, but now he came close to me and put his hands on my shoulders and smiled down into my eyes. "The cloud has gone away from my brain and I know you are not Lois. But I do not want Lois any more. You are better than Lois, better than all the world. You are the heart of my world, oh wife of mine, the heart of all my world."



What Matters

OT the Word, but the Thought. Not the Deed,
But the Purpose for which it is done.
Not the Sacrifice only, the Motive for which it is made.

Not what Happens, but how we Accept it.

Not Life, but the Courage we bring.

Not Success, but the Vision.

Not Failure, but why we have failed.

That the Thought be sincere.

That the Purpose be high. That the Motive be clear.

All that Happens but gain to the soul.

That our Bearing be fearless and gay.

And Success

Valued less

Than the Vision that gave us the Goal.

That Failure be powerless to pain if our feet keep the way.

LEONORA LOCKHART.

The (hildren of the Second (hance

by NEWMAN FLOWER

Author of
"The Boy Who Did
Grow Up"



Illustrations by L. Hocknett

6 1

REMEMBER sitting on a doorstep in a Sheffield slum a short time ago playing marbles with two children. At least, they had placed two rows of marbles across the pavement, and the greatest adventure for them at the moment was to watch me try and roll a penny between the rows, because whenever the feat was achieved they got the penny.

One of the twain was a boy of ten or thereabouts. A typical little street gamin with dark, tousled hair and a grimy face, streaked clean in places with lines made by tears. The lady beside him, who had a flannel petticoat made into a skirt, was, so he assured me, his sister.

It was his streaky face that set me wondering.

"What have you been crying about?" I asked him.

"Muvver's bin bangin' me."

"What for?"

"Dunno."

The wistful look on his face made me press the subject further,

"But you're a happy chap, aren't you?"

I suggested. "You won that last penny,
e'know"

"Yes," he replied a little doubtfully, turning the penny over in his hand. "When I'm ill, that is."

"When you're ill?"

"Yes. Then I goes to 'orspittle. I wish sometimes, I could always be ill." He glanced at his sister. "But it would be tough on Mabel."

The silence of Mabel suggested that it might be. And the reason, I soon discovered, was that she would be "banged" if he were absent. But she was a year older than he, was a useful household utensil of sorts, in so far that she could run errands and fetch things.

They went in terror of blows, these two. Very grudgingly they admitted it, as if they were divulging some awful secret. So it had come about that a companionship, not of blood but of adversity, had crept up between them. He was a chivalrous little slum gentleman, with a treasured memory of a month in hospital where they had had a gorgeous Christmas tree. He seemed from the way he spoke to nurse the conviction that he had found his way undiscovered into heaven for a month, and then been pushed out again as an undesirable.

The thing he wanted most in the world

was to go back to a hospital.

I must confess that, until this day, I had never looked on a children's hospital quite like that. To many of us, pain in children stirs some sensitive note that will not reconcile itself with the belief that all is right with the world.

We know that to a child, a slum child, pain and suffering are an accident, mentally considered. When such accident comes, the child has not the least notion of why it comes. So a children's hospital had always seemed to me a place of infinite disaster, rather than a place of refuge-a place where little broken things go that have been hurt in the rude scuffle of the world.

But the gallant in West Bar, Sheffield, proved to me that I was wrong. I had overlooked the fact that slum children know pain and suffering as everyday companions, and therefore the humanity, the understanding of a children's hospital, is something more wonderful than they have ever believed possible. The highest reach of kindness which may happen into their lives is represented by some benevolent old gentleman who may chance to throw them a penny, or a neighbour who may pass food to them when they are hungry, or a street corner policeman who, tiring of frightening small things, may one day say something rather kind.

He taught me a lot, did this gentleman of Sheffield. He proved to me by his cherished memory that those big buildings which shelter suffering children are not so forbidding as they might seem. That they are havens of succour, rather like the wood in Barrie's Dear Brutus, into which humans go and get a second chance,

In some vague fashion I have always understood that the ways of a children's hospital are wonderful ways. A branch of medical research that has its tendernesses.

One is somehow more sympathetic towards such a hospital rather than any other, or one should be. But I had not conceived till now that a child could throw off the recollection of all pain, and yet retain the memory of happiness experienced there, And that alone. But then the mind of a child is the greatest mystery in the world. The human masterpiece of simplicity; the supreme copy-book in simplicity given to Man, so that by its standards shall he learn

to shape his pot-hooks.

And those who nurse sick children, who go on unwearyingly, who can still the cry of those small things who do not know why they are hurt. Those wonderful women! I did not understand them then. I did not know that they have been given a Divine licence to understand more than any of us about the child mind. They are either the perfect mothers, or those who have given themselves with a soul's rejoicing to nursing the children of other mothers. They are the great explorers. Since that day in Sheffield I have seen these women fighting for the lives of children whose parents they never knew, children at the aid-posts in the battle of humanity, children who will pass from their ken when they are cured for other children who will come in to begin the battle anew. It is supreme selflessness. Achieve-To those who think, the royal road to God. . . .

It was the little gentleman in Sheffield who first opened my eyes. All rags and hope he was. And I'm glad I met him.

8 2

So one day the mood took me to seek out a children's hospital. I wanted to discover what it was that made a child desire so much to go back, that it would prefer to be ill if it could only go back.

I went down into the East End and came to the Queen's Hospital for Children in Bethnal Green. From the fog of the outside street I dived into a palace of brightness, of

Inside the hall was a queer assortment of humanity. Mothers-every type of mother whose footsteps have always followed hard places. And they waited with children of all ages; children in arms no more that a few months old; children who sat quietly on the benches beside their mothers, very awed at the solemnity of this great place, at the mystery of what the future might hold;

THE CHILDREN OF THE SECOND CHANCE

other children who played about without a thought of what it all meant.

A little nipper in blue caught me about the legs and named me for "Father." I disclaimed the honour, and assured him that really I was only the postman. The episode made a little diversion in that stillness of waiting women, women with taut, anxious faces and set lips, who feared, and did not know, what the future might hold for those frail atoms of humanity which they had brought with them.

Then someone whisked me away into the office of the secretary, Mr. Glenton-Kerr.

"Tell me," I asked him, when we faced each other across a desk loaded with papers in the little room. "Tell me about the children who come here. I think a sick

child must be the greatest problem of any hospital. It seems to me the blue ribbon of nursing—fighting for sick kids. Where do all the children come from? Of course, you cannot take in every case that comes along."

He studied me for a moment.

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"We take in any sick child that comes along," he answered with a queer little smile at my ignorance. "The only exception is the child with an infectious complaint."

"But it seems to me that every child ailment is infectious," I said.

"Take measles and 'dip' and chicken-pox. There isn't much when you rule out the infectious complaints in a child."

"Only two hundred different ailments," he replied with a smile. "The slums?" I asked.

He nodded.

"Yes, the slums are responsible for most. What chance has an average child in a slum? Bad feeding. Fancy feeding a young baby on raw pork! They do that sort of thing here. Accidents. Scores of accidents! A boy came in today; his chum had pushed him under a motor lorry out of sheer devilment. And children shut up in houses who fall on the fire. Slumdom makes for solitary children. Children scalded by overturned kettles. Street accidents—scores of these. Children suffering from neglect. They all come in here. We had 107,000 attendances last year."

What a bill of suffering!

It is hard to appreciate, when sitting with a pipe over a cosy home fire, that there were 107,000 suffering children in one small area of East End London in one year. And, as he told me later, 40,000 mothers brought

in their children for succour during the same period. Forty thousand cases of that maternal horror which assails those who, by their pains, have brought new life into the world. Sum it up if you can, and you get some idea of what this building stands

We know that there are legions of slum mothers who do not care very much what becomes of their children: but there are legions more who do. And these are the great sufferers; one thinks of them as the Magdalenes at the Cross worthy of the Great Tenderness. With the average mother in better circumstances it is a comparatively easy thing to telephone to the doctor when illness, mysterious and terrifying, strikes down those children they have borne. But the anxiety is greater to the poor. These mothers have the draggedout dread of what they are going to



" A little nipper in blue caught me about the legs"

say in the morning when the little patient is snatched away and taken beyond the great doors of the children's hospital.

Presently we began to explore the building, and then I realised for the first time what the little gentleman of Sheffield meant when he said that he wanted to go back. For here the wards were full of happy children; great rooms all windows and light, with flowers on the tables, and spotless sheets and white beds. Groups of small

chill streets, and doubtful harbourage somewhere up under leaky roofs, they had come to this. No one had cared for them very much before; here everybody cared for them. There was no longer any loneliness for the lonely children, for here no one was lonely. The old hungry days were as days that had never been. And everybody seemed to understand everybody else, whereas most of these children had never been really understood before. To any child from any slum this life must be a brief sojourn in a secret heaven.

Ward after ward full of the same happy

Ward after ward full of the same happy life. Sick children being fought back to health. Given a second chance...

§ 3

Yet, in spite of the chatter and laughter, the grim battle with death was going on amidst it all. In one cot I saw a mound of clothes, and it seemed to me that the rays of the sun were coming through the window across the bed. This sur-

the bed. This surprised me, since it was a day of fog. I went closer. At the

end of the mound projected a baby's head, very small and wizened. Then I noticed that the light I had mistaken for sunlight came from electric globes hidden in the bedclothes.

I turned to the Sister inquiringly.
"Are you trying to cook this baby?"

"We're busy saving its life," she responded. "The warmth of the light is restoring its temperature. It's a premature baby only a few days old, and when it came in here it had a temperature of only 92. But the warmth of these lamps has put it up to normal. That baby is going to live."

She was very proud of her conquest. It was somebody's baby—she knew not whose, and it did not matter. And to-morrow the mother would be told that the small life was secure. What a to-morrow for some woman, I thought!

But the Sister's greatest triumph was in the next cot. Here was a small child of two, for whose life they had fought for months on end against the encroachment of meningitis. His life had been given back



cared for them

patients crowded round the fires and played games; others sat up in their beds, and ran motor omnibuses up boards and down the other side, or soothed dolls to sleep with that peculiar care which belongs to a child.

Now these children, one and all, had come out of the depths of slumdom, many from wretched homes. Most of them were friends with hardship, and many had never known what real happiness meant till now. And they had had to become ill to acquire the knowledge.

Imagine the transformation and the effect upon the child mind. From back alleys and

THE CHILDREN OF THE SECOND CHANCE

to him by the hospital; outside the reach of concentrated medical science he would never have had a fighting chance. By night and by day they had watched him; week after week, month after month, science and care allied to bring him back to this. If ever a children's hospital had made out its case, here was that case.

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Always the nursing of sick children is the most difficult of all human service. It is a ceaseless battle. There is no respite, no halt. But to those who toil here the life of every child is treasure. It has to be saved. At whatever the cost it must be saved. And however great the weariness, that whimpering cry of pain from some little sufferer must be soothed.

Since the beginning of the world the cry of a suffering child has been the greatest, the most strident call to the heart of a woman-

5 4

We went downstairs. Here was a large waiting-room devoted to the out-patients. It was filled now with waiting mothers accompanied by children, just as I had seen them in the outer hall. They knew, these mothers, that when they brought the children into this chamber all that medical science could do for their ailments would be done. It was a veritable Hall of Hope. Some children with eye trouble, others awaiting medicine, others down for examination of some injury—a long queue that needed succour.

We passed out across the yard to the laboratories where men in white aprons experimented ceaselessly, day after day, to gain another step forward in the battle for children. Here were some of the finest brains in London, men who had all the fullness of ripened youth and were giving it to help children.

One among them I remember clearly. He had been taken a prisoner in the war and carried into Germany. Here the Germans, with the keen eye for those of medical knowledge, recognised him as a man more brilliant than his fellows in scientific inquiry, and put him at the head of a great establishment of medical science. But now, as soon as he was set free, he had come back here to the experimental room under the wards to go on exploring, probing, always exploring, that some unknown child of slumdom might benefit by what he learned.

He fascinated me with his tubes of healthy microbes, his exactitude of description, the keen alert eyes of him. And, somehow, my thoughts switched off to the little gentleman of Sheffield who, of course, had known nothing about the magicians who worked hidden away in the laboratories and places with Bunsen burners and test-tubes, who made friends with microbes, and gave all the knowledge that searching Youth had fought for and acquired in order that the burden upon the frail shoulders in the slums might be cased a little, and some small form relieved of its hurt.

This hospital, as I soon discovered, was a vast factory of health. For all suffering slum children, the place of the second chance. But it had its tragedy. This aiding of over a hundred thousand children every year, this constant battle against disease, the outpouring, regardless of expense, for some little urchin in order to save his life, cost vast sums of money. I climbed to the height of the building and from the platform outside gained a proper perspective of the enormous area in which the battle was going on. One saw from this position a sea of lighted windows, with the white caps of nurses flicking past in the great hustle.

I was told that a large portion of this hospital would have to be closed in the current year unless sufficient funds were forthcoming to keep the threatened wards open. This hospital, which boasts that it has never turned away a sick child, would at last have to shut its doors at times against the little derelicts of the slums. To many it would mean death; to many more added pain.

To me, and to most, it is unthinkable that a children's hospital should ever have to close its doors against a sick child. One hour of the cost of the war and none of them would ever have an anxious moment regarding the future. To all children who suffer their doors would stand wide.

The State needs life. All life, all Youth is the State's greatest asset. And it is the State's defence to preserve that injured life which with care may yet become its citizens. But the State will not finance children's hospitals because the State has as yet but a vague idea of its responsibilities as a parent. Nevertheless, it is growing wise by easy stages, is our old State. And some day it will know what it owes to the child, rich or poor, and will foot the bill for the slums' breakages.

Meanwhile those who fight their uphill battle go on alone. And be it remembered that for these weak ones our great dead gave their youth in this war. If we cannot, as a national family, throw in our shillings and keep open these children's hospitals we have failed those who gave their youth.

I remember as I was going out of the hospital that day meeting a woman who was taking her convalescent child home. She interested me particularly, because she stood for some moments on the doorstep looking back as if she were waiting for someone. As I passed I went up and spoke to the child.

It had been ten months in hospital and it was going home. I say "it," but as a matter of fact, it was a little boy. He did not want to go home, and he was crying plaintively. The mother seemed to me, when I spoke to her, distraught. She had been through ten months of torment, she assured me, owing to the child's illness.

"I wish 'e wouldn't carry on so," she said.
"Goin' 'ome, 'e is. Worritin' 'isself becos
'e's forgotten 'is sock. Cryin' an' all that.
But Jimmy don't want to come. An' I've
saved 'is birfday for ter-day. I've got a
surprise for 'im at 'ome. Ain't children
rum uns!"

She gave me a weak smile. But I caught the eye of Jimmy. In that moment Jimmy and I understood one another. You cannot miss that "wireless" children give you when they mean business. And I got it direct from Jimmy, just as I had had it from the little gentleman in Sheffield. We understood each other at once—Jimmy didn't want to go home.

"Look here," I said to his mother.

"Jimmy's had a good time, They've given him back his health; they've made a young giant of him. And Jimmy isn't a forgetting sort of person. You just tuck him close tonight... Know anything about Red Indians or pirates?"

The woman obviously thought I was mad. She smiled in that queer way which clearly

said, "I know you!"

"Well, you just talk to Jimmy," I said.
"Hang the sock. Let him lose every sock he ever had. But keep the surprise till he goes to bed. You know, children don't think what a great place home is till they go to bed."

She looked at me with wavering reassurance as if she had suddenly discovered a new hope. Then without further word she

gripped the protesting Jimmy firmly by the hand, and disappeared in the fog of the street.

I wondered as I turned away if Jimmy had mentally heard the gates of his paradise clang behind him, or if he were really going home to a good time after all.

I think from the look on his mother's face

that he was.

8 5

I rather suspect that to the average slum child the sea is the most wonderful thing that ever happened. But how few slum children who are sick ever see the sea! It is the slum child's greatest doctor, and in the main we try to treat them without its help.

Rather more than ten years ago someone conceived the idea of asking children who enjoyed good health, and who lived in comfortable homes, to put aside a few pence out of their pocket-money with the object of creating a hospital by the sea, where these broken waifs from the slums could be sent to recuperate. A big request to children, suggestive of asking a rose to lend some of its sweetness to bring the perfume of the garden again into another frail flower that

is prematurely fading.

But in every child there is a vast tenderness, hidden away sometimes, but always there. So when the Editor of Little Falks asked his child readers to send in their pence to establish a surprise that would be a second chance to slum children, he tapped a vast treasure-house of kindness. He sent a call to these children of his: "You have dug in the sands and built your castles; you have talked to the sea and it has talked to you. Let those sick children of the slums come down and share the great secrets you have discovered. The sea was God's gift to children, all children."

The children to whom he appealed answered him with their pence. They squeezed a bit out of their pocket-money here, and a bit more there, and sent it along to him. They formed little leagues and went on collecting for the great adventure of sending poor children down to share the secrets God whispered in the winds of the sea. And it was a very great adventure.

They raised a thousand pounds, these children; they raised two; they raised more. So the children's banking account for the great adventure crept steadily up. And soon they had got together enough to buy a biggish house. Whereupon the Editor of

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Little Folks, who was the janitor of their funds, took counsel with the people at the big slum hospital, and set out to secure a large house by the sea that might carry out to the last letter all that the children who had done this thing might desire. Not a tumble-down house, but a modern place at Little Common, near Bexhill, which, with a few alterations, could be easily made into an ideal home for convalescent children, or children who require more nursing with the sea's help. The house was bought, lock, stock and barrel, with its eight acres ground, and stands near the sea filled with children from

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the slums. A lasting memorial to the generosity of British children who have never needed a second chance. A great effort which has brought light into small lives upon which the night of poverty had closed in. Since those days when the children set out to create this Home they have contributed over eight thousand pounds of their pocket-money to keep it going.

And it is a most wonderful place. I would like every child who has never been sick and lonely in a back attic and watched the flickering shadows on the wall made by a guttering candle, to see this Home which the children created. I am quite sure there are some who would never want to come away. For it contains the happiest family that could ever be found tucked away in a country house.

I went the long drive and stumbled upon it unawares. A burst of children's laughter came to me as the door was opened—real, happy laughter. If you have come out of desolate driving rain into shelter, the laughter of children is wine in the blood. And I knew that children who laughed as

"The sea is the most wonderful thing that ever happened"

g memorial to the children who have these children did could want for nothing in the

world. It was laughter full and rich. For a happy child's To-day is all life; it knows no moment beyond the present, and needs

In the big play-room children were every-They manœuvred armies of toy soldiers on the floor. Two little girls in a runner-boat-the latest toy-came across the floor, butted into the grand army, knocked down Foch and sped away to the window. The army builders did not care; they put out their Haig and went on with the game. In a corner a mite of two gazed at the smother and hustle with the sublimely wise eyes that babies have-eyes that know everything and miss nothing. A little tubercular fellow, propped up in a specially built cot, threw out a Zulu impi along the windowledge, and quite agreed with my opinion that it was the greatest army that ever was.

I was seeking sickly children, but here, except in a few noticeable cases, was ap-

none.

parent health. The reason was obvious. The vitality of children is the most sensitive and responsive of all vitality; it corresponds to that of the drooping plant which in one glorious hour of sun bursts into new strength. Here, the sea air, the careful mothering, the temperamental effect of kindness upon the little minds which grope and search only for kindness, carry the gifts of health. For the child is so beautifully and artistically tuned by its Maker to catch all that is fine in its little world, that if the harsh, the worst of life, is by circumstances forced upon it, the health and growth of that child to the sun of its day is cramped and spoiled.

I was thinking about the things that real humanity can do for a child when the Sister

touched my arm.

"See that boy over there?" she said, pointing to a small boy who had built a mighty castle of bricks upon the floor. "He has been nearly dead several times. He has been our most difficult case. It's been a big fight—and look at him!"

To me he seemed a little giant with fat, ruddy cheeks, and keen life in his eyes. No longer a slum breakage, a little sapling

shaping up for the battle of life.

"He'll never be better than he is now," she told me, and I knew what she meant. Life was not going to offer the builder of bricks very much. But she had nursed him back to the best that human ingenuity could give, she had fought for him--and there was pride in her voice-she had beaten the doctors. Nothing very stable and lasting could ever be done for him, but the institution these children had created had done more, much more, than whole decades of medical science and wonderful humanitarian Governments. In the hands of some children with pocketmoney lay the gift of life to this child. They could have spent it on those curious, useless things that children so often buy when they do not know the meaning of every penny. But these children bought life with part of their pocket-money, and they gave it to this child. It meant a little self-sacrifice; they have never seen the child to whom they have given this priceless thing -Life, but they did it.

What amused me about this room of scrambling happy life was the old dog that sat on its haunches on the floor—a red, big terrier—who looked and studied this movement and that, and seemed satisfied with all that was going on. It was the children's

pet, "Rags." Quite a character he was. A sort of benevolent guardian. I know he understood the meaning of all this mothered crippledom better than I did. He knew every one of those children; they told me that he watched them daily. He even goes to church with them. Let a stranger come into the room unannounced and he bristles. But if a new member of the family arrives, a sniff tells him all he wants to know, and the new-comer is admitted to the home circle. Dogs are rather wonderful with sick children. They know; all the time they know. I rather fancy that a stray dog must in some forgotten age have taught the human race the meaning of fidelity.

I enjoyed this dog. His antics as a creature of self-imposed responsibility were

wonderful to behold.

Then we went upstairs. In the big, light dormitories many children were asleep, many more made a pretence of being asleep, with that peculiar half-eye-open expression that must survey the intruder. A head of hair and a very wide eye appeared over the coverlet here; a few cots away a little urchin discarded discretion and sat up and tried to sing the opening bars of the National Anthem.

Outside on the veranda were the beds of those children who, by reason of their complaint, are compelled to sleep in the open summer and winter. Across the lawn were little open-air pavilions, in each a cot, protected from the wind, where other small

sufferers slept by night.

Often when the snow is on the ground they have to be carried through the biting night air to these cots, and slipped into icy cold beds. It is all part of the great healthgame. It is a desperately cold business all the time, but the children know that it means something to them or they would never have to go through with it. And they do not whimper. I would attribute it to the sublime confidence they have in the mothering instinct of those who nurse them. That mothering instinct which began with the world, and has grown more beautiful with the mellowing of the world. God's telegraph to children.

And of one thing I am sure: this Home of the children's making might and would have been a failure but for the right mothering instinct. Scientific treatment has its triumphs, but the mothering instinct has more, even if they do remain unrecorded. I have vague memories of iife as a small

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creature when I hovered between life and death, of the certainty that came to me when my mother approached my bed and stood there, hour after weary hour, night and day; of the secret, tender words she whispered to me in that grey hour of early dawn, as in the noontide when the sun spilt itself against the orange blinds. All she said may have been nothing, but I remember now, three decades later, that it was what she said that made me fight, not the medicine and the formal visits of the doctor, but that nearness in the dark, which to me was strength.

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It is the same with these children. To link souls with them in adversity—that is where these people score. And the Little Folks Home, however well organised, might have failed but for that influence there. In Sister Seymour-Ure, who conducts the Home, they have the personification of the mother instinct. The perfect mother—the mother who understands. By the little patients she is adored. And, however big the family, it is, to her, never big enough.

It is so great a gift, this mothering of sick children, that I have never been able to understand it. I have stood by the beds of sick children and felt like an elephant in a china-shop. I have wanted to say: "Look here, old chap, I know all about this rotten leg, but we're going to get through. This is 'some ' battle, and we've got to keep our end up." I've thought of all sorts of brave things I'd say to children. But the link is missing. I love children; above all things

that are born of this miserable earth, I love them. In odd moments of self-examination I have said to myself: "Why cannot you creep into their little souls and be just as they are?"

I've tried. I've spent years trying. And I never get quite there. But women can. They just sail in and win all that I have ever wanted. I suppose we men are the

funny animals who prance and make amusement, we lumbering, heavy people. . . . they find there reminds them of the love their lives might have known.

Verily, it must be so at the Little Folks Home, for this place brings complete transformation to the life of any slum child.

The average slum mother knows nothing of child welfare because the State has never bothered to teach her. And the incessant burden of life, the never-ending toil and poverty and general wretchedness, has stifled in some measure that mother instinct which automatically occurs in woman at the event of birth. That mental fineness, which is the secret of understanding children, disappears when the existence is so harsh that it numbs the better senses. So the sick and lonely child in the attic gets little or nothing done for it.

But one day, when the first jabs of real anxiety come to the mother, the small sufferer is switched away to a children's hospital, like that at Bethnal Green. Yet



"Then we went upstairs into the big, light dormitories"

8 6

I have come to the conclusion that slum children adore hospitals because the love

there are some ills which the greatest children's hospital cannot cure, which doctors cannot cure. For these there is only one doctor-the sea.

So after some weeks at the Queen's Hospital the little patient is sent with a quota of fellow sufferers in charge of a nurse to the Little Folks Home at Bexhill.

Here are sea and sunshine, more bright wards and white beds, toys and food in plenty, and milk. If the children ever think about it, which I do not suppose they do, the cow at the Little Folks Home must seem to them rather like the cruse of oil. for there are oceans of milk. And happy playfellows, with games on the sands in summer, in the hay, a donkey to ride: everything that makes life happy for a child.

But when they are cured they have to go back. That is the tragedy. In some faron day, when the State reaches adolescence in its knowledge of children, it may put out a helping hand to those whom private enterprise has cured and saved from the death-roll. It will take due count of them, and see to it that lives thus mended shall never again be broken. It will garner them in, and, in the fullness of time, train them to be not street gamins, defenceless against pest disease, which shall undo all these privaté workers have striven for, but useful and healthy citizens, with definite life missions. It will catch our aim-

And so I regard the Home which these children made with their pence as something rather wonderful that is teaching the State its business. It is saving life all the time and giving it back to the State. Children come here from the deeps of the human pool and are nursed back to health. They

promise of to-morrow, that injured child-

hood is spoiled seed that otherwise might

go and other children come. And so the years pass. Changing faces and an everpresent battle. And a family that never

I remember a slum child's first night in a Barnardo Home. He sat up in bed, a small figure in a smother of whiteness, amazement on his pinched face at the big dormitory. He told the nurse who tended him that he was looking for a garden.

"What garden?" she asked.

"They told me," he said timidly, "that when I came here I should find a big garden, and ponds and fish, and if I had a pain in my stomick somebody knew, an' I wouldn't ever be hungry, an' there wouldn't be any more fights down our street."

If that is a slum child's conception of a garden, the children who created the Little Folks Home have built a paradise. With their pence they are giving back life and happiness to the slums' wreckage-happiness which, like the sweetness of roses and

bergamot and rare herbs, carries



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CHE had always longed for a real Japanese kimono, the sort of thing one sees illustrated in the more expensive weeklies or in the windows of those exclusive little shops in the neighbourhood of Sloane Square. She knew perfectly well -her name, by the way, was Lettice Merridew-that it was an absurd, useless longing. What good would a kimono be to a clerk earning two pounds a week? Nobody would ever see it, and it would cost the equivalent of about a hundred lunches. Yet, all the

same, she longed for it.

Then something rather curious happened. An invitation came from her school friend, Margaret Allison, to stay with her. They had been great chums in the old Brussels Convent days. But the war had cut their schooldays short, and almost directly afterwards Margaret had married a rich man, old enough to be her father. Letty had hardly seen her since. The war for her had meant the difference between comfort and poverty. For nearly five years now she had been in London working for her living. She didn't like the work much, but still she stuck to it.

She considered the invitation. It did seem a coincidence that only the day before she had been told she could take her belated last year's holiday now if she wished. She had wondered if it were worth while. A holiday in February is not very exciting. Now she read the letter again. "We shall be quite alone," Margaret wrote. "My husband is a good deal of an invalid, so we hardly ever entertain." That decided Letty. No entertaining meant that she would not need expensive evening frocks. And, although she had a perfect passion for pretty clothes and managed always to look better dressed than, on her income, would seem possible, still she knew her limits. Now in ten minutes she had made up her mind, in twenty written a hasty note of acceptance, and in half an hour she had reviewed what clothes she had and what she must have (they were mostly "must haves"). Within a week she was at Mostyn.

Margaret met her at the station. She

A Story of Values-and Love By Dorothy Marsh Garrard

had altered in the five years since they had met. She had donned the rather aloof, impersonal manner that so many women seem to acquire with riches. She was quite kind, but Letty felt she had grown into one of those people who don't really care much about anything or anybody, which is a pity, especially when one's home is a glorious place, sixteenth century, with a park hundreds of acres round, like Mostyn Court. Lettice did not feel overpowered; she loved the country and old things, but she felt a little lonely. Margaret's husband was so very invalidish. At dinner, when she took his arm into the oak-panelled dining-room, she was quite relieved to see a fourth place laid at the table, which would have held forty. In a minute a young man came in, a young man with a fresh face, very blue eyes, and who walked a little stiffly.

"This is Mr. Heldon, my husband's secretary," said Margaret, introducing them in her quiet, casual way. The young man's face brightened perceptibly. After dinner he came into the chintz parlour, which was much cosier than the dining-room, and sat down beside Letty and talked to her. She felt glad he was there. Although she knew quite well that Margaret was barely two years older than she was, she seemed to have grown centuries and centuries

They went early to bed. Later on Mar-With her dark garet came into her room, hair hanging down her back in a plait she looked younger, somehow. And she had on the most wonderful kimono that Letty had ever seen. It was pale pink, with birds and flowers embroidered all over it in the most glorious shades. When Letty saw it she gasped.

"Why, Meg," she cried, falling back into the name of their school days, "you've got the very kimono I've always dreamt of in

my nicest dreams."

Margaret smiled. The younger girl's

enthusiasm amused her.

"You funny child," she said, turning from the fire and showing off the soft rose shades. "Fancy dreaming of a kimono!

Why, I always think they're rather silly,

impracticable sort of things."

"That's just it. You can have all the silly, impracticable things you want, so you don't want them. I can't; therefore I long for them. And the next best thing, if you can't have a thing in reality, is to dream you've got it."

Again Margaret smiled. "You're a queer infant, Letty; just the same as ever; not grown bored with life in general, like most of us." Her voice was a little cynical, but

her eyes were kindly.

And the next morning, when the maid came in with Lettice's morning tea, she brought a parcel, with Mrs. Allison's love. And in it was the pink kimono, as beautiful by daylight as night. Letty nearly went mad with joy. She tried it on so many times she was late for breakfast.

That morning Margaret, who, despite her air of complete leisure, attended to a great deal of the business of the estate, had an important appointment. would you like to do?" she asked Letty. "If you'd care for a walk with the dogs, I'll see if Roger can spare Mr. Heldon to go

with you."

Ralph Heldon came, and he and Lettice, accompanied by half a dozen dogs, went for a long tramp over the fields. When they were not whistling one or other of the dogs to heel, or restraining the propensities of Jock, the Scotch terrier, for chasing chickens, they talked. They found they had lots to say to each other. Letty learnt that Ralph Heldon had been really badly crocked up in the war. His leg would never be quite right again. But he had regained his health otherwise, and he felt he ought to go back and do a man's work in the world.

Letty came back to lunch with rosy cheeks and a huge appetite. She felt she loved the country in these late winter days, when the promise of spring seemed already in

the air.



Her fortnight, for Lettice, passed only too quickly. When Margaret inquired, a half smile on her lips, if she were bored, she denied the imputation indignantly. She said she was having a lovely time. But how much the companionship of Ralph Heldon had to do with it she did not ask herself. Mr. Allison was ill for a few days, so while his wife was a good deal with him,

it left the young secretary with even less to do. He and Lettice grew very friendly. They talked of all sorts of things, but, strangely enough, she never spoke of her life in London. She had told him the first day that she worked for her living, but after that she had felt such deadly loathing at the very thought of office routine and life in lodgings that she had put the remembrance of them away from her. Their talks were of much more interesting things, and when it came to the last evening there still seemed more to say. But Mr. Allison was downstairs again, so there was not much opportunity. It was only when he was saying good night to her that Ralph managed to whisper: "You'll be in the daffodil wood in the morning?"

Lettice nodded. There was something in his voice which made her feel she could not speak. She had got into the way of taking two or three of the dogs for a run before breakfast, and she always came home through the daffodil wood. The daffodils, in this sheltered copse, were just beginning to come out, and she nearly always met Ralph Heldon there, and they walked back to the house together. They were often late

for breakfast.

That night she felt she would never sleep. She stood for a long while at her window, watching the clear moonlight on the hills beyond. Then she read a little. At last she got into bed, and was just falling asleep when she heard one of the dogs scratching at her door. She roused herself and opened it. It was Sammy, the spaniel pup, who had taken a great fancy to her, and outside in the passage Baker, the old retriever, was standing. When he saw her he lifted his head and gave a low whine. What could be the matter? The house dogs, as she knew, slept in the hall and were never allowed to come upstairs.

Again Baker whined. Lettice ran quickly along the corridor which led to the top of the great oak staircase. On the way she passed two more dogs, one grunting uneasily. Then suddenly she smelt a curious smell, something like singeing hair. She ran down the broad stairs until she came to the curve in the staircase from which she could see the hall below. The smell grew stronger, and swiftly a tiny flame leaped up. It came from a deerskin, the spoil of some earlier Allison, which hung over the back of a heavy carved oak bench. In an instant she grasped what must have

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"Later on Margaret came into her room.

She had on the most wonderful kimono"—p. 639
1318

Drawn by Balliol Salmon

happened. A spark had flown from the log fire still dimly burning on the hearth, and had slowly burnt its way through the skin to the wood beneath.

Lettice stood petrified. Fire was her greatest horror. She was terrified at even the idea of it. And in a flash she remembered Margaret had said that if the Court were to catch fire it would burn like tinder, and there was not a fire station for miles.

The wood began to crackle, and, with a cloud of smoke, a larger flame burst out. She drew a long breath and flew downstairs. In the hall itself she had suddenly caught sight of a patent fire extinguisher which was always kept there. She burst it open, flung its contents on the now burning bench, and then, turning tail, fled upstairs again.

The servants' quarters, she knew, were in a far distant wing. Margaret and her husband had their suite of rooms at the end of the long corridor; but Ralph Heldon slept just at the top of the stairs. She had often seen him going in and out of his room. Now she sprang at the door and burst it open.

"There's a fire downstairs in the hall!" she shouted. The blinds were up, and in the moonlight she saw the young man sit up in bed. "Fire! Fire! Quick, in the hall!" she shouted again. Then she flew along the corridor to rouse the rest of the house.

After that there came a confused blur of smoke and dogs barking, and smoke and a stifling smell, and men running about and smoke again. They were all choking with it long after the fire was out. For a big blaze had been checked just in the nick of time. No one was hurt, but they were all very tired and very dirty and very hungry. Lettice, her face and hands hurriedly washed and the pink kimono slipped on to hide the deficiencies of her dress underneath, went into Margaret's little sittingroom upstairs, where they all sat round the fire and ate sandwiches and drank coffee. Roger Allison thanked her with tears in his eyes for what she had done. He loved the home of his ancestors perhaps better than he loved anything in the world.

Only Ralph was silent. He sat there moodily, hardly cating, and soon he excused himself and went to bed. Letty wondered if he were feeling ill. She knew it was mainly through him that the fire had been got under so quickly. She tried to catch his eye with a little glance of sympathy,

but he did not notice it. Soon she too went to bed and slept like a top.

It was lovely the next morning. It seemed as if spring had suddenly come. Despite the late hours of the night before, Lettice woke quite early. She got up and took the dogs for their run, but in the daffodil wood she did not meet Ralph Heldon. Perhaps he had overslept himself or he really was ill. She felt anxious. But he came in just as usual to breakfast, and afterwards shook hands stiffly with her and said good-bye. She answered in the same tone. She had quite a lot of pluck, but she felt as if someone had hit her hard in the face.

Margaret saw her off. She was kinder than she had ever been before. Perhaps she understood the little glance that her friend unconsciously threw up and down the platform. But she did not say anything. And the train came in and steamed out again with Lettice in it, and nothing happened.

When she got back London seemed just the same, only duller. And her work was just the same, only she found it more monotonous. She was feeling splendidly fit after her fortnight in the country, only everything seemed to bore her. She didn't even take any interest in pretty clothes, and the pink silk kimono no longer gave her pleasure. She put it away in the most out-of-the-way place she could find. She felt she didn't ever want to look at it again. It seemed to mock at her.



The months went on, and it was summer time. Still Lettice did not find life interesting. But one evening, when she was walking along the Strand on her way from the office, she saw among the sea of faces one she knew. It was fair and still boyish, with blue, very blue eyes. They met hers in instant, almost surprised recognition. "Why, Miss Merridew!" said their owner. He stopped involuntarily.

Letty nodded and smiled. It was the little hard smile she usually reserved for people with whom she did not wish to become better acquainted. She would have passed on, but something in his face detained her. Perhaps he noticed that the colour had gone from her cheeks since last he saw her. She looked tired, too. London at the end of August is sather trying.

"Won't you come for a drive and get



"Roger Allison thanked her for what she had done. Only Ralph was silent"

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Drawn by Balifol Salmon

some fresh air?" he said impulsively. Without waiting for her answer he hailed a

passing taxi.

"Drive out somewhere, where there's a breeze," said Ralph Heldon, a little vaguely, to the chauffeur, who, being a man of sense, took them to the biggest and the greenest park in town.

They did not talk much. They did not know quite what to say. Lettice resigned herself to the pleasure of the moment, to the joy of leaning back with the cool air

blowing on her forehead.

"Oh, the office was so stuffy," she said at last. "Why, do you know, even in this weather some of the old fogies, clerks and people who have been there for generations, don't like having the windows open. And all we others have to suffer." She closed her eyes a minute to let the air blow on her hot eyelids. Something made her open them. Ralph was looking at her urgently, almost feverishly. As she watched him she saw the beads of perspiration come out on his forehead. Yet he had looked comparatively cool a minute before.

"Was it true, then, after all?" he suddenly burst out. His eyes wore an agonised

expression.

"Was what true?" Letty looked at him, bewildered.

"Why, are you really a clerk in an office?"

She opened her eyes still wider in astonishment,

"Of course." What could be mean, she wondered?

"And I thought it was all a fake." His voice shook. "You told me the first day you worked for your living, but even then it seemed hardly as if it could be true. You were so pretty and unspoilt and fresh. A working girl doesn't look like that. And then your clothes. You think men go about with their eyes shut and don't know what things cost." Despite the tension of the moment, Letty smiled faintly as she remembered those home-made blouses, that turned and re-turned coat and skirt. clerk could afford such things, and you weren't the sort to have them given to you. But afterwards I began to believe you. I wanted to, you see. I dreamed all sorts of dreams, although always at the back of my mind I never felt quite certain. Then that night, after the fire, when you came into Mrs. Allison's room in that pink silky, satiny, embroidered thing, I knew you must

have lied to me. Why, I've seen them in the shops myself, and seen the prices. I supposed you had done it just for fun. I've read sometimes that girls do do those sort of things for fun. I tried to find out from Mrs. Allison afterwards, but she was angry with me. I thought she believed I had been running after you for your money."

Suddenly Lettice laughed.

"Running after me for my money! Oh, dear!" she said. "And I had a salary of two pounds a week; it's two pounds twelve and six now, but it was two pounds then. And it never occurred to you to ask me yourself," she went on, her tone changing, anger coming into her eyes, "just to give me a chance, to see if I had any explanation to give. Do you call that justice?"

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"No; I call it dashed foolishness." His voice was savage. She almost jumped at the ferocity in it. "I've no excuse, not a leg to stand upon. There's no reason why you should forgive me, except—except that I've suffered too. I had to come away. I couldn't stand seeing the places, the house, the fields, the daffodil wood, where you had

been.

"And Margaret gave me the kimono," Letty put in irrelevantly. Her anger had gone, but she was possessed of an intense desire to laugh, or cry, she did not much mind which. "Oh, men are the stupidest, most stiff-necked creatures in the world. They think they know so much about things they know nothing of."

"There's only one thing I want to know now, Letty"—he had seen the change in her voice, in her face—"and that is if you

love me?"

"Yes, Ralph, I love you." She spoke quite quietly and sedately. "I loved you when—when things stopped. And I've been trying not to ever since." And then she gave up the attempt to be composed and quiet. She laughed and cried on his shoulder separately and together, while the chauffeur drove round and round the park, after one brief glance, never looking round for orders once.

They were married in the autumn. Margaret, who, with her husband, had gone to Scotland, lent the Court to them for their honeymoon. The pink kimono in all its glory went with them. And there in the daffodil wood—now carpeted with crimson leaves—and other places they told each other all the things they had left unfinished

Pitfalls for the Married

SUPPOSE if there be one thing more than another that is giving our English judges concern at this moment it is the obvious and widely spread weakening of the Marriage Tie. For English law is not like French law, rigid and enshrined in a Napoleonic code. It is built on precedent, and, as Tennyson said, "Freedom slowly broadens down from precedent to precedent." Little wonder, then, our lawgivers in our divorce and criminal courts are perturbed and anxious. To-day precedents about matrimony are multiplying at an enormous rate, and ideas of freedom are in this critical hour often almost indistinguishable · from licence!

Where will it End?

Where is it all to end? A year ago the extraordinary leap in the number of charges of bigamy shocked and affrighted the public conscience almost beyond measure. Equally a few weeks ago the rise in the number of divorce petitions held both preachers and teachers spellbound. During the war we had, I grieve to admit, been forced to talk apologetically of war marriages, but never, I suppose, in our most depressed moments had we fancied that, suddenly and pitilessly, would many war homes collapse under the first breath of peace realities—so many couples clamour to be relieved of their vows, heedless of all we had hoped from them and all they had themselves pledged.

I, for one, wish very much that we could predict that the soul sickness of the times would end in the law courts, and that the mischief caused by false thoughts about matrimony would be circumscribed to actual wrongdoers. Unfortunately, the weight of evidence is against this optimism. Quite by accident the other day I had to examine a number of copies of newspapers of repute, all of a recent issue, and frankly I was both startled and amazed at the number of articles they had printed on topics connected with marriage. Here are a few of their titles: "Thinnest Wedding Ring in the

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A Present-Day Problem By Stanhope W. Sprigg

World—American marriages entered into lightly and broken by mutual arrangement without fuss"; "Need Marriage be a Failure?"; "Do Husbands want Romance or Practical Affection?"; "Too Much Fun—£50,000,000 a year on dull and unhealthy amusements"; "Does the Modern Wife need a Master?"; "The Deceitfulness of the Modern Lover"; and "Gentle, Forgiving Men take a Back Seat—cads nowadays get worshipped."

Well, if this kind of article be symptomatic of the present domestic problems of the "common, dim populations," I say unhesitatingly it behoves us all to think very seriously of the Pitfalls of the Married. Apparently they have within the last few years either ramified and multiplied, or married people have grown more and more intolerant of life's inherent discipline. Which can it be?

Our Fleeting Ideals

Personally, I don't believe that circumstances have changed so much as the weekly press would like to make us think. Indeed, I fancy it is ourselves—our ideals, or, if you like, our lack of ideals-that are to blame for a good deal of the present mischief. We have, for one thing, been so busy with other problems that our young people have missed a great deal of wise guidance that was their due as to the real significance of married life, the problems matrimony presents, and the noblest ends to be achieved by the wedded. Let us talk about marriage again, then, but not in the hectic, strident fashion of the articles I have quoted. Pitfalls-yes, there are pitfalls! It will not hurt one of us to admit their existence, but I imagine that if we examine them quite closely we shall find that they are very like the cross spoken of in the "Imitation of Christ": "In the cross is salvation; in the cross is life; in the cross is protection from thine enemies; in the cross is joy of spirit!" for often difficulty and trouble prove the truest hand. maidens to a happy marriage,

Married Life is not a Summer Promenade

The mischief, unquestionably, is that in married life we all start out, more or less, with a delusion that it is a kind of festive summer promenade across realities. Here and there in the past we have come across matrimonial derelicts. Very sad of course, but very human and quite explainable! We, at all events, are wiser, better, cleverer, and cannot fall into any of those quagmires. And not until we have been thumped good and hard in the back, or doubled up quite suddenly in the middle of life's road, do we realise that there is a good dose of homely truth for us in the saying, "Men and women are very much alike!"

I remember once meeting one of our cleverest women novelists who had a passion for asking men how they would define marriage. I found that I was soon put to the question, and I told her I thought it was "a discipline." To-day I am not sure that I can add very much to that definition, although I remember I once wrote: "A man never hears the truth before marriage. He never hears anything but the truth after marriage!" This last, however, is only a feeble attempt at a witticism. Let us take the Pitfalls of the Married very largely as they exist and as they actually present themselves, Roughly, I believe they can all be divided under three heads:

- 1. Yourselves.
- 2. Your position.
- 3. Your relatives.

But by far the most important are unquestionably yourselves, for if you observe intently the cases of marital shipwreck with which you have become acquainted, you will inevitably find that *personal* differences were the beginning of disaster.

Our Fatal Blindness

There is an old saying amongst theologians that Satan's chief weapon in his warfare against humanity is his power to close our eyes to our own faults and to open our eyes very widely indeed to the failings of other people. In other words, most of us are intensely alive to the faults of our life companion, and dead to our own blunders.

We are all of us, I fear, very like that terrible criminal who was executed at

Newgate years ago. His murders had been of a peculiarly brutal and revolting description, but when he was tapped on the shoulder whilst in bed in the condemned cell and roused from a peaceful, dreamless sleep on the morning of execution, his thought was not of his victims, or of a whole-hearted act of contrition. He said dreamily, "What day is this, then?" "Monday," answered the chief warder in hollow accents. "Dear me," said the murderer as he groped about for his socks, "I am beginning the week badly, aren't II"

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The Acid Test of Experience

Ordinarily, I suppose most young married couples start out with a conviction that whatever little secret meannesses or failings they may hide in their own hearts, the other is all that fancy has portrayed him. Then comes the acid test of experience, and, as nobody is exactly what we take him to be, Poison Doubt gains its first entry into the mind. "I have been deceived!" poor little Phyllis moans in the awful solitude of her own drawing-room, and instantly there flashes into her mind all the stories and warnings about married misery she has ever heard. She does not remember the genial description given by the Autocrat of the Breakfast Table about the number of personalities which each man inevitably encloses in his nature. For instance, there is her John. He is not only her John-

- 1. John-as she sees him, but
- 2. John-as he sees himself,
- 3. John-as the world knows him,
- 4. John-as his relatives know him,
- 5. John-as his mother recognises him,
- 6. John—as he really is!

This list, of course, is capable of indefinite expansion, and could, I suppose, be varied from day to day, almost from hour to hour, particularly if John has not had a properly cooked lunch, or has missed his accustomed evening tramp across the fields. Alas! our young friend Phyllis is no philosopher. All unknown to herself, she has, with the first rough peep into human nature, joined the ranks of the misunderstood and the deceived, and although love may light her path thereafter in vivid, never-to-be-forgotten patches, the secret Poison Doubt will continue to work mischief within her breast. And poor John, who is really not

PITFALLS FOR THE MARRIED

a bad sort, but rather dense, you know, and not too observant, feels a cold draught has sprung up somewhere—that nothing is quite so genial and radiant as it was—and comes then a moment when nerve-wracked Phyllis cries aloud to him her disillusion and foolishness!

Poor child! She does not mean a quarter

of the terrible charges she then crystallises into speech. But, once said, they stand in their ghastly permanence. And although it may not happen the first time or even the hundredth time, John does eventually say to himself in dead earnest, "By Jove! Phyllis really means this!" And a wound is made that never wholly heals!

Indeed, too often one wound follows another in rapid succession, and the man may take refuge in feeble jokes from the comic papers about the sufferings of husbands, and the woman may take relief in the cheap sympathy of silly and unwedded girl friends, until a real scene of agony arises—

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And there comes a noise and a blinding rain,

And life is never the same again !



The Iris Photo: Malby

Why should we ask for Perfection?

But why are we so keen that the other should be perfect? First of all, it is as clear as noonday that nobody is, or can be, perfect. And, secondly, if we have any longing for perfection of any sort in married life, should we not seek to be the perfect one first? After all, there is tremendous virtue in example, and the lessons we learn in attempting to grow into the model husband, or the wholly irreproachable wife, as the case may be, will certainly make us more gentle to the other-more understanding and, yes, more humble. After all, as the American humorist said, "There is a lot of human nature in human nature," and frailty is not the curse of only one sex.

Honestly I do believe that the first big pitfall in matrimony you have got to avoid

is—Yourself. It gets in the way on so many and such unexpected occasions. It is so vocal, so exacting, so full of lofty standards that can be applied to another, no matter how sore or overwhelming the crisis. As a matter of fact, it is too often the home of a Demon of False Dignity and Pride, and whenever it glowed with noble indignation

I should be inclined to whisper to it the Jesuit formula: "You may be fairly certain that when you begin to get emotional, you begin to get into the wrong!"

We come now full against Pitfall No. 2—Position. By position, I mean your position in life. To married worldlings this is of most tremendous importance, and if it does not approach what they in their rashness fancied it would, before the final binding words of marriage were spoken, they feel tricked, humiliated, insulted. And so you get the peevish wife and disgruntled husband.

Why, however, should position be so important as we pretend it is? Phyllis, dear, you know when you took John for better or worse, you didn't really marry a house full of furniture or a few hundreds deposited in a joint stock bank. And, John, recollect yourself—you really

didn't hasten to the altar to secure an unpaid cook, a social buttress, or somebody that you were certain would make all your neighbours' wives green with envy and annoyance. No, you married for Love—Love against the World. Well, see to it that Love, and not the World, is King in your home and in your heart.

Relatives --!

You may not believe it, of course, but really a young and newly married couple are very like a beleaguered garrison. Foes are within. Foes lurk without, and here we come plump upon the third pitfall—Relatives!

Ah! how often have I seen sweet, frank young wives shudder at the bare repetition

of that word! And husbands, too, are not fascinated by it. To them it spells, too often, "fussy advice"—cheap criticism, and occasionally active mischief.

No. None of us are really ideal relatives. John and Phyllis, I beg you now and here—do be careful about the extent you heed us. Learn each other first; avoid the first hasty word; and wisdom shall be given to you, even to the confusion of a host of meddlesome busybodies. After all, remember your home life can be no better and no worse than you are in yourselves. And, husbands all, don't deceive yourselves." If clever wives make good husbands, clever husbands can also make good wives."

This is a little epigram of my own that I have just hit upon, and I am ridiculously pleased with it, because as I sit and look at it I see a lot more in it than I thought when I put it down to carry on my chain of argument. You see, it places responsibilities on both sides, and in marriage I think on both sides there are equal responsibilities for the happiness of the home. And very often when that happiness vanishes each one has to shoulder a certain amount of the blame.

A Matter of Growth

Anyway, don't jest lightly about marriage. Don't say this is the Trying Third Year, or the Dangerous Fifth Year, or the Fatal Seventh Year, and that all couples suffer shipwreck or strange discomposure during those periods. That, simply, is not true. Married life is from first to last a blessed period of growing, with its own spring, summer, autumn, and winter, and he would be a bold man who would acclaim any one season as the most glorious. Each has its beauties—each has its compensations; and, lived aright, John can still say to Phyllis, with the light of truth shining in his eyes:

"Come, grow old along with me; The best is yet to be!"

Are these simple, homely truths to be taught just as geography is taught and mathematics are taught, and other elementary knowledge is given? I see one of the newspapers that I quoted at the beginning of this article is very keen on lessons for husbands. It argues: "If it is necessary for our young girls to go to cooking and housekeeping classes in order to fit them as good wives, why not have a School of Senti-

ment, where young men may be taught as thoroughly how to show a delicate attention, turn a pretty compliment, or bestow an unexpected caress, things that they will not forget when they throw off the cloak of bachelordom? Many men prefer to be treated with dignity in public, but woman, on the other hand, is generally pleased and flattered if her lover lets the whole world see how much he adores her."

A School of Courtship Wanted

And this frank advocate of a School of Courtship goes on to quote a man she much admired who had been married a year, and who had the wit to write to his wife in these terms:

"You are a delightful help to a man to think humanly and rightly about things that matter; and I am inclined more than ever to agree with you that there is a spiritual side to love which should, especially in the case of those who have passed early youth (the couple are over thirty years of age), be first taken into consideration. Love based on admiration of each other's qualities must be very beautiful. I do think I admire and love you now as much for your dear intellectual high mind, your logical habit, as I do for your bonnie face and physical charm!"

This is just a little elementary—and perhaps more than a trifle priggish, but he will learn, I hope-he will learn. I was not very surprised, however, to find that this " outburst of honestly expressed love from a reserved and somewhat shy husband" saved him from much misery, for at the time the wife received it she was "suffering from heart-starvation." As a matter of fact, the gentleman was in the depths of the first pitfall I have indicated; he was dwelling too much on what he wanted. Many, many couples can tell you most eloquently what they expect from Marriage! How few couples can reveal to you adequately what Marriage has expected from them!

Not all Failures

All the same, I am inclined to agree with another writer, a mere man this time, that we hear too much about marriages that are failures, and too little about the far greater number of marriages that are brilliant successes, and about love affairs which really and truly enable men and women to "live happily ever after." Happiness, I suppose, is a shy plant, and flourishes in shadow and silence, but none the less it is a pity that

only the discontented should represent marriage to the ignorant multitude.

This writer is also on good ground when he urges "marriages cannot be maintained on kisses and cosmetics. You have to put into the business as much as you take out," he adds. "In no institution in life is it more blessed to give than to receive.' If young married couples would only regard marriage as the most beautiful and sacred thing in the world, there would be fewer divorces and washing of dirty linen in the presence of neighbours and the wide world!"

His remedy, however, is as curious as the lady who advocates a School of Courtship. He is greatly intrigued with the success of the Matrimonial Court in Liverpool, so he urges it should be part of the preliminary education of every young couple to attend at least half a dozen sittings of a matrimonial court, and so learn what to avoid. They would touch tragedy by this means, poverty, squalid realism; but he believes the experience would furnish "a chart to warn off the young voyagers from rocks and shoals!" I wonder!

Don't Trouble about Novelists

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Some novelists, of course, are past praying They simply revel in domestic complications, and poor would be many of their plots without heavy doses of downright domestic unhappiness. I see that only the other day one of them gravely stated that "next to a woman about the house, there is nothing like a sense of humour for running an establishment with success," and, again, that "there is no such thing as dignity in married life. A wife knows her husband for a silly old dear, no less than he knows her for an extravagant and unreasonable puss, and the sooner they come to a mutual understanding of their characters, the better, for dignity will not save them !" This is, after all, very poor wit, and it shows as much idealism as a pint of monkey nuts! And personally, I am not sure whether it does not do quite a lot of harm.

Anyway, I think it is a mistake to run down one sex or the other when you discuss the marriage question. I have in my mind as I write this the tirade of a woman writer I much admire. Her points are these: " A man does not mean to be selfish and treacherous, but the whole essence of his modern wooing is deceit. Till he is sure of the girl he is wooing his real self is kept in the background, and she sees only the best side of him, and, poor simpleton that she is, she never realises that there is another. It is only after marriage that she finds that out, for almost directly he begins to drop all the carefully studied manners with which he has imposed upon her, and she sees him as he really is. She realises that he is selfish, perhaps slightly vulgar, and she misses the little acts of courtesy to which she has grown accustomed. Her idol has feet of clay, and can you wonder that lines of discontent appear in her pretty face?"

Avoidable Pitfalls

Well, one can always find cases such as these, but they are not really typical, they are not in the majority, and they call more for a teacher of the elements of good breeding than they do for the skilled psychologist. Personally, I think the real Pitfalls of the Married are the pitfalls which I have indicated under those three heads, and that if we can avoid these we are half-way on the road to a happy and a healthy married life. Anyway, I would like somebody who is worried and anxious about their present matrimonial complications to give these rather homely little recipes a trial. They need, no doubt, to be savoured and enriched with the Fruit of the Spirit, but is not that fruit equally " Joy and Peace "?



Drawn by Sydney S. Lucas

"Outside stood a tall, very thin woman"

"If I were a story-book heroine every single answer to my advertisement would mean a separate, exciting adventure," Joy Trewarne meditated, as she darned stockings by her fire on a grey January afternoon. "But, as it is, since that first splendid beginning I've had—let me see—a very dull fortnight at a Harrogate hydro, a trip to Bournemouth, a tour round the Stratford-on-Avon district with a party of Americans, and the week with that terrible old woman at Margate when we never stirred out of the lodging-house for fear of draughts! Nothing very thrilling."

CASTLE SPAIN by Violet M. Methley

Being No. 2 of the Series, "Traveller's Joy"

Joy counted off the items on her stocking-muffled hand, and then threaded a fresh piece of wool with a little air of determination.

"Still, I oughtn't to complain," she said aloud. "It's a hundred times better than Uncle Stephen's office. Anyhow, I've paid my way and got

nearly twenty pounds in hand."

The little electric bell at that moment gave forth the breathless wheeze which was its most successful effort in voice-production. Joy bundled her stockings into the big work-basket and went to the door.

Outside stood a tall, very thin woman, clasping an ugly yellow waterproof handbag in her cashmere-gloved hands. She spoke in a nervous, deprecating way.

"I-I wanted to see Miss Trewarne."
"Yes, that's me." Joy said ungrammatically. "I expect you saw my advertisement."

"Yes, that's why I came." The stranger was obviously relieved to be spared more

explanations.

"Do come in," Joy said hospitably, and as she led the way into her sitting-room the fire leapt up, as though to second her invitation, making it seem a pleasant little place. "It's so horribly cold outside today. Won't you sit here in the big chair and get warm?" The new-comer sat down, still twisting her fingers nervously over the bag-handles. She found such an obvious difficulty in speaking that Joy reopened the conversation herself.

"Were you thinking of travelling?" she asked.

"I must!" The other spoke with miserable emphasis. "I'm obliged to, and I don't know how to begin. So I came to you for help."

"Well, that's my business," Joy said cheerfully. "But won't you have some tea before you tell me about it? The kettle is boiling, and I was just going to make it

when you came in."

It was surprising to see the magical change wrought by hot tea and buttered toast. The red nose and nipped features of the dowdy stranger assumed a more becoming hue, her dull eyes brightened, and she pushed back the colourless wisps of hair which had escaped from beneath her extremely unstylish hat.

"She's not nearly so old as she looked," Joy reflected. "I don't suppose she's really more than about forty; and she'd be quite nice-looking if she took a little trouble and didn't wear such awful clothes. But I do hope she doesn't want to go to Mar-

gate!"

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"I do feel so much better!" The new-comer's smile was very sweet and disarming. "I must tell you about—about myself now. My name is Sewell—Millicent Sewell, and I come from a little village in Lincolnshire. I've lived there all my life, first with my parents, and alone since they died. I scarcely know anybody, except the village people, and the doctor, and—and the Vicar."

The last words came after a perceptible pause, and were accompanied by a flush of colour unexpectedly youthful and becoming.

"Oh, you darling!" Joy whispered to herself as she stared into the fire. "So there's a romance—a real romance."

"That's why I am very stupid and ignorant," Miss Sewell went on. "And my Uncle Timothy's legacy took me entirely by surprise."

"What was it?" Joy asked.

"A castle in Spain." Miss Sewell answered so simply that it was plain she did not realise the quaintness of the words.

"A castle in Spain?" Joy repeated wonderingly. "Do you mean—a real one?"

"Oh, I see!" Miss Sewell gave her

little nervous laugh. "Yes, it's a real castle, hundreds of years old. My uncle lived and died out in Spain. He put it in his will rather curiously; but then Uncle Timothy was always a strange man. He said: 'I leave my castle in Spain to my niece Millicent, together with sufficient money to keep it up. In amaze she will learn this.' And it is true, you know. It quite took my breath away."

"But how lovely!" Joy's golden-grey eyes were bright, her cheeks flushed excitedly. "What a perfectly splendid

legacy!"

Miss Sewell shook her head doubtfully.

"It is not quite what it sounds," she said, "because it seems that there isn't any money—no income at all. My lawyer has made all sorts of inquiries, here and in Spain. He has written to the lawyers there, and it seems that my uncle has not left a penny—nothing except the castle."

"Was it an old will?" Joy asked.

"No. Uncle Timothy only made it a few months ago. I think he must have meant it as a kind of joke. He was a strange old man—very strange. My father always told me how fond he was of tricks, and I think this is one of them, just so as to amaze me, as he said in his will," she laughed rather drearily.

"So you want to go out there, to see your castle in Spain!" Joy spoke the words as though she loved them, sitting on the hearthrug and clasping her knees with

her arms.

"My lawyer says that someone must go," Miss Sewell answered. "He thinks that something might be discovered on the spot. He offered to go himself or send one of his partners, but when he told me what it would cost I—I simply couldn't afford it. But I thought it might be done more cheaply if I went myself."

"Of course it could!" Joy spoke energetically. "If a lawyer—a stranger—went like that the expenses would just mount up and up—oh, I know! And I don't suppose they'd find out anything either. But I can help you about travelling in Spain. I know the country very

well and how to do it cheaply."
"Oh, that is splendid! If you could tell

me-write down everything-"

"Don't you want me to come with you?"
Joy asked quietly.

"Want you-oh, yes; it would be an unspeakable comfort!" Miss Sewell flushed

up again. "It's only . . . the expenses

. . . the fee."

"I'm honestly quite certain that I could save you money by going too," Joy spoke in her quiet, decided way. "Because you'd be fearfully cheated, not knowing the language. And as to the fee—let's settle that by results. If we discover your uncle's money you shall pay me what you please; if we don't, just nothing!"

"Oh! but it doesn't seem fair!" Miss

Sewell expostulated.

"It is—absolutely!" Joy's eyes, Joy's smile, were very eager and winning. "I want to go. I shall be fearfully disappointed if you don't take me—so that's a

bargain!"

Under Joy's skilful supervision the preparations for the journey were soon made, and on another grey January afternoon, a fortnight later, they stood on the platform at Charing Cross beside a modest pile of luggage.

Miss Sewell, wrapped in the long furlined coat which Joy had insisted upon lending her, looked eager and excited, glancing from side to side expectantly.

"I—I rather think someone may come to see us off," she said nervously. "Oh, yes—there he is!"

She moved forward eagerly as a tall figure in clerical dress appeared, hurrying towards them.

"Miss Trewarne-this is Mr. Hedley, our Vicar," she said. "I-I think I have

spoken of him to you."

Joy looked up into a thin pale face and made up her mind at once in her quick, decided way.

"He's ugly, and he looks ill, and he's certainly poor," she thought. "But he's nice, and I like him."

Mr. Hedley accompanied them to the train. He held Miss Sewell's hand closely, and there was a wistful look in his blue

"Good-bye—and good luck!" he said; then, turning suddenly to Joy and speaking with a tender note in his rather harsh voice: "Take great care of her, won't you?"

"I will!" Joy answered earnestly, and devoted herself exclusively to the view from the opposite window until they were we'll outside London. It was Miss Sewell who spoke at last.

"I think you . . . understand," she said gently.

"I think I do," Joy answered.

"So does Mr. Hedley," Miss Sewell spoke after a pause with seeming inconsequence. "Although he has never said anything . . . outright. You see, he is very poor and very delicate, and the English winter tries him so terribly. He wouldn't think it fair. . . But we've known each other for ten years now, and . ."

She said no more, but it seemed to Joy that the single tiny monosyllable told the whole sad little story. She leant across and

silently kissed the older woman.

The journey was simple and uneventful, since Joy, as she had boasted with reason, knew the whole process through and through. It was a golden evening, more like September than January, when their train drew up at the little wayside station of Ciudad Hidalgo.

Joy arranged for their accommodation in the tiny, primitive hotel, and then made certain inquiries as to direction. Half an hour later the two were walking up a hill between cork woods, their shadows lengthened grotesquesly upon the road before

them.

Suddenly the trees parted, and they saw before them . . . the castle in Spain.

It stood on a mound with clumps of stonepines like sentinels on either side. It was Moorish in architecture, built of ruddy, time-tinted bricks, with a slim, graceful minaret and sculptured archways. Seen thus, in the rosy, sunset glow, it looked like a fairy-tale palace—a castle in a dream country.

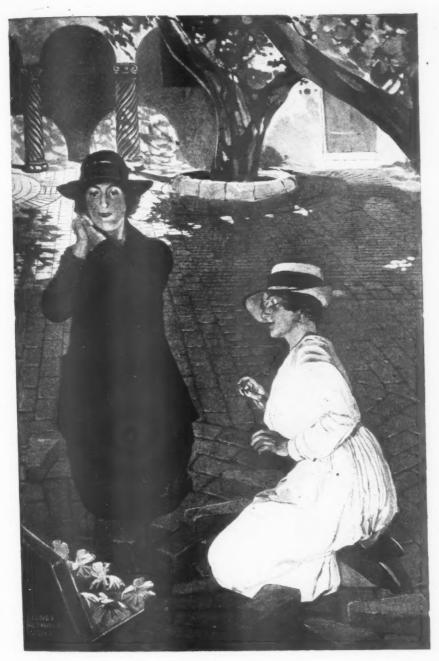
"Oh!" Joy gave a little cry of delight.

"Aren't you glad we came?"

Miss Sewell did not answer as she stood motionless, gazing, her lips parted. But Joy, after one glance at her, was satisfied. It was the dawn of real romance in that grey life to feel that it was hers—this

castle in Spain.

The inside of the building proved to be just as fascinating as its exterior. All the rooms opened upon a great central patio, or courtyard, which was open to the sky except for the three tiers of galleries which surrounded it. Quaint, irregular rooms they were, no two alike, and each with a different glorious view from its high, stone-framed windows. The castle fascinated both Joy and its owner, and they spent three enthralling days in exploring it, either alone or guided by the caretaker-housekeeper, a hand-some, elderly Spanish



"They were able to raise its 11d, and Miss Sewell gave a little gasp of utter amazement "—p, 655

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Orawn by Sydney S. Lucas

woman with very grave and dignified

Then Miss Sewell came to her senses.

" I know that you manage marvellously, and that the hotel is wonderfully cheap," she said. "But . . . I'm afraid we can't afford to stay much longer, and-we haven't discovered anything yet! We had better go and see the lawyer in Ciudad Hidalgo to-day. He may be able to help us."

But the Spanish lawyer knew nothing, and-so it seemed-cared less. All his advice was summed up in that motto which is almost national: "Mañana" (To-morrow). To-morrow perhaps they would discover something; but poor Miss Sewell could not afford to wait for many

to-morrows!

Steady and unremitting search in the castle itself gave no more results. There were no cupboards, drawers or desks, no accumulation of documents or rubbish. Everything was swept clean; there did not

seem a place for a mouse to hide.

And the caretaker could tell them nothing. Señor Sewell had allowed her so much a week for housekeeping-that was all she knew. She had no notion where he kept his money. And, somehow, Joy felt convinced that the grave, steadfast-eyed woman was speaking the whole truth.

"We shall have to give it up and go back to England," poor Miss Sewell said with desperate hopelessness: "Give it all up, I mean. . . . The castle must be sold, I suppose, and-oh! Joy, I have grown so fond of it! I'd been making plans. . . . Castles in Spain, or in the air. . . . " she laughed drearily.

"We won't give it up," Joy said resolutely. "I don't believe that your uncle's will was just a puzzle. Or, if it was, there is an answer-a solution. . . And I'm going to think and think till I solve the

mystery."

They were pacing to and fro in the patio, which, sheltered from the cold wind, was this morning just a sun-bath of golden warmth. It was paved with coloured bricks, stained and worn by time, mossgrown here and there, but still displaying a complicated pattern of twisted curves and arabesques. With the point of her stick Joy followed the interlacing lines.

"What a queer pattern," she said. "And it's all one not a number of small squares, like most pavements. See how this black line of bricks curves and twists. It reminds me of something-I can't think what -something I used to do as a child."

Miss Sewell smiled rather wearily as she watched Joy stooping over the pavement with puckered brows and intent eyes.

"It will be very, very hard to go back,"

she repeated.

Joy did not answer. For a few moments more she stared at the ground, then gave a little exclamation of relief.

"I've remembered-and I do so hate forgetting things!" she cried. was in some magazine of my brother's -Chums, I think-they had puzzle-pictures, just like this pavement-all twists and curves. And you had to trace out a path very carefully with a pencil until you got into the middle. What did they call

them?" Suddenly the girl broke off and a queer look crossed her face.

"Let's try and find the middle of this, Miss Sewell," she said. "Let's follow this black line-do, please!"

"My dear child, what waste of time!"

Miss Sewell protested.

"I don't think it is-and, anyhow, we've nothing particular to do. You'll do it,

won't you-to please me?"

Miss Sewell consented with a laugh, and the two began to trace the course of the dark line, which sometimes showed plainly against the green and yellow background, sometimes was entirely blurred out by time and moss. Soon both were quite absorbed in the childish game, regardless of time, intent only on not losing sight of the thread of dark bricks which curved tortuously this way and that, sometimes only traceable by

It was nearly three hours later, and the sun had dropped below the level of the castle roofs, when Joy suddenly gave an

exclamation.

" Here's the end-it finishes off in a kind of boss-just like the ones in the pictures.

Now, I wonder-I wonder-"

She was on her knees, scraping away moss, digging at the seams of the bricks. One of them came up easily in her hand, and Miss Sewell, standing by, laughed in amusement.

"What are you doing, my dear child!"

she cried.

"I don't know yet. Wait for a moment," Joy said in a queer, breathless voice. "An idea has occurred to me. It may be just idiotic, but-

A CASTLE IN SPAIN

She raised another brick and another, then looked up excitedly.

"Help me, Miss Sewell," she said.

"There's something here!"

In silence Miss Sewell fell on her knees and obeyed. They raised brick after brick till a large metal box was displayed. They were able to raise its lid without lifting it from the hole, and Miss Sewell gave a little gasp of utter amazement.

For within were stored, pressed closely together, what seemed an endless number of canvas bags, bags so heavy that when Joy lifted one out it weighed down her hand and showed within it the glint of gold.

"What does it mean?" Miss Sewell was

still staring incredulously.

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An 15t "It means that this is your uncle's money, that he really did leave it to you, and you've learnt of it just as he said—in a maze!"



"I should never, never have found it without your help," Miss Sewell said.

They were on their way back to London after a busy week, every event in which had only gone to increase Miss Sewell's sense of almost incredulous satisfaction.

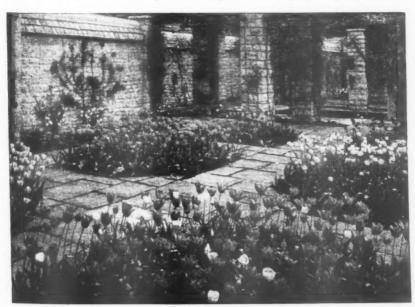
"And I could never have helped if I

hadn't remembered those old volumes of *Chums*," Joy laughed. "It came to me in a flash, only I didn't dare to say anything until I had made sure."

"There will be plenty of money to keep up the castle, as my uncle said," Miss Sewell went on. "And-I've made another plan . . . another castle!" She flushed and hesitated. "I've heard they want an English chaplain for the church at Bevilla and to visit the English at the big hotel there. . . . It's only twelve miles away, and if I-we-had a motor-car--- It would be everything for him to get away from England, and, oh! Joy, you don't know what it means to me to think of being able to do something for him-at last! And he won't refuse-I'm sure he won't refuse, because . . . we have always understood each other-always!"

"Of course he won't refuse," Joy said gently. "It's all just perfect—just a castle in Spain come true!"

"And you must come and stay with us—with Harry and me—afterwards!" Miss Sewell said eagerly. "I owe it all to you more than I can express. You must come whenever you can, until"—she laughed shyly—"until you have another castle in Spain to live in, my dear, of your own!"



May in an Old-World Garden

Photo: Malby

The Reunion of How Matters Stand at Present By the Churches Arthur Page Grubb

"THE English," complained Voltaire,
"have seventy religions and only
one sauce." If the portents may
be trusted the present generation should
see the sting drawn from the sardonic
Frenchman's gibe.

The Fatal Weakness of Disunion

A combination of forces has pressed upon British Christianity the fatal weakness of disunity during the first two decades of the twentieth century. The steady decline of the influence of the Churches, the alienation of large masses of the people in every social grade, the widespread apathy towards the claims of religion, and the rapid deterioration of social morality have assisted to drive home a conviction of the futility and wastefulness of denominational rivalries.

This perception has undoubtedly been reinforced by the lessons of the war. Chaplains of all creeds have been appalled by the blank ignorance of the rudiments of the Christian faith met with in all ranks. They have been profoundly impressed by the soldier's impatience of denominational distinctions when these have stood in the way of his receiving the spiritual consolation for which he craved. Giant howitzers and high explosive have blown to pieces more than trench lines and "pill boxes": they have made irreparable breaches in the barbed wire which has hitherto kept Christian men apart.

The Call from the Mission Field

But the most potent influence operating for unity has come from the mission field. The predominant note in British Christianity since the present century dawned has been decline at home and triumph abroad. The mission field has been called in to redress the balance of failure in the home Church. We are undoubtedly passing through an era of missionary enthusiasm. The steady contraction of the world through modern inventions and the consequent reaction of the peoples upon each other

have brought home to thoughtful observers the immense significance of foreign missions. The missionary confronted with his own isolation and the overwhelming odds against him has welcomed the support and comradeship of others without close inquiry into their denominational attachments. The absurdity of instructing native converts in sectarian differences, inexplicable to the non-historic mind, has been recognised. Joint councils and the demarcation of spheres of influence by the missionary societies have aided the process of unity. The great Missionary Conference in Edinburgh in 1910 marked an epoch-making advance, and the influence of that assembly has been perpetuated by the recent formation of a permanent conference of missionary societies, embracing the seven principal British Protestant societies.

Friendly Intercourse

In endeavouring to estimate the present position of the reunion movement in this country, the observer is impressed first of all by real improvement in the relations between the Anglican clergy and Nonconformist ministers. Friendly intercourse and a certain amount of co-operation existed in individual cases in the past; and even instances of intercommunion occurred. But up to the end of last century the spirit of aloofness held sway, and Anglican and Nonconformist rarely appeared together on any other platform than that of the Bible Society. To-day cordial relations have become the rule, at any rate in the larger centres, and expressions of goodwill are understood to meet with approval and encouragement from Lambeth and York. Within recent years a distinguished clergyman, now a Bishop, has officiated in the City Temple; and quite recently the most famous Congregational minister of the day has preached in Durham Cathedral. The outcry that Dr. Hensley Henson's action and the invitation to Dr. Jowett evoked is proof that a spirit of hostility to any

THE REUNION OF THE CHURCHES

breaking down of the walls of partition between the Establishment and Nonconformity is still rife. But a considerable amount of the criticism has proceeded from those who are genuinely afraid that individual and precipitate action in this direction is likely to endanger the highest interests of the reunion movement.

The Bishop of London and the Wesleyans

Three years ago the visit of the Bishops of London and Chelmsford to the Weslevan Conference, and the suggestions for a basis of reunion made by the former, attracted considerable attention. This visit sprang out of a series of private meetings between the Bishop and a number of Wesleyan ministers and laymen. But it soon became apparent to Weslevans that the Episcopal road to reunion led through the strait gate of reordination -- a point which the vast majority of ministers and laymen would never concede. So nothing practical has come or is likely to come of this particular movement, though the intercourse has had its useful side for both parties.

But another movement of larger scope and pregnant with far greater possibilities has been in progress since 1918. In January of that year a party of representative Evangelical clergy and Free Church ministers met in conference in Oxford. So valuable were the results of the Conference that it assembled again in 1919, and, for a third time, in the present year, when it was joined by representatives of the High Church school.

A Momentous Statement

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At this last Conference a momentous statement was drawn up and unanimously accepted with the decision that it should be sent to the two Archbishops, the Diocesan Bishops of England and Wales, and to the heads of the Free Churches. This statement opens with the common recognition that the denominations to which the signatories belong are equally within the one Church of Christ, and that the efficacy of their ministrations is verified in the history of the Church. This recognition is fundamental to any approach towards the realisation of the Reunited Church. In order to give visible expression to this principle of recognition the approach should be made

along the following lines: (I) Interchange of pulpits under due authority; (2) mutual admission to the Lord's Supper, subject to the same authority; (3) acceptance by ministers of any one denomination, who may desire it, of such authorisation as shall enable them to minister freely in the Churches of other denominations, and that this authorisation is not to be taken as reordination or repudiation of their previous status as ministers in the Church Catholic of Christ.

The immense significance of this declaration is underlined by the position and views of the eighty-nine signatories. A document on reunion which bears the names of the Rev. A. T. Guttery and Canon Lacey, the Rev. J. H. Jowett and Professor Percy Dearmer, Professor Carnegie Simpson and the Bishop of Warrington, cannot be regarded in any light save that of a truly amazing advance on the road of Christian charity and goodwill.

World Conference

The way was undoubtedly paved for these informal gatherings by the earlier meetings of Anglican and Nonconformist representatives in connection with the proposed World Conference on Faith and Order. This movement originated in a proposal by the Protestant Episcopal Church in America for a World-Wide Conference on Faith and Order with the view of promoting the " visible unity of the Body of Christ on earth." The movement has been widely taken up by the Christian Churches of the United States, and in response to an appeal from them a committee was appointed by the Archbishops of Canterbury and York, and commissions were nominated by the Free Churches to promote the same movement in England. Conferences were held in 1916 and subsequently, and two interim reports lave been issued, which contain matter of deep significance. The scope of these conferences has been carefully defined, Their aim was not to formulate a basis of reunion of Christendom, but to prepare for the consideration of such a basis at the Conference on Faith and Order by exploring the ground for the most promising ways of approach to the questions to be considered. It is not possible within the limits of this article to give in full the conclusions arrived at. must suffice to say that two convictions

governed the minds of the participants, viz. that it is our Lord's purpose that there should be one visible society of believers; and that this visible unity is not adequately expressed in the co-operation of Christian Churches for moral influence and social service, but can only be fully realised through community of worship, faith and order, including participation in the Lord's Supper. No practical obstacle was encountered in drawing up a common statement on matters of faith. The crucial difficulty lay in the matter of the Episcopate, and the agreement reached on this thorny point forms the most significant section of the interim reports. The basis of this agreement is a qualified acceptance of the Episcopal order as a necessary condition of any possibility of reunion. The conditions of this acceptance are that (1) continuity with the historic Episcopate must be preserved; (2) the Episcopate must reassume a constitutional form as regards both the election of the Bishop as by clergy and people, and the method of government after election; (3) acceptance of the fact of Episcopacy and not any theory as to its character should be all that is asked for. Such an acceptance of Episcopacy, it is pointed out, would not involve any Christian community in the necessity of disowning its past.

No further step in this direction will probably be taken until the projected meeting of the World Conference at some date not yet settled.

Among the Nonconformists

Passing from the situation as it exists between the Episcopal and non-Episcopal bodies to the relationship of the Nonconformist Churches to one another, we find here also new forces at work, fresh influences operating towards a closer corporate association. The absence of such irritants as the doctrine of Apostolical Succession and the atmosphere of social superiority produced by State Establishment makes intercourse on equal terms easy and natural.

For some thirty years a loose federation of the non-Episcopal bodies has existed in the shape of the National Free Church Council and its local branches. Since the dying down of the fires of the Education conflict the influence of this Council has

dwindled; and even in its palmiest days it never succeeded in enlisting the whole-hearted support of some of the Churches. In view of this fact and of the growing desire for healing divisions in face of the common enemy, that eminent Baptist leader and ecclesiastical statesman, the Rev. J. H. Shakespeare, M.A., three years ago formulated a scheme for amalgamating all the Free Churches into one United Free Church of England.

Mr. Shakespeare's Programme

Mr. Shakespeare personally laid his proposals before the annual assemblies of the Free Churches and before the Baptist and Congregational Unions. The first step recommended was the election of representatives to a Federal Council for the purpose of concerting common action with a view to a closer association in the future. As a result of Mr. Shakespeare's advocacy, in which special care was taken to explain that this movement involved no hostile attitude to the Established Church, nine denominations appointed delegates-the Baptists, Congregationalists, Presbyterians, United Methodists, Primitive Methodists, Independent Methodists, Weslevan Reform Union, Moravians, and Countess of Huntingdon's Connexion. The first meeting of the Federal Council was held at Christ Church, Westminster Bridge Road, London, last September, and its attention was directed to solving the question "What can be done in union which cannot be done in separation?" The answers to that question comprehended recommendations (1) that the first Sunday in October, 1920, should be kept unitedly by all the denominations represented in the Council as a Day of Rededication; (2) that the ministers and office-bearers of the federating denominations in each locality should meet together to confer on the needs and opportunities for concerted action in their own locality, and that measures be taken to promote united evangelism, openair preaching, house-to-house visitation, and to establish United Free Church institutes for young men and women especially in rural districts, and local centres of social service; (3) that the minimum stipend for a married Free Church minister should be fixed at £250, and that where this is not possible, steps be taken to group two or more churches together.

THE REUNION OF THE CHURCHES

Chances of Success

Throughout the proceedings of the Federal Council prominence was given to the view that the unity of all the Churches was the aim and final goal of the movement. Whether it will achieve all that Mr. Shakespeare, who was very properly elected Moderator of the Council, set out to attain, is doubtful. It will be observed that the Wesleyan Methodist Conference declined to elect representatives; and the comparative failure of the National Free Church Council, an earlier federal movement, is mainly due to the partial abstention of the Weslevans from its activities. But under the guidance of a magnetic and inspiring personality like Mr. Shakespeare, really useful work may be accomplished towards the larger union which recent events have made to appear far less remote than it seemed when the Secretary of the Baptist Union set out upon his crusade.

Two Important Movements

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Whilst actual reunion on a large scale between the Episcopal and non-Episcopal Churches on the one hand, or between the various Free Church denominations on the other, must not be expected in the near future, the way is being paved for ultimate amalgamation by the coming together of the divided units of two great denominations—the Presbyterian Churches in Scotland and the Methodist Churches in Great Britain.

The original cause of Presbyterian disruption in Scotland was not any disagreement in doctrine, church government, or points of public worship, but the restoration of lay patronage, which produced, first, the secession of the bodies which afterwards became the United Presbyterian Church, and later, the "Disruption" of 1843, which led to the formation of the Free Church of Scotland. But when in the course of time the patronage system was abolished in the Established Church of Scotland, fresh lines of cleavage had emerged to keep the divided communions apart-the chief being the principle of Establishment. A score of years ago, however, the spirit of particularism gave place to a desire for closer relations, and this tendency found expression in the union of the Free Church and the United Presbyterians to form the United Free Church. From this point to the contemplation of the larger union with the Established Church was a natural step; and in 1908 the first move was made by the General Assembly of the Church of Scotland in inviting the United Free Church to send representatives to a joint Committee for a general discussion of the points at issue, After some six years of conference it became apparent that until the hostility of the Free Church to the principle of Establishment, and the uncompromising adhesion of the Church of Scotland to that principle, could be in some way accommodated, reunion would never be accomplished.

A Happy Solution

Confronted with this position of stalemate, the Committee of the Church of Scotland hit upon a happy solution in the shape of a Memorandum containing nine articles defining the position of the Church in relation to the State, and vindicating her freedom from civil interference with her spiritual autonomy, and her right to interpret her own articles of faith and order. The Committee recommended that the General Assembly should adopt these articles and should invite Parliament to acknowledge them and to repeal all statutory provisions inconsistent therewith. By this course those elements of Establishment to which the United Free Church was unalterably opposed, would disappear.

Scottish Reunion Imminent

This proposal met with the most favourable reception. In May, 1919, the Committee submitted the final draft of the articles to the General Assembly of the Church of Scotland with the assurance that they had been accepted by the representatives of the United Free Church as a satisfactory basis of negotiation for union. The articles were approved by seventy-two Presbyteries to nine, and last December the Commission specially delegated by the General Assembly of the Church of Scotland to receive the reports of the Presbyteries, resolved to authorise the Committee to approach the Government with a request for legislation. The report of the issue of these negotiations will be presented to the General Assembly this month; and there the matter stands for the present. It only remains to add that the number of com-

municants in the Church of Scotland is 722,750, and in the United Free Church 522,028. Probably nearly seven-eighths of the total population of Scotland are associated with one or other of the two Churches.

Preparing the Way to a United Methodism

In the case of the Methodist Churches of Great Britain also a preliminary union has assisted to prepare the way for a larger movement. In 1907 three Methodist bodies -the Bible Christians, the Methodist New Connexion and the United Methodist Free Church, which had separated from the Wesleyan Church at different periods, amalgamated to form the United Methodist Church. This reduced the number of separate Methodist Churches to three-the Wesleyan Methodist, the Primitive Methodist and the United Methodist, with a respective Church membership of 485,533, 206,038, 182,344, or a total of 873,915. The movement for reunion was further reinforced by the example of Methodists in other parts of the Empire. In all the Overseas Dominions and in Ireland only one Methodist Church is found. In Canada union was effected in 1883; in Australasia in 1901; in Ireland in 1905; and in the West Indies as recently as last year.

The Main Obstacle

From time to time tentative efforts to bring about a rapprochemen' with the parent Church were put forth by the daughter Churches; but no effective response was made until 1911, when, at the fourth Methodist Ecumenical Conference, held in Toronto, an earnest appeal was made to British Methodism to close up its ranks, The result was seen two years later when the Wesleyan Conference placed on record its view that the time had come for a serious effort to unite the different branches of Methodism, and appointed a Committee to collect information. Four years were usefully spent in accumulating and tabulating this information, which showed that the main obstacle to amalgamation lay in the higher status and powers of the Wesleyan ministry, and in the varying standards of finance.

What 1921 May Bring

In 1917 this Committee was enlarged and authorised to invite representatives of the other Methodist Churches to a joint consideration of the possibility of reunion, These overtures were cordially received by the Primitive and United Methodist Conferences, and in 1918 the Joint Committee of 156 ministers and laymen met for the first time. Last year a report showing what the implications of union would be and what adjustments would be required in a definite scheme was presented by this Committee to the several Conferences; and they were invited to instruct the joint Committee to prepare a detailed scheme of union for submission to the Conferences in 1920. To this suggestion the Primitive and United Methodist Conferences unanimously agreed; in the Wesleyan Conference the minority against endorsement numbered less than 20 out of 600 representatives. The Unite 1 Committee is now engaged upon the definitive scheme of union. If it is approved and adopted by the three Conferences, it will be referred by them to the District Synods and other lower courts of the Churches concerned. This verdict will in turn come in the summer of 1921 before the Conferences, which will then be in a position finally to ratify or reject the project of rennion. So far as the daughter Churches are concerned little doubt exists that they will return a favourable answer.

In Wesleyan Methodism a much larger volume of opposition exists, mainly among the ministers. There is also an absence of enthusiasm for the idea among the rank and file of the people, and some disposition to apprehend that union will involve a heavier financial burden. But the promoters of union are confident that the complete scheme will be found to meet all objections, ministerial and lay, and if their prediction is justified 1921 may witness the establishment of one Methodist Church in Great Britain.



A Key to Spiritism

An Attempt to Explain Psychic Phenomena

By A. T. Schofield, M.D.

HERE can be no doubt that in Spiritism we have to do with forces with which we are not familiar.

Last week a friend of the late Douglas Home, the well-known medium, said to be a nephew of the Earl of that name, told me that he called to see him one day, and when in the drawing-room Home seemed worried about the position of his grand piano, and said he did not think it looked well stuck up there against the wall. So standing with his friend at the other side of the room he beckoned with his finger to the piano and said: "Come out here into the room."

to stop about six feet from the wall. Home, however, was not yet satisfied, and said he thought it looked worse there, and so he told it to go back where it was before, and the piano returned to the wall. Of course, if this stood alone it would be suggested that this friend was pulling my leg, or drawing a long bow, or something else equally reprehensible.

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But similar wellauthenticated stories show that for some years of his life Home had a power of which weknew nothing. The private experiments of Dr. Crawford and Sir William Barrett prove the same. But it is well to note they prove nothing else either as to this world or to the next, and have nothing whatever to do with the so-called religion of Spiritism now so extensively advertised.

When, however, we turn from physical to psychic phenomena we still find much that we cannot account for, and the whole point is: Are the phenomena produced objectively, that is from beings outside this world, or subjectively, that is from beings in it?

Strange to say, I much doubt whether the mediums through whose agency the communications are made known know themselves for certain the source of what they communicate. Of course, they think and declare that the messages are from

> another world; but it is not impossible, without any suggestion of fraud, that all the time they are from this world. The key to the difficulty is as follows:

It is now many years since I had the pleasure of bringing before one of our learned societies a subject on which I had been engaged for many years-the Unconscious Mind. The idea was scouted, being then quite new in this country, and I was told it was nonsense, I have, however, lived to see it generally accepted, and in it there is without doubt the key to the majority those Spiritist phenomena which purport to be messages from the dead. F. W. H. Myers calls the Unconscious Mind the Subliminal,



Dr. A. T. Schofield

Photo : Russell

Thomas Jay Hudson the Subconscious, and so on; but all, with myself, refer to that part of the mind whose powers and activities lie beyond the range of consciousness.

The Hidden Memory

Hypnotism is merely a means of bringing this unconscious mind into activity while the conscious region is passive. In this condition, as most of us know, wonderful things happen. For instance, if a person is asked to learn the page of a book, in five minutes he can probably repeat several lines. If now he be lightly hypnotised he will probably remember half the page, while if he be deeply hypnotised it is not improbable that he will repeat the whole; for there can be no doubt that the whole has been photographed on the brain through the retina of the eye.

This hidden memory which is made known by hypnotism is called cryptomnesia.

When in this condition, however, and often in one's ordinary state, there is a power also to read other people's minds, known as telepathy, or perhaps, better, psychometry. Palmists who possess this power, while intently gazing at the lines of the hand, can read the mind of the one whose hand they hold, and then do wonders.

This power is now a scientifically established fact, thanks to the unwearied labours of the Psychical Research Society, and there is no doubt it is at its greatest in the hypnotic condition.

I believe, therefore, that a key to Spiritism lies in the fact that the so-called trance of the medium is really an induced state of auto-hypnosis.

When the medium is in this state she (I speak of her as feminine because women preponderate enormously over men in this calling) cannot really know herself the origin of the impressions and visions presented to her b ain, and believes them all to be objective, whereas in so many cases

it is quite evident they come from the inquirer's own mind in the audience, and very possibly speak of things entirely forgotten.

It is difficult in a short paper to present all the grounds that prove this is so to the careful investigator.

Automatic Writing

Automatic writing is mostly subjective, Only the other day I had a good deal read to me purporting to come from a distinguished literary lady in another world. It was, as most of these lucubrations are, a mass of colourless high-class platitudes, destitute of the slightest information of any kind, and couched in stilted language. Neither in the lines nor between them could one trace the slightest characteristic of the supposed author.

But one did catch turns of phrases and expressions of thought that one had heard from the actual writer, and one did not hesitate to say that the whole was subjective and, wholly unconsciously, the product of the writer's own mind.

In a similar manner in the distressing scenes of the late war it has often been my lot to be appealed to by war widows and mothers who have derived great joy from supposed communication from husbands or sons who had given their lives. It would be truly an ungracious task to extinguish their joy in the name of science. I have, therefore, listened to all they wished to say, and then asked. Would it pain them very much if the message came from the image of their beloved husband or son enshrined in their own heart, and to know that their loved one was no longer disturbed by the sorrows of this world? In short, to know that the messages they received were really subjective and not objective, but none the less precious? For those who know and believe the truths of our common faith need no assuring voices to tell them that "they who die in the Lord" are indeed "blessed."

The Withered Leaf

IVY Cottage, Woodbridge, is—or was—the most picturesque cottage in England. In making this assertion controversy is to be avoided. Therefore I say nothing of Scotland, Ireland or Wales. Let Scotland be content with her croft, Ireland with her cabin and Wales with her craw. They are welcome to these if England may be permitted to boast a little of her domestic architecture.

So, at least, thought Young Love, as represented by James Ferguson and Mary, his wife. Ivy Cottage suited them. It had been erected in the days when they built cottages fit for heroes to look at as well as to live in. Jerry had no hand in the building of Ivy Cottage, for the good reason that Jerry had not yet awakened from his dream of bricks where he slept among the unborn

in Brick Lane, Paradise.

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Maybe there were drawbacks. The roof was not horizontal. So much the better, urged Young Love. Euclid delighted in straight lines, but Euclid has never been accused of being either a lover or an artist. Dry rot had weakened joists and beamsbut what does Young Love care for dry rot? Some of the ceilings sloped awkwardly. Not infrequently James bumped his head. It caused him to apostrophise the plaster in terms that are ruled out of order in Parliament. But Young Love, in the person of Mary, laughed and rubbed the bump. At night there were noises in the cottage. Hush! Overlook the indiscretion! The Fergusons would not be pleased if the Spookological Research Society sent down a deputation to hold a seance. Young Love does not care to pry into the secrets of the grave. A ghost? Rubbish! Rats, says Young Love; old rafters; the wind in the chimney.

These things, rightly regarded, add to the charms of a country life. Besides, Ivy Cottage was within comfortable reach of London. It stood high and had a view. And it was cosily clad in a warm

mantle of Virginia creeper.

The Story of a Country Cottage

By R. B. Ince

There are two major calamities that threaten, in these days, to overtake everyone: a rise in the income tax and the sale of your castle "over your head." It was the 'latter calamity that overtook the Fergusons.

Ivy Cottage was advertised to be sold by auction. This news descended upon them with the inconvenience and unexpectedness of a thunderbolt. It was stunning. They had fallen in love with Ivy Cottage. It delighted Mary; it suited James. Now, without warning, they were to be hit by the hammer of Fate—or rather, by the mallet of

the Auctioneer and Estate Agent.

Reader, if you are happily married, there is one day you will never forget. And if you are unhappily married, the statement is likely to prove equally accurate. Does husband or wife ever forget the Wedding Day? The parson in his white surplice; the "Voice that breathed o'er Eden"; the damp kiss his (or her) mother left on his (or her) cheek in the vestry. These things cling. Nothing in later life obliterates them.

In the domestic chronicle of James and Mary, Time was approaching the first anniversary of the Great Event. Therefore, if you are a person of discernment, you will know that a secret nestled close to the heart of each. Birthday presents demand circumspection and forethought, wedding presents resolve themselves into the comparatively easy choice between a claret jug and a fish slice, but the presents a wife and a husband give each other on the first anniversary of the Great Day are sacred and beyond price. Each aspires to give the other something that shall be costly yet gilaed also with the refined gold of Romance. And each is determined to hide the offering in utter secrecy until the Great Day dawns.

It is true that the policy of secrecy may be overdone. Children, when they are entrusted with a secret, usually contrive to let a little of the secret out. Therein they

prove their superior wisdom.

"Mary, my love," said James on the morning of the Great Day, "I have a little surprise in store for you: just a small token of my love. But I'm awfully sorry, dearit isn't quite ready. Fortunately I've got to be in town to-day, so I'll call in for it."

"But, Jimmie, how funny! The same thing has happened to my—my gift. And don't you imagine I'm going to be outdone. I shall run up to town too—by the second train."

"Right oh! But don't waste a lot of money on me, that's all. As you know, my dear, I've got everything I want—having you."

Alas, man is an unreasonable animal. The laws of logic are supposed to bind him. But they do not. Having made this really admirable statement, Young Love, in the person of James Ferguson, came a cropper. How it happened that James, so reasonable before breakfast, became so unreasonable afterwards, I do not know. In his defence I will admit that he had breakfasted on fried bacon. Blessed are the Children of Israel, for they cannot compare the rasher of to-day with the rasher of yesterday. Let that be his excuse.

As James was snatching his hat from the peg, Mary ran in from the garden, waving aloft a withered leaf.

Her cheeks were flushed, her eyes danced.

"Jimmy!" she cooed (no; she was not a dove, but let the verb pass, it is justified in this connection), "I caught this as I ran down to the meadow to see if Speckles had laid. They say it's luck for a month if you catch a leaf as it falls from the tree. And this sailed right into my hand. Take it, dear, in case—in case I shouldn't be able to get the present I'm after."

James had his watch in one hand, his umbrella in the other. He was two minutes behind time. He would have to sprint for his train. At such moments a draft upon the Bank of Sentiment is fated to be dishonoured.

"You ridiculous child!" he shouted from the gate. "I've no use for a dirty leaf. Besides, I shall lose my train. Give it to Speckles. It may make her lay."

Did he note the toss of her head as she entered the cottage? If so it must have served to remind him that the barometer he had just tapped pointed to "Stormy." And that this was the anniversary of their Wedding Day.

Was Mary a very unreasonable person? I do not know. The married state has its mysteries. It is not for the unmarried to pull aside the veil. Suffice it that she ran up the stairs, two at a time, and fell to dabbing her eyes with three square inches of cambric edged with lace. No doubt the strong wind had made them water. She also thrust the withered leaf into the inner pocket of her jumper. Then she came downstairs with dignity and proceeded to "put things straight" preparatory to catching the 10.16.

The 10.16 took her to Victoria, where she was met by a bald-headed but jolly gentleman whom she pecked on the right check and greeted as "Uncle Ben."

"Well, my prodigal niece," said the jolly one, "brought your money along in a bag, have you? No? Oh, a cheque? I see. Funny throwing away a legacy of £1,000 on that ramshackle old cottage."

"It's not ramshackle, Uncle Ben, and——" (who says the feminine is the unbusinesslike sex?)—" we may get it cheaper."

"We may."

In the rooms of Messrs, Diddle and Dodger a small crowd had assembled. Mary and Uncle Ben were late comers. They squeezed to the front.

Mr. Diddle (or Mr. Dodger?) was describing the "desirable property."

Lovingly he referred to the old oak timbers, the date over the doorway, the Jacobean panelling, the ample fire-places, the cosyingle-sea(s), the antique fire irons. In the jargon of the auctioneer he sang a Te Deum of the olden time: There was nothing wanting in his eloquent description—except the legion of aitches which he dropped.

Then the hammer descended and the bidding began. It started at the reserve price of £600 and it rose rapidly to £850.

Uncle Ben, who was a collector of antique furniture, had had experience of auctions. But he soon began to grow warm and a little flustered. Someone at the back was bidding against them very determinedly. Suddenly he left Mary and elbowed his way to the outer circle of the company. Manners are not always observed at auctions. Uncle Ben had not been introduced to this most determined bidder. But that did not deter him from seizing the arm of the



"Sudden was the shock Uncle Ben sustained as he stared in the face of his rival"

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energetic one from behind and swinging him round.

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Reader, have you ever suffered from the kind of shell-shock that results from slicing the top off a new-laid egg and gazing on—a chicken? As sudden and intense was the shock Uncle Ben sustained as he stared in the face of his rival.

"James!" he exclaimed. And then,
"You idiot! Didn't you know? Mary's
after the cottage with her legacy. Heavens!
What fools you married folks are!"

A muttered conversation took place. The auctioneer paused and pointed his hammer challengingly in the direction of Uncle Ben.

James was unreasonable. He wanted to buy Ivy Cottage and present it to his wife. In despair Uncle Ben returned to Mary. He found her equally unreasonable. "But— I've set my heart on buying it," she wailed, "for Jimmie."

Meantime bidding went briskly forward. And the auctioneer, believing that the two most active bidders had retired from the contest, knocked down Ivy Cottage to a stranger for £950.

Here was a domestic tragedy. Uncle Ben, when he told me the secret history of this affair, assured me he had never spent a more miserable day in his life than the wedding day anniversary of these

young people—" young fools" he called them.

When domestic calamities occur there is a natural desire to affix the blame. The strife of tongues will not cease until a scapegoat has been found.

"I did everything I could to cheer the young people, but all to no purpose," said Uncle Ben. "Together they 'plumbed awful depths,' as the serial writers have it. And every now and again one or other of them rose to the surface and made a vicious snap at me. I had done all manner of things I ought not to have done. The blunder, on further consideration, was discovered to be mine entirely. And having settled this to their mutual satisfaction they began to feel a little better."

In the late afternoon Uncle Ben saw them off from Victoria Station, in a tempest of rain and hail. "It was a fitting curtain to the day's proceedings," he said, "and I was jolly glad to see the last of them."

But the final curtain came later.

They arrived at Woodbridge when the ever memorable storm of autumn 19— was at its height. Trees four hundred years old were lifted like saplings out of the parks that night, and there were hundreds of

conversions among the wicked, who believed that the end of the world had come,

The night was inky black. Full of rain and hail whenever the hurricane paused. Arrived at their gate the Fergusons were quite unable to open it. Something leant against it on the farther side. From a neighbouring farm James procured a lantern. By its light they discovered a mountain of bricks in the garden. It was all that remained of Ivy Cottage. The storm had brought it down, floors, roof and chimneys.

They retired to spend the night at the Green Dragon. There, as they reviewed the situation by the cheerful blaze of a wood fire, Young Love began once more to preen his ruffled plumes.

"Suppose we had bought it?" said

"Suppose we had not gone to London to-day to buy it?" said Mary with a shudder. And she added, "What shall I give you now, Jim?"

"It seems to me," he replied, "that Luck's in. If you have anywhere about you a withered leaf——"

Her hand slipped to the inner pocket of her jumper. The leaf was still there.

She gave it him. And with it a kiss that reminded him of their courting days.

Result of "The British Girl's Annual" Voting Competition

The six stories in the 1920 volume of "The British Girl's Annual" which have gained the highest number of votes are as follows:

- 1. "King Monmowh" (Long Complete Story), by Violet M. Methley.
- 2. "What's in a Name?" by Eveline M. Williams.
- 3. "The Secret Cabinet," by Eveline M. Williams.
- 4. "The Cellar Ghost," by Agnes M. Miall.
- 5. "The Fugitives of November Landing," by H. Mortimer Batten.
- 6. "A Borrowed Birthday," by Florence Bone.

No competitor had the six stories correct, but three competitors—Esther Disney (aged 13), Kathleen Stead (aged 12), and M. Billinghurst (aged 12)—had five of the stories on their lists. The prize of £1 1s. 0d is awarded to Esther Disney, as her entry shows the stories in the order most nearly corresponding with the above. Consolation prizes have been sent to the two other competitors.

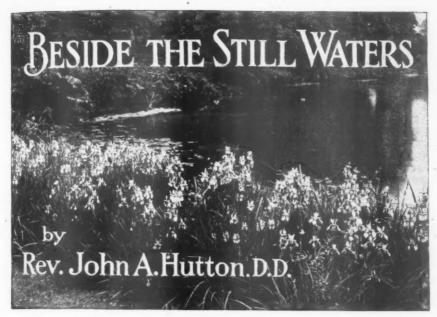


Photo: R. A. Malby

I am glad to announce that Dr. Hutton, of Glasgow, will conduct this feature every month

"Now we see in a mirror, darkly,"-S. PAUL.

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IN S. Paul's day mirrors were made not of glass but of metal-of polished iron it might be, or of silver, or of brass. There is more, therefore, in this metaphor as S. Paul used it than there would be were we to use it in our day. When we see a thing in a mirror, why, it is as good as though we were seeing the thing. If the mirror is a good one, to see a thing in it and to see a thing directly is the same. In S. Paul's day a mirror was not so authoritative. It could give you the general outline of an object. If the mirror had just been polished, and if the light happened to be unusually fine, you might see the thing with absolute fidelity to all its details. But ordinarily you had to be content with less; and on the details an ancient mirror was probably not very helpful. Still, the old mirror must have served its purpose. It gave a man, at any rate, a working knowledge of the facts; and perhaps the very dimness and difficulty of its representations encouraged a habit of greater attentiveness to such features as the mirror disclosed.



What We Don't See

T is not beside the mark to refer to these I things, for they give us the precise point of S. Paul's illustration. "Now we see in a mirror, darkly "-enigmatically, as the word precisely means. We see, that is to say, and we don't see. We see well enough for the large and practical purposes for which mirrors were designed; but we don't see everything. On the whole that is not a bad state of matters; certainly it has its compensations. It accustoms us to act upon the general probabilities of the case, and to use our imagination, our faith, in fact, in order to make definite to ourselves things that are left indefinite to our natural eye. The very imperfection of our mirrors, so a man in S. Paul's day might have continued, trains us to be satisfied with evidence which stops short of completeness. We know enough to go, on with. We learn to put two and two together. It would never occur to us to say that we were not seeing a thing simply because we did not see every detail of the thing. Men of our time do not hesitate to say that they see a thing, and to proceed to act as though they did see it, when the fact is they only see in a mirror darkly. When we see a thing in a mirror we say to ourselves, yes, that is it, though, of course, there are some things about it which still want to be cleared up.



What Faith Demands

10W that is very nearly a definition of faith. Certainly the attitude of mind to which in those old days men were compelled-when they had to take what they could get from the mirror and infer the rest-is very like what faith asks us to do in this present world. Concerning all the great things in the midst of which faith moves, and with which it deals, we are in the pocition of a man of those ancient days standing before one of his mirrors. We see, and we don't :ee. We see well enough to be sure that the thing is there, that it is not a figment of our own brain. We see well enough even to know the general outline of the thing, and that it is this and not that. We see the thing well enough in the mirror to be able to recognise it later and at any time when we see it directly; and what more indeed does one want?

Probability is the guide of life; and probability is what you had in the old days from a mirror. Probability is what you get in our day from the face of life—probability as to God, as to Christ, as to the reality of the human soul, as to the moral order in this world, as to the final triumph of the true and the beautiful and the good



The Difference

THE difference between a man who has an effective faith, and another man who has either no faith or an impotent faith, lies here: the one takes what he can get, takes what life has given him, what God

has given him, and makes the best of it makes everything of it. The other allows himself to be restrained and reduced to inactivity by thinking too exclusively of the great mass and bulk of things about which he knows nothing. And so you might define faith as "putting the accent on the right place." We all put the accent somewhere: this we call our temperament or natural prejudice. In trivial matters there is the type of mind that dwells upon gloomy aspects: and again there is the type of mind which will find in most things some reason or occasion for good spirits. There is the type of mind that will see only the general disorder; and another type of mind which will see something of immeasurable hopefulness in some solitary fact which he persists is no isolated fact, but is related to a whole kingdom of kindred facts throbbing and inevitable beneath the surface. This latter temperament is the temperament of which faith in God in our Christian sense is the finest expression.



S. Paul's "One Thing"

POR example: if S. Paul is a more convinced Christian than any of us, if he is much happier than any of us—and that he is a better Christian and a happier one will not be disputed—it is not because he knew more than we know. Still less is it that he suffered less than we suffer. The fact is he knew less than we know, and he suffered more than any of us.

It is S. Paul himself who says, "One thing I know." An anatomist who knows his business is able, I understand, to reconstruct an entire organism—fish, beast, man—from some stray joint that has survived from the decay of perhaps ten thousand years. Beginning with his one fact, he builds round about that fact all the other inevitable and consistent and harmonious facts, until in imagination he sees his one pathetic little fact standing erect in its proper kingdom.

Where to Put the Accent

O'I'R wisdom then would seem to be to put the accent upon what we know; and then, so far as our faith and outlook upon

BESIDE THE STILL WATERS

the world are concerned, to sit rather loosely to things that meanwhile confuse us; not to take too tragically the other thing; greater in bulk it may be, about which we know little or nothing. There never was a man of faith, worthy of the name, who was not aware of many things in life which dishearten men and make even faith seem insecure. S. Paul, for example, knew Corinth and Athens and Ephesus, and later he knew Rome. But he saw something at work; he saw something setting up a ferment which he recognised as evidence of life, as bearing witness to the arrival upon the scene of some redeeming element. And he knew that the triumph of that redeeming element was only a matter of time. He knew the world; but, like every other good man, he knew something more than the world. He knew what had happened in his own soul, and why it had happened. He remembered a place called Damascus; and he would have approved of the saying of Emerson, " If there has ever been one good man there will be another, and there will be many."

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I do not care where you begin in an honest attempt to build up your world on a basis of faith. Even if you begin with such a vague and shadowy truth as "It's better being good than bad, it's wiser being kind than fierce"—if you begin there, and work at that honestly, in a very short time you will feel that you have your work cut out for you for the rest of your life; every day you will be making new discoveries of yourself, of your necessities, and of the resources which lurk beneath the surface in God for souls which are intent upon the highest.



Confronting the Commandments

SPEAKING for myself, I have always held that the best introduction to an incontrovertible faith in Christ is to confront one's soul with the Ten Commandments or with any one of the ten which seems to mark us out most shrewdly. Any man who acknowledges the Ten Command-

ments or an imminent one of them, and acknowledges them or it in the subtle sense which our Lord declared was the only true and honest sense, will very soon arrive at a place of moral realities where the very fitness of Christ to help him will be perceived by him as an overwhelming argument for living henceforward with His assistance and support.

A moment comes in the life of a man who is honestly facing the Ten Commandments or his own *one* Commandment, when he feels about Christ what a thirsty man feels about fresh water—that they were made for one another,



A Quotation for the Month.

"So let him wait God's instant men call years;

Meantime hold hard by truth and his great soul,

Do out the duty! Through such souls alone God stooping shows sufficient of His light For us i' the dark to rise by."

-Pompilia (" The Ring and the Book.")



Draper

Almighty God, our Meabenly Father, Elhom no eye hath seen or can see, in Elhom we nevertheless beliebe! En obedience to faculties which Thou Thyself hast giben us we seek Thy face. Thou delho hast made the car, Thyself wilt hear. Thou Eliho hast so made us that in every real hour we shrink from lone= liness, and from the misery of all mere self= seeking, wilt not forsake us when we turn to Thee. O Chou delho hast promised to guide us with Thine eye, so deal with us one by one. dele pray Thee that we shall never be far from Thee, but rather that our hearts shall be tender and suppliant towards Thee, and our cars attentibe to Thy most pribate boice. Do Thou give us grace to obey with exactness what seems to us to be Thy bery will, and so to pap heed to Thy Guiding Signs alike in the ebents of our life and in the movements of our own soul, that we shall over be free from fears by the way, and shall abide in prace: through Desus Christ our Mord. Amen.





Should Women Preach?

*HE Lower House of Convocation, I noticed in the papers some time ago, met, solemnly discussed, and solemnly resolved that women should not be allowed to preach! This, of course, was an eminently wise decision, such as might well be expected of so estimable a body. Parliament has only just opened its portals to women, and the first woman member has hardly brushed the bloom off the novelty yet. Accordingly, it is only seemly and proper that the Church should decide to wait another fifty or so years before it could decently brush aside tradition, and make an experiment so novel and daring as to place a woman in the pulpit.

I say that the decision was well in accord with the traditional policy of the Church. And having said that, it suddenly occurs to me to wonder (1) why the Church must necessarily be conservative, and (2) if anything startling would happen if women were ordained and allowed to preach.



Should the Church be Conservative?

When you come to think of it, there is no earthly reason (or heavenly reason for that matter) why the Church should be more conservative than any other institution in the land. One might, on the other hand, even argue that the Church, theoretically, ought to be in advance of ordinary worldly institutions. If you look up the history of religion, particularly as found in the Bible, you will see that really it is the record of some most startling and almost revolutionary incidents. Some of the great prophets were so startling in their methods that I am deeply afraid they would outrage the

susceptibilities of an ordinary, best-dressed congregation, such as we meet with in church on Sundays. The history of religion, from the time Abraham offended the well-brought-up people of Mesopotamia with his new-fangled notions, has been a history of violent upheavals, of disconcerting outbursts. Theoretically we might almost expect our breath to be taken away by some new revolutionary move to, say, install women preachers in our pulpits before the ordinary citizen has had time to make up his mind on the proposal. Practically, these things just don't happen; modern Christianity is nothing if not respectable.



An Experiment

Supposing, however, that by way of a change we put our womenfolk into the pulpit next Sunday, and allowed the clergy to mind the babies. Would anything very startling happen? You, of course, are entitled to have your own opinion on the result, but I must warn you that it is just possible the result would be quite ordinary, after the novelty of the first few Sundays. On the other hand, there is just the possibility that the result would be startling. I hasten to assure my readers that I should not expect any unorthodox departures in doctrine or practice. But I should like to see the experiment tried; leastways it would bring freshness, and, too, the presentation of religion from the woman's point of view might be a contribution of some value to the needs of the soul.



The Trouble with Preaching

When you come to think of it, the trouble with most preaching is that it has got into

BETWEEN OURSELVES

a rut. The other Sunday I asked one lady what she thought of the sermon at church. She told me that she believed the preacher was very good-but he sent her to sleep! I was duly shocked, but could not help but try to puzzle the matter out. The discourse was well constructed, nicely delivered, and properly polished-just such a sermon as the bench of bishops might hear without condemnation. But it sent the hearers to sleep. The trouble was that the preacher had got fixed on a certain set of phrases that were all right when they were new, but which, by long usage, had come to mean very little either to preacher or congregation. His words were apt, his illustrations logical, his arguments sound-but nothing gripped, and the mind of the congregation wandered away.

Do not blame the modern preacher too hastily. Make quite sure, first of all, that it isn't just a case of supply and demand. Might not one hint that many a congregation wants just to doze?



Moving Too Fast

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Apart from that, the trouble is that the world moves on a great deal too fast for most of us. You find yourself stranded high and dry before you know where you are. Fashions change-and the man of affairs who allows himself to grow out of date is ruined. This is very disconcerting; disconcerting to the solid man of business who turns out an article well and truly, and finds that in time the public ceases to want it at all; disconcerting to the parent who discovers his children babbling away in another language; disconcerting to the soldier who finds the lessons of the Boer War inapplicable to European warfare. This constant progression applies not merely to methods, but even to words. change rapidly, both in their meaning and in their popularity. The new generation talks a different tongue from that of its predecessor. Isn't the trouble that most of our preachers still talk the language of a bygone day? Unfortunately we have accentuated the tendency by stereotyping the language of the Bible. We read the Psalms and collects in an archaic tongue, and imagine it to be sacred, as being the language of the Bible; whereas, of course, it is merely the language of the English of Queen Elizabeth's day! And, too often, the

congregation loves its Norman arches—and its sermons in keeping!

Now, it is quite possible, as I have hinted, that if you were to put women in the pulpit they would merely follow the traditions, and "carry on." On the other hand, they might bring us a new message—fresh, unconventional, palpitating, straight from the heart. It might be couched in the language of the day, might not have a text, might ignore the collection of anecdotes and illustrations worn threadbare with much service. They might fill the churches and change people's lives.



Uncomfortable Earnestness

This much is speculation—I mean that the ministry of women would bring this change. There are women preachers among the Congregationalists, the Friends, and, notably, the Salvation Army; and whilst in these cases women's ministry has amply justified itself, it forms no overwhelming proof in favour of my speculation. But what is not mere speculation is that, in the past, preachers have arisen who have swept all before them because they have ignored the traditions of the time, and spoken simply, strongly, uncompromisingly in the language of their own day. We honour these brave prophets now; after the lapse of a generation or two they become respectablised. There is, however, just the possibility that we should be a little bit uncomfortable should they ascend the pulpit next Sunday morning. Amos created a disturbance at the public worship of his day, and Elijah's methods were distinctly contro-



The Methods of the Master

I sometimes wonder how Jesus Christ would preach were He to appear in person in this twentieth century of ours. Would He take a text, and preach firstly, secondly, and thirdly? It is extremely doubtful. Would He again deliver the parables of the sower, the mustard seed, the treasure hidden in a field? It is extremely improbable. I suspect that He would rather say that the Kingdom of Heaven was like a man who had a motor-car which wouldn't go—or some modern illustration of that kind! After all, the preaching of Christ was colloquial,

familiar—startlingly familiar. When He took a text it was mostly to contradict it; when He went to church the worshippers did not go to sleep—they were too staggered. He was unconventional, inclined to be Socialistic, offended the canons of good taste as laid down by the proper people of His time; but with it all He preached so living, vital a message that the world is still being stirred by it, despite the efforts of theologians to reduce it to its proper place.



We. too. must Move

By this time I ought to have hurt the feelings of some older reader, who (I hope) will promptly write and tell me that THE QUIVER is not what it used to be fifty years ago. My only excuse is that editors, too, have to move with the times, even at the risk of shocking their audience. After all, we want to shake ourselves a bit. Folk are pretty much the same as they used to be fifty years ago-but they speak a different language. The keen, shrewd, advertising man recognises it; see how he words his appeals to reach straight to the heart of his readers! The newspaper man recognises it, despite the duliness of the leaders in some of our more respectable organs of public opinion; the soldier recognises it (usually after a series of "regrettable incidents"). These all with fear and trembling work out their own salvation. Incidentally it requires a considerable amount of courage to start doing things differently. Some pioneers fail and go under; some statesmen are very unpopular at times. These all, painfully or joyously, move onward with the times. The Church too often regards itself as a valuable antique, rather than a growing organism. Its ministers preach platitudes to back-bench "die-hards" whilst the congregation admires the new dresses of its neighbours.

Religion Still Wanted

Meanwhile Dr. F. B. Meyer, at the Free Church Council gatherings, complains that people do not go to church. "The vast preponderance of our people have less religion than the Hindu or the Kafir," he says. If this be so-which I for one do not believe-is it wholly the fault of "our people"? The demand for religion is greater than the supply just now. Underneath the restlessness of the age is the deep longing to read the riddle of life, a wistful desire to learn more of the unknown God, a craving for a sensation higher and nobler than that afforded by the amusements of the day. People are flying to spiritualism. Christian science, new thought, "universal brotherhood"-and H. G. Wells, in quest of a religion that shall help and satisfy

But they will not be put off with secondhand sermons. Religion—like bread—has to be fresh; possibly it may not do to consume it straight from the oven, but it grows unpalatable with standing, and impossible in decay.



The Premier's Suggestion

Are the people drifting away from the churches, and are the pews becoming bare? Well, here is a suggestion, and it is the Prime Minister who makes it:

"How often have we crossed a common or a park on a Sunday afternoon, or watched at a street corner and seen little groups of 50, too, or sometimes up to 300 or 400, and a Socialis speaker expounding his doctrines, and thought authing of it. We listened rather with anusement to their crude ideas. It was the pile driving in the mud. You saw nothing of it.

"Now you see the pillars above the flood, and the thing is going up and up and up. It is the result of 30 years' continuous work, and of thousands of meetings every Sunday."

If the Socialists can do that, why not the Church? Only, of course, it must—like the Socialists—use—the language of the present day, and believe in what it preaches.

The Editor



NEEDLECRAFT

Dainty Crochet for the Bride

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No. 1.—Boudoir Cap and Lingerie Trimmings By Ellen T. Masters

THE crochet described below has been specially chosen with a view to a good and light effect, and in few cases will it be found at all tedious in execution.

Besides the trimmings for ordinary articles of underwear, I hope to illustrate some dainty molifs and designs that can be arranged by the worker herself to suit her own taste, either combined with the laces and insertions here figured or mixed with plain embroideries executed upon ordinary fine cambric.

The patterns of the trimmings can readily be altered and rearranged to suit almost any shape of garment, for with such things individual taste and fancy must always intrude themselves. Also, a pattern given here for a nightdress trimming can easily be adapted for a camisole top, or the yoke of a combination. The insertion and frill of the petticoat, too, can be employed upon the other clothing that is to be worn with it, and so on ad infinitiont.

The ABBREVIATIONS are the same throughout, thus: ch., chain; ss., slip-stitch; dc., double crochet; htr., half-treble; tr., triple treble; dtr., double treble; ttr., triple treble; sp., space; lp., loop; grp., group.

The Bride's Morning Cap

VERY coquettish and smart are the little caps that are so often used now while the morning domestic work is

in progress. Nothing could be more becoming to fair hair than a material of the palest pink—white only flushed with colour—and sprinkled over with sprays of various soft tints.

The material should be cut into a circle measuring from twelve to fourteen inches across. The edge should be gathered in to make a band about twenty-two inches round. Across a space of nine inches of the edge should be stitched a casing of the voile to hold a narrow elastic, which can be of such a length as will enable the cap to fit closely to the owner's head. This elastic, of course, is intended for the back when the cap is in use. A band of delicate crochet with a frilly edge is stitched round the edge of the head-dress, and in the front is arranged some narrow coloured ribbon, finished at each end with a rosette and little hanging drops of the same ribbon,

For the crochet use fine thread, such as Coats's Mercer, No. 70, and a small hook.

The pattern in the model was begun in the middle, with a chain foundation long enough to fit exactly round the margin of the cap.

1st row.—Miss eight ch., 1 dtr. in next ch., 3 ch. and 1 dtr. in the same stitch four times, miss four of the foundation ch., then 5 dtr. and 3 ch. between them in the next stitch, miss four, 1 dc.; repeat all along.

2nd row.—Begin in the space between the second and third dtr., work 3 dtr., 3 ch., 3 dtr. in the next space; repeat from the be-

ginning of the row into every third and fourth space in turn.

3rd row.—Begin in the three ch. between two groups of dtr., work 2 dtr., * 5 ch., 2 dtr. in the next sp.; repeat from * all along.

4th row.—Like the '3rd row, but work 1 dtr. in each sp. instead of 2 dtr.

5th row.—7 tr. into every loop of five ch. Work these five rows also into the other

side of the foundation ch., then add the frilly edge as follows:

6th row.—1 dc. between the groups of tr., 7 ch., miss three tr., 1 dc., 7 ch.; repeat from the beginning of the row.

7th row.—Like the 6th row, the dc. being worked into the ch. loops.

8 th row.-1 dc., 3 ch., 1 dtr., 3 ch., 1 dtr.,

3 ch., 1 dtr., 3 ch., 1 dtr., 3 ch., 1 dtr. all into the next loop of ch., 3 ch.; repeat from the beginning of the row.

oth row.—1 dc., * 5 ch., 1 dc. into next loop, 5 ch.; repeat from * all along.

Fasten off, join the ends of the crochet neatly and sew the band into place round the edge of the cap.

Frill for White Petticoat

ATERIALS: Peri-Lusta Crochet Thread, No. 50 for rather coarse work, No. 70 for a fine lace and insertion, with a hook No. 4½ or 5, according to whether the work is tightly or loosely done. The main part of the lace is made shortways.

Begin with 59 ch.

ist row.—Miss seven, 1 d.c., then 5 ch.,
miss three, and 1 d.c. four times, 5 ch.,
miss three, 2 tr. seven times.

2nd row.—8 ch., 2 tr. in the first loop, 5 ch. and 2 tr. six times more, then 5 ch. and 1 d.c. five times.

3rd row.—5 ch. and 1 d.c. five times, 5 ch. and 2 tr. seven times.

Repeat the 2nd and 3rd rows for the length required. At the end, turn the work round and carry the following four rows along the upper edge for the heading:

1st row.—I tr., * 2 ch., I tr. into the next loop along the margin:

2nd and 3rd rows.—Turn with 5 ch., 1 tr., 2 ch. and 1 tr. all along, as in the 1st row.

4th row.—2 tr. into every loop of the preceding row, 3 ch. serving for the first tr. of

the row. Fasten

Along the other edge work one row thus: *7 tr. into one of the loops at the margin, 7 ch., catch the last ch. back to the first of the seven tr., and in the loop thus made put 3 d.c., 1 pt. (5 ch. and I ss. into the first ch.), 3 d.c., 1 pt., 3 d.c., 1 pt., 3 d.c.; repeat from all



The Bride's Morning Cap

along. This completes the wide lace for the frill.

Work the wider insertion thus: 30 ch. for foundation.

1st row.—Miss eight, 2 tr., * 5 ch., miss three, 2 tr.; repeat from * three times.

2nd row.—8 ch., 2 tr. into the next loop, * 5 ch., 2 tr. in the next loop; repeat from * three times. Every future row is like the 2nd row till the insertion is long enough.

Along both edges work the following rows:

1st row.—7 tr. into each of the large loops along the edge of the insertion.

2nd row.—I tr. on the first tr. of the group of seven tr., 2 ch., 1 tr. on the fourth tr. of the group, 2 ch., 1 tr. on the last tr.; repeat from the beginning of the row all along.

* 3rd row.—Alternately 3 tr. and 2 tr. into every hole made in the last row.

Work the narrower insertion thus: 20 ch. for foundation.

1st row.—Miss eight, 2 tr., * 5 ch., miss three, 2 tr.; repeat from * once.

2nd row.—8 ch., 2 tr. into the next loop, 5 ch., 2 tr.; repeat from * once.

Repeat the 2nd row for the length required.

NEEDLECRAFT

For mounting with the bands of insertion, some narrow cambric embroidery should be procured, having buttonhole slits for the ribbon. Transfers can easily be procured for such a trimming if the bride-to-be has a fancy for embroidering it herself. Place the narrower insertion at the top, then a band of embroidery, the wider insertion next and so on, the frill, of course, coming along the lower edge. Run the ribbon through the slits in the embroidery, bring the ends out in the same part of the frill and tie them into bows. The centres of these should be secured with a few small stitches so arranged that they can be easily taken away, the bows untied and the ribbon drawn out before being sent to the laundry.

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Yoke and Frill for Combinations

MATERIALS: For a moderately fine trimming, Peri-Lusta, No. 50 provides a suitable thread, with a steel hook $4\frac{1}{2}$. About six yards of ribbon, half an inch wide, are also required.

This yoke is light and lacy-looking and the pattern is easily adapted to any shape and size of figure. If desired, the same design may be employed for camisoles and nightdresses; and with very little trouble it can be worked in strips and mounted with similar bands of crèpe de Chine, voile or muslin. In this way extremely dainty little garments may be made.

The yoke is begun at the lower edge of the back with a foundation of 195 ch.

1st row.—Miss seven, 1 tr., 2 ch., 1 tr.,*
4 ch., miss four, 1 tr., 2 ch., 1 tr.; repeat
from * all along, making 32 pairs of tr. in
all.

2nd row.—5 ch., I tr., 2 ch. and I tr. in first large space, * 4 ch., I tr., 2 ch. and I tr. in next large hole; repeat from * all along.

Work as in 2nd row till twenty-eight rows in all are finished. This is for a deep yoke; it is easy enough to make fewer rows if a shallower shape be preferred.

29th row.—Work as in the 2nd row, but turn when five sets of tr. have been made. Make 64 of these short rows for the shoulder strap.

In the next row, at the neck end of the yoke, make 57 ch. for one half of the front.

Work back on these ch. as on the foundation row of the yoke. Continue thus till there are twenty-eight rows to correspond with those of the back.

Make the opposite front in exactly the same way, taking care to start the extra chain at the neck end of the work.

Finish the edges everywhere, except round the neck, with plain tr., putting 3 tr. into the large holes and 2 tr. into the small ones. In the corner holes make 7 tr. to get the edge to set flat.

The Lace Trimming

POR the LACE round the neck:

1st row.—Begin in the corner tr.
of the front edge, I tr., 2 ch., I tr. in
the first hole, 2 ch., I tr. in same place, *
4 ch., I tr., 2 ch., and I tr. in next large
hole; repeat from * all round. In the
angles, omit the four ch. between the pairs
of tr.

2nd row.—I tr., I ch., I tr., I ch. and I tr. in the first large hole, * I ch., I dtr., I ch.,



A Wide Frill of Lace and Insertion for a White Petticoat

THE QUIVER

I dtr., 3 ch., I dtr., I ch., I dtr. into next large hole, I ch., I tr., I ch., I tr., I ch. and I tr. into next large hole; repeat from *. In the angles, omit the ch. between the

groups of three tr.

3rd row.—I tr., I ch., I tr., I ch. and I tr. over the first group of tr., * 3 ch., I dtr., I ch., I dtr. all in the three ch. between dtr. of last row, 3 ch., I tr. before the three tr., I ch., I tr. in hole between tr., I ch., I tr. in next space, I ch., I tr. after the third tr.; repeat from *. In the angles, after the pairs of dtr. work 3 ch., I dtr. between the groups of three tr. of the preceding row.

4th row.—I d.c. between second and third tr., 3 ch., * I d.c. in next large hole, 5 ch., I d.c. in same place, 3 ch., I d.c. between the groups of dtr., 7 ch., I d.c. in same place, 3 ch., I d.c. in large loop, 5 ch., I d.c. in same place, 3 ch., I d.c. between

The Square Combination Yoke

the second and third tr., 3 ch.; repeat from *. In the angles work 1 d.c., 5 ch. and 1 d.c. on the top of the single dtr. of the last row.

For the SLEEVE work a band of the net pattern as follows:

21 ch.

1st row.—Miss seven, 1 tr., 2 ch., 1 tr., 4 ch., miss four, 1 tr., 2 ch., 1 tr.; repeat from * once.

2nd row.—5 ch., I tr., 2 ch., and I tr. in the first large space, * 4 ch., I tr., 2 ch. and I tr. in next large hole; repeat from * once.

Work as in the 2nd row till the strip measures about fifteen inches in length. The size can easily be altered to suit special figures by making this band longer or shorter.

Fasten off. Bring the last row round to the side of the first few rows of the work and sew the two edges together with a fine needle and thread. When the strip is folded in half the shaping under the arm will be found to set neatly in place. The narrower edge is to be bordered next with tr., 2 tr. being worked in one edge space and 3 tr. in the next and so on all

round.

For the lace margin, work four rows exactly like those round the neck. Through the first of these rows the ribbon has to be threaded, enough being taken to make a natty little bow on the shoulder.

For the KNICKER FRILL:

Begin with 45 ch. and work backwards and forwards as for the sleeve band, making seven pairs of tr. in every row. Continue till the strip measures fifteen inches in length. Sew the two ends to make a circle.

For the FRILL itself:

1st, 2nd and 3rd rounds.—Like the corresponding rows of sleeve.

4th round.—I tr. in ch. loop before the tr. of last round, *I ch., I tr. between next two tr.; repeat from * three times, the last tr. being in the loop after the last tr. of 3rd round, 5 ch., 2 dtr. in ch. between the dtr. of last round, 3 ch., 2 dtr. in same place, 5 ch.; repeat from the beginning of the round.

5th round.—Like the 4th round, but there are six tr. with 1 ch. over the tr. of last round.

6th round.—Like the 5th round, but with seven tr. and ch. In the space between the prs. of dtr. work 2 dtr., 3 ch., 2 dtr., 3 ch., 2 dtr., 3 ch.,

7th round.—8 tr. in the spaces between tr. of last round, and between the dtr. work 2 dtr., 3 ch., 2 dtr., 3 ch., 2 dtr., 3 ch., 2 dtr.

8th round.—9 tr. and ch., then 5 ch. In the first space between dtr. work 2 dtr., 3 ch., 2 dtr., 4 ch., 2 dtr., 5 ch. and repeat from the beginning of the round.

oth round.—Miss three tr., I d.c., 5 ch. and I d.c. in next small sp., 3 ch., miss three tr., I d.c., 5 ch. and I d.c. in next small sp., 3 ch., I d.c., 5 ch. and I d.c. in next loop of ch., 3 ch., I d.c., 5 ch. and I d.c. in next loop of ch., 3 ch., I d.c., 5 ch. and I d.c. between next dtr., 3 ch., I d.c., 5 ch. and I d.c. in next sp., 3 ch., I d.c., 5 ch. and I d.c. in next sp., 3 ch., I d.c., 5 ch. and I d.c. in next sp., 3 ch., I d.c., 5 ch. and I d.c. in sp. between next dtr., 3 ch., I d.c., 5 ch. and I d.c. in sp. between next loop of ch., 3 ch.; repeat from the beginning of the round. Fasten off.

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3 ch.,

When making up this set remember to arrange so that the tr. in the network of the sleeve bands run in the same direction on both arms. This is a small point to be remembered also in making up the knicker frills. More ribbon can easily be used if a second band is desired round the lower edge of the front of the yoke. A second ribbon could also be run through the top edge of the knicker frill.

Yoke for Everyday Camisole

MATERIALS: Feri-Lusta Crochet Thread No. 50, and a fairly fine steel hook. About 134 yards of coloured ribbon three-quarters of an inch wide are also required.

This yoke is intended for a simple camisole for daily use. The pattern is quite easy and can be very quickly worked. The model was arranged to slip over the head, but even a small experience in crochet will enable the worker to make it fasten down the centre of either back or front, if preferred.

Begin at the lower edge with 132 ch., for a medium figure.

1st row.—Miss eight ch., 1 tr., * 6 ch., miss three, 1 tr.; repeat from * all along. 2nd row.—5 ch., 4 tr. in the next loop; * 3 ch., 4 tr. in the next loop; repeat from *

all along, then 2 ch., 1 tr. at the end.

3rd row.—8 ch., 1 tr. between the blocks of tr., * 6 ch., 1 tr. in the next loop; repeat from * all along.

4th row .- 5 ch., 1 tr. in the first loop,



The Knicker and Sleeve Frill-



-for the Combination Set

* 6 ch., 1 tr.; repeat from * all along and finish with 2 ch., 1 tr. in the last loop.

5th row.—8 ch., 1 tr. in the first large loop, * 6 ch., 1 tr. in the next loop; repeat from *.

Work now from the beginning of the 2nd row till there are nineteen rows altogether; that is, the pattern is finished with the first row of loops after treble grps.

20th row.—5 ch., 1 tr., 6 ch. and 1 tr. five times, 2 ch., and 1 tr. at the end.

21st row.—8 ch., 1 tr., then 6 ch. and 1 tr. five times.

22nd row. -6 sets of tr. as usual,

23rd row.-8 ch., 1 tr., then five loops of 6 ch. and 1 tr.

Continue thus till seventeen rows of tr, grps, can be counted. Finish with a row of holes after the tr.

The SHAPED PART of the front is next to be made.

1st slanting row.—5 ch., 1 tr., 4 holes, then 2 ch. and 1 tr.

2nd row.-5 holes in the usual way.

3rd row .- 4 grps, of tr.

4th row .- 4 holes.

5th row.—5 ch., 1 tr., 2 holes, 2 ch., 1 tr. at end.

6th row. -8 ch., 1 tr., 2 holes.

7th row .- 2 grps.

8th row. -8 ch., 1 tr., 6 ch., 1 tr.

oth row .- 5 ch., 1 tr., 6 ch., 1 tr.

10th row.—8 ch., 1 tr. to finish the point. For the SECOND SIDE of yoke: Work to correspond with the first shoulder strap,

THE QUIVER

fasten off after the row of six holes, and begin again at the other end of the last row. Work as above for the slanting end.

Work a row of ch. and 2 dtr. in the side loops along the slanting edges to straighten them, then carry a row of ordinary tr. round the outer edge (the armhole), round the points and up to the beginning of the neck; three tr. will be enough in each hole. trimming is arranged for a bodice that fastens down the back, and it covers only the front and shoulders.

Begin every wheel with a ring of to ch, 1st round.—Work 24 dc. into the ring. 2nd round.—1 dc. on the first dc., * 5 ch., miss one, 1 dc.; repeat from * all round.

3rd round.—1 dc. in centre of first loop, 5 ch., 1 dc. in the next loop; repeat from

* all round, 5 ch., 1 ss. at end.

4th round.—Like the 3rd. There should be twelve loops in each round.

5th round.—* 4 dc., 1 pt. (that is, 5 ch. and 1 ss. in the preceding dc.); repeat from * into every loop. Make thirty-eight of these wheels.

To JOIN the wheels:
Begin with the six
wheels down the
centre, joining 2 pts.
on two sides of every
wheel, thus leaving
four free pts. on each
edge between the
linking.

For the neckband link eight wheels on

each side of the top one of the six already joined. The first four wheels on each side are caught together by two pts. facing each other and thus leaving four free pts. on each side. The fifth wheel has only three pts. left free, the sixth has four free pts., the seventh has three, and, of course, the eighth wheel has ten free pts. in all.

When both neck pieces have thus been joined, seventeen wheels have been used for the neck. The next downward row of four wheels has the circles joined by 2 pts. to one another and to the next wheel of neckband. Down the front band first made one picot is left free, two are joined, one left free, three joined, one left free, two joined, one left free, and two are joined.

The next row, down from the neckband, consists of three wheels. In the second of these, two pts. are joined to the preceding wheel of the front instead of three, and the fourth is so joined that there are no free pts. on the inner edge, but eight pts. are left all round the outer edge.

The next wheel is by itself, and is joined



Crochet Top for an Everyday Camisole

Carry the following three rows along the margin of the neck:

1st row.—1 tr. in the first hole after the slanting front, 4 ch., 2 dtr. in next hole, *3 ch., 2 dtr. in the next hole; repeat from * all along, finishing with 1 tr. at the beginning of the slope. This row is intended to hold the ribbon.

2nd row.—I dc., * then in next loop of ch. work 1 dtr., 3 ch., 1 dtr., 3 ch., 1 dtr., 3 ch., 1 dtr., 3 ch., 1 dtr., 1 dc. in next loop of ch.; repeat from * all along.

3rd row.-5 ch. and 1 dc. into every ch. loop all along.

Wheel of Fortune Trimming

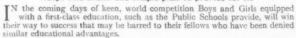
(For Camisole or Front of Jumper)

OR a camisole front use Peri-Lusta Crochet Thread No. 50, and a few sizes coarser for a jumper. For the latter purpose a smaller number of wheels will be needed, fifteen, or even thirteen, being quite sufficient for the neckband. The

Your Boys & Girls

GIVE THEM THE BENEFIT OF THE BEST EDUCATION YOU CAN AFFORD

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method of setting aside a proportion of your income, such as you can conveniently afford.

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(with Glycerine)

is a skin emollient comp special ingredients which emollient composed of the delicate skin tissues and effectively remove and prevent all roughness, redness, chaps, etc. A little of Beetham's La-rola rubbed into the face and hands night and morning keeps the skin and complexion in perfect condition and imparts an exquisite sense of freshness and cleanliness. Keep a bottle in your bathroom, and use it regularly night and morning, then you need never worry about your complexion.

La-rola is quite economical at 1/3, 2/3, and 3/- per bottle, because it goes a long way. It is so good that all Chemists sell it.

ENGLAND.

may be greatly IM-PROVED by just a touch of "La-rola Rose Bloom," which gives a perfectly natural tint to the checks. No one can tell it is artificial. It gives THE BEAUTS. M. BEETHAM & SON, CHELTENHAM SPA,

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ALEXANDER GRANT, Secretary.



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NEEDLECRAFT

to the third wheel, counting from the centre of the neckband, by two pts., then there is one free, and two are joined. There are seven free pts. in all in this wheel.

The second side of the front must be arranged so as to correspond exactly with the first side.

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Now border the trimming with the following rows, beginning in the fourth picot of the first wheel of the neckband at the lower edge.

1st row.—1 dtr., 5 ch., 1 dc. in the next pt., 5 ch., 1 dc. in the next pt., 5 ch., 1 dtr. in the next pt., 5 ch.; repeat from the beginning twice, then 1 dtr., 5 ch., 1 dc., 5 ch., 1 dc., 5 ch., 1 tr., 5 ch., 1 dtr. into

the five free pts. of next wheel, work as before into the free pts. of the next wheel, 5 ch., 1 fivefold tr. (cotton five times round the hook) into the linking of next two wheels, 5 ch., 1 dtr. in the solitary free pt. of next wheel 5 ch., 1 dc., 5 ch., 1 dc., 5 ch., 1 dc., 5 ch., 1 tr. in next pt., 5 ch., 1 tr. in same place, 5 ch., 1 dc., 5 ch., 1 dc., 5 ch., 1 dc., 5 ch., 1 dtr., 3 ch. and 1 dtr. in next pt. (the single one on next wheel), 5 ch., 1 dc., 5 ch., 1 dc., 5 ch., 1 dc., 5 ch., 1 dc., 5 ch., 1 ttr. on joining, 5 ch. and 1 dc. three times, 5 ch., 1 tr., 5 ch. and 1 tr. into same pt. as last tr., 5 ch. and 1 dc. twice, 5 ch., 1 tr. 5 ch., 1 tr., 5 ch. and 1 dc. twice, 5 ch. and 1 tr. twice, 5 ch., 1 dc., 5 ch., 1 tr., 5 ch., 1 tr. into same pt. as last tr., 5 ch. and 1 dc. twice 5 ch. 1 tr., 5 ch., * 1 fivefold tr. in single free pt. of next wheel, 5 ch. and 1 tr. twice,

5 ch., 1 dc., 5 ch., 1 tr., 5 ch. and 1 tr. into next pt., 5 ch. and 1 dc. twice, 5 ch., 1 tr., 5 ch., 1 tr. into same pt., 5 ch., 1 dc., 5 ch. and 1 tr. twice, 5 ch., 1 five-fold tr. Now work backwards from * along the second side of the trimming. The work is easily checked by that already done along the first part of this row.

2nd row.—1 tr., 2 ch., 1 tr., 2 ch., 1 tr. all into first ch. loop, * 2 ch., 1 tr., 2 ch. and 1 tr.; repeat from * to the loop before the first five-fold tr., omit the ch. between tr. above this long tr., work on as from * till the first pair of tr. in a point. In this loop put 1 tr., 2 ch., 1 tr., 2 ch., 1 tr., 2 ch.,

I tr. Work on to the next pair of long tr. in an angle, omit ch. between tr. above these two stitches, omit the ch. again in next angle, work on as usual, make the four tr. in the point and so continue up to the other end of the neckband.

3rd row.—1 tr., 2 ch., 1 tr., then 2 ch. and 1 tr. into every hole made by ch. of the preceding row. Omit the ch. between tr. wherever these were left out in the preceding row, and increase in the points by working 1 tr., 2 ch., 1 tr., 2 ch., 1 tr., 2 ch. and 1 tr. into the centre hole in the corners of the 2nd row.

4th row.-6 dc. (2 in each space made by two chain), 7 ch.; repeat from the



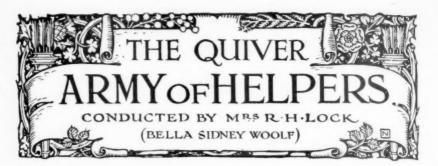
The "Wheel of Fortune" Trimming

beginning of the row. Fasten cotton off.
Along the inner edge of the trimming work as follows:

1st row.—1 dtr., 5 ch., 1 dc., 5 ch., 1 dc., 5 ch., 1 dtr., 5 ch.; repeat from the beginning of the row, but only work 5 ch. and 1 dc. once in those wheels in which there are but three free pts.

2nd row.—1 tr., 2 ch., 1 tr. in each of the next three loops, 2 ch. between each pair. In the 5 ch. between two dtr. only make 2 ch., 1 tr., 2 ch.

3rd row.—2 dc. in first loop of ch., 1 dc., 5 ch., 1 dc. in next loop; repeat from the beginning of the row all along.



"Beneath the canopy of the skies roam I night and day."-Tahir (A Persian Saint).

Bibby Line, s.s. Lancashire, Off Gibraltar.

MY DEAR HELPERS,—Just before I left home I found the following notes, written on a voyage home at the end of 1913—and the strange significance of the last words, with the world war as yet undreamt of by ordinary mortals like myself, makes me feel it is worth while setting them down:

Before the War

Last night there was a concert in the saloon. Puny men sang robust songs, and robust men sang puny lyrics. There were recitations, humorous and pathetic, but alike depressing. Amongst all the mediocrity there was one man who could play well. I could hear him from outside, so I sat on the boat deck as far as possible from the lights and the robust men's voices. And when it was all over and the audience had streamed away, the man at the piano just drifted from one melody to another. No one came to my corner in the shadow. I could feel the fresh salt air on my face, and could hear the rushing water under the keel as we breasted the blue night.

The man at the piano played Schumann's "Arabesque." It makes me think of the snowdrops bursting green sheaths, and of pale almond blossom against the sky, and the trembling spring sunshine on the swaying heads of daffodils. And yet the melody wove itself into the onward flight of the ship, and the creaking of the yards, and the water rushing beneath the keel. Then the player's fingers drifted into the love-duet from "Samson et Dalila," and all the vague joy

of things faded away into longing, into nostalgia.

We were signalling a ship, I could see the long line of yellow saloon lights, and the green starboard light, and the signal light at the masthead. It palpitated as the signal was spelt out, slowly, laboriously. It added to the mystery around us—this voiceles message—ships that pass in the night. What was the message from one to the other? Something trivial, no doubt. Some incident of the voyage or some strange weather encountered. The night was still.

There was a step on the deck-the captain.

"Alone?" he said. "Were you at the concert?"

"I listened to it from here," I answered
"Tell me, please, what was that ship?"

" A German."

"And what were they signalling?"
He paused a moment.

"The captain was dead."

In this world of unreality, of slipping water and rapturous love-songs, and stars in a sapphire sky, there suddenly leapt up Death—grim, merciless.

" Death-Grim, Merciless "

The purser on the good ship Lancashire sits in a snug little office beside a large safe. He is cheery and genial, with a twinkle in his eye, and the patience of Job. And one morning I found him disengaged for ten minutes, and we had a chat.

"I remember your face," he said. "You came home on the Oxfordshire in 1912. We've seen some strange things since then."

"Strange and terrible," I said.

"You're right. When war broke out we were sent up to Scapa Flow—we'd been four days out and turned back, and all the

" THE QUIVER " ARMY OF HELPERS

passengers landed. Then right-about-turn, and ready to take off the wounded from the Fleet. But there was 'nothing doing,' so we went off to France, and were all through that show of the first winter."

"A pretty bad time, too," I said.

"Ghastly. After a while one got accustomed to the stream of mutilated men brought on board, but at first"—he broke off.

"People forget so soon," I replied.
"Yesterday I heard a pretty, well-dressed woman discoursing cheerfully in the saloon on the next war. She prophesied that it would come in a few years and would be 'far worse than the last.' I felt positively murderous as I watched her smug, smiling face. It was evident the war had left her unscathed."

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"You're right," he said. "She never saw our men brought to the ship straight from the trenches, frozen stiff with gangrene set in. I've seen our nurses—splendid women—attending hour upon hour to these men, torn and agonised, and some of them—the women, I mean—sea-sick. The old saying best fits it: 'First you think you'll die, and then you're afraid you won't.' Women like that helped to win the war, not your smiling party in the saloon."

The Hottest Spot on Earth

"And where did you go next?" I said
"Mespot. That was a time. It's the
hottest spot on earth, the Persian Gulf.
Temperature 130°, and below it was 140°;
the engineers could only do an hour at a
time. We had to stop the ship and turn
her round to get a breath of air. Couldn't
go up the Euphrates—too big a ship. So
they brought the wounded to us in barges,
My word! You should have seen them!"

Someone came in and interrupted him, and when the intruder had gone he re-

"Where was I? Had we gone to 'German East'?"

" No, you were in Mesopotamia."

"Oh-I know--"

But a batch of six passengers arrived, all asking questions simultaneously, so I said:

"I'll come back later," and made room for the multitude.

Still, I had heard sufficient to realise something of what the ship and her company

had passed through and seen in those days when the shadow of Death brooded over the world and so many thousands of the bravest and the best laid down their lives in foreign fields.

The "Old Order"

And now we are once more back in the old order of things, outwardly at least. To-day there is a cloudless sky above us, a good wind behind us, a blue sea beneath our keel. After the first two days of rough weather and discomfort everyone emerged smiling on deck, recognising old friends in many cases, basking in the sunshine. Within a few days the normal ship's life is in full swing: the brisk walk round the damp deck in the early morning, the long lazy morning in a deck-chair, reading, chatting or writing—the games of skittles aft, the bridge players in the saloon, the dancers gyrating on deck after dinner.

It is an interesting study—this community of 300 souls. One is never tired of watching them and listening to the scraps of conversation that float one's way. There is a majority of old travellers—men and women who have spent the greater part of their lives out East, with daughters married there, and sons "in the Service." Their talk is a freemasonry—of strange Eastern

names and Eastern phrases. My table companion has done thirty-five voyages. Then there are many brides and bridegrooms, and the older people and the lonely people cast reminiscent or wistful glances at them as they pace the deck in couples or gaze at the sunset with happy eyes. There are young men going out to posts in the East, commercial, "police," and military. There are fiancées going out to be married, and there are unattached girls going out to stay with brothers. And last, but not least, there are numberless couples with a baby or two, and there on the lower deck is a veritable " crêche." Here the " ayahs," resplendent in their gay draperies, croon to the babies lying in Japanese baskets, and anxious mothers keep an eye on obstreperous youngsters who seem bent on self-destruc-

A strange little world this. On the surface all is almost as it used to be, but some bear outward scars and some inward wounds. There are three young men who have lost

THE QUIVER

an arm-they are among the cheeriest. There was never a time in which sacrifice was made so cheerfully. It is strange to hear the big grumbles over trifles that some folk can conjure up.

As for the inward wounds-those that bleed and ache all one's life-there are many among these three hundred souls who follow

Hafiz' advice:

" Meet life with a laughing lip even though with a bleeding heart, and though thou art wounded do not lament like a lute."

Next to me sits a tall, sweet-faced woman with grey hair. Her lips smile, but if you look at her eyes, they are full of haunting sorrow. She lost her son, her only child, in the war. His miniature hangs round her neck, painted when he was a child. I often watch her hand steal up to it, and she looks out, with unutterable sorrow in her eyes, across the sea back to the years when the days were filled with the music of a child's voice. Then someone will come up to her, and her hand picks up the knitting that was lying idly in her lap, and she answers cheerfully:

"'Gib.' in sight. Yes, of course, I'll come."

And I must leave my chat with you for a while and watch Gibraltar rising out of the sea, until the wonderful golden rock stands out clearly in the sunlight. . . .

Silver Thimble Fund Another "Quiver" Bed

I have some very pleasing news regarding the Silver Thimble Fund which arrived just before I sailed. (I am hoping to hear equally good news of all our enterprises when I reach Colombo.) Miss Hope-Clarke's letter will tell you all about it:

Dec. 26th, 1919.

MY DEAR MRS. LOCK,—Let me hasten to tell you the good news. There is going to be a Quiver Bed in the "Women of the Empire Memorial Hostel for Seamen." That is to say, the last collection sent in has been valued at £57 17s. 6d.: Saleable items £45 12s. 6d., Silver £85s, Gold £4; Total £57 17s. 6d. I should like to thank one of your contributors who was most generous, and whose handsome collection of gifts realised the greater part of the amount the of gifts realised the greater part of the amount, the Honble. Mrs. Gordon. We feel that with only [102 28.6 d. more to come, the dear "Quiper Army of Helpers" is going to have a room! There were 48 thimbles, which strikes me as very remarkable, considering we have now collected nearly 60,000 worn-out thimbles. There can't be many more left. But it will amuse you to know I said the same thing after the first 1.000.

With our sincere thanks and congratulations, believe me,-Yours very sincerely H. E. HOPE-CLARKE.

P.S .- You will like to know that about £70,000 has already been raised towards the £150,000 needed for the "Memorial Hostel." An ideal site has been secured, and the plans of the buildings passed. It only remains to make a great effort to complete it as soon as possible.

Meanwhile, I can only wish all your other philanthropic schemes may meet with the same substantial success as your appeal for the "Silver Thimble Fund."

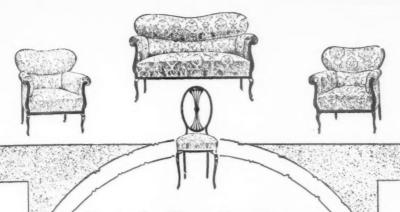
Growing Success

It is a truism that success breeds success and I feel sure that this unexpectedly speedy realisation of our hopes will spur us on to complete our work for the Hostel. Please send gifts of all kinds to enable us to have a QUIVER Room. All that we can do is little enough in comparison with the debt we owe the men of the Merchant Service who faced unutterable peril night and day throughout those four and a half years of war that we might have food and safety. Just one example of what they suffered for us-I believe I told you the story before, but new readers may not have seen it. In the early part of 1917, s.s. Sugamore was torpedoed in the North Atlantic, and the seventeen men aboard were abandoned in an open boat. Twelve died from exposure, and the remaining five were picked up by a passing steamer, but so grievously had they suffered from frostbite that all had to have their lower limbs amoutated. That this is one of hundreds of similar stories may be gathered from the fact that the Germans murdered at sea 15,000 non-combatant British seamen. Yet not one torpedoed seaman was known to refuse to sign on again.

It is difficult fully to grasp the extent of such heroism as these statements imply, but we cannot help feeling overwhelmingly proud to have such countrymen-and then so grateful to them that we eagerly part with something-or, better still, many things-to ensure a memorial to the gallant dead, and the wealth of comfort and recreation for those who survive that the Sailors' Hostel will supply.

Kind Friends

I am glad to say that the lady with a delicate husband and several children and very small means found a very kind friend through THE QUIVER, who sent her such



Dainly Drawing Rooms

No other room offers such scope for the display of artistic taste in furnishing-and at no other house can that taste be satisfied so easily.

The dainty designs exhibited at Smarts are immediately suggestive of charming effects, and closer examination reveals the solidity and strength which underlie their pleasing appearance. Smarts' New Booklet will give you some idea of the advantages of buying your furniture direct from the original designers and manufacturers. It will also show you how easily you can enjoy immediate possession of any furniture you need without paying cash, without paying more, and without needless formality.

Write for this Booklet to-day.



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HOLLOWAY, N. 7.-w. and it Seven Suders Road,
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In The Pink

"THE QUIVER" ARMY OF HELPERS

beautiful things that their Christmas was like a fairy tale. In the course of a delightfully happy letter she wrote:

I can't quite realise it. It scarcely seems credible-We are all in a perfect whirl of excitement.

The shell-shock soldier whom I mentioned also found a kind friend through The Quiver. This lady spoke about him to her brotherin-law, who has offered him a well-paid job—a priceless boon in these days. She also sent him a splendid outfit of clothes, and I need hardly say that he was delighted. It makes one very glad to find that there are some people who realise what we owe to the men who risked and sacrificed everything for us.

There was also a splendid response to the appeal in "Lily's" letter which I quoted in the February number. One lady offered to send her The Quiver every month, which will be the greatest joy to her, and others offered back numbers and other magazines and books. They may feel sure that their gifts are appreciated.

Books Still Welcome

I had a request for books from Miss Shirley, who also bears great suffering most patiently, and books are welcome in other quarters as well, so readers need not think we have enough literature if they find anything suitable on their shelves,

Spring-cleaners, please Note

The daughter of the head mistress of a school in a very poor district of Hampshire, to whom we sent gifts for the Christmas tree, wrote me a kind letter:

I am writing for my mother to tell you what a great success our little entertainment proved. During the interval we had a collection for St. Dunstan's, and we collected 16s. The children thoroughly enjoyed themselves, and said they had never had such a treat before. Mother is most grateful for your kind help, and if at any time you should have any books or clothes we should be most grateful for them.

There are twenty-three children on the books, so a good many clothes could be utilised.

Pieces are still welcome. Miss Violet Methley writes:

Thanks so much for the parcels of pieces which arrived yesterday. We can still make very good use of them—especially the fur!

By the same post came a kind offer of more pieces of fur which was gladly accepted.

Miss Abeille, c/o the Hon. P. Cranstoun, Hurst Hill House, via Freshwater Station, Isle of Wight, would be glad to finish any unfinished scrapbooks, and would also be grateful for Christmas cards; readers are asked to send these direct to Miss Abeille.

An Appreciated Gift

Mrs. Lowe, whose interesting letter about "Edward," the poor invalid boy, appeared some time ago, sends more news of him:

"Edward's" chair is in use now, and he is very pleased with it, and when the weather permits and he is well enough he gets out in it. But I think what he likes most is the rug we made with your wools. He is most careful with it, and when not using it puts it on his bed.

We can still make use of wool.

Orders for Mr. George Dalton

There have been many kind gifts sent for Mr. Dalton, who suffers from tuberculosis, and is in a Home at Torquay, but the orders for his needle-books have fallen off somewhat lately. Baby ribbon, pieces of silk, and satin and flannel, and embroidery silks—and orders—bring a great deal of pleasure to this brave invalid.

Mr. Dalton was extremely interested in "R. H. V.'s" reference to him in his younger days in the January issue, and most grateful for his kind gift, and would be very glad if the writer would reveal his identity to him.

I should like to quote the following very kind and much appreciated letter:

I have been a reader of The Quiver for many years, and would like to do some little thing to make Mr. George Dalton's life a little brighter. I have no odd ribbon or velvet, being just a working woman with a family of boys and not able to do very much, but I just was wondering if he would like the British Weekly sent him as my little mite of help. We do not have much of this world's goods, but my family all have splendid health, for which I am so grateful. This small enclosure will help to get some little thing for him.

Welcome Visitors

A reader at Paignton kindly wrote offering to visit Mr. Dalton, and another asked me for Alfred Martin's address in order that her friend's father, with whom she was staying, might, when his own health allows him to do it, have a chat with this brave lad.

Alfred has now been removed to the Cottage Hospital, Haywards Heath. The hospital is only ten minutes from the station.

THE QUIVER

Remember Reedham

The "House on the Hill" has received some welcome contributions from The QUIVER helpers, but many more are needed.

A Large Postbag

Many welcome gifts, letters, etc., were received from:

Mrs, Nicholson, Miss H. M. Dabell, Miss I. G. Grice, Mr. W. E. Clogg, "A. W. S.," Mrs. Pettit, "A West Cumberland Reader of The Quiver," Miss Gray, Miss E. Roe, Miss May Taylor, Miss Evershed, Miss Helen M. Hart, Miss Eagles, Mrs. Dallasby, Miss Palin, A. Hagyard, Mrs. Beaumont, Miss N. Sparham,

Miss McWhirter, Mrs. Story, "A Sincere Admirer of the British Sailor (Wales)," Miss Joan Milne, Mrs. G. L. Vincent, A. Fox, Miss M. Day, Miss E. Smith, Mrs. John H. Balfour, J. F. Mackay, "X. Y. Z.," "W. D. E.," Miss M. Dean, Miss Emily Brightman, "R." (Snowdon), "Mother of a Brave Scotch Canadian," Mrs. Fyley, Miss Puckle, Mrs. Penn, Mrs. G. S. Perry, Miss E. D. Edwards, Miss Hawkins, "Lebeth St. Edmundsbury," Mrs. J. G. Hamlet, Miss Lefevre, "S.," Mrs. Wardley, Miss Milward, Mrs. Newing, Miss Herbert, Miss Grace Lowe, Mrs. Lowen, Mrs. Mewing, Miss M. Ritson, Mrs. J. D. White, Miss Hitch, Miss V. Kelsey, Mrs. Hanchet (a reader of The Quiver for over thirty years), Mrs. Bridges. of THE QUIVER for over thirty years), Mrs. Bridges.

> Yours sincerely, BELLA SIDNEY WOOLF (MRS. R. H. LOCK).

"The Quiver" **Parliament**

" Education " and

" The Woman who Works"

The Prize of £1 1s. offered for the best letter on "The Woman who Works" has been awarded to Miss Dora Shewring for her letter in the April Issue.

Has Education Failed?

EAR SIR,—Education has failed because we have grown too soft. The up-to-date infant school, the new Council school, with its most recent innovations, so far from helping to cultivate the youthful imagination, to my mind only On the surface it encourages originality; underneath it leaves the majority of children more than ever dependent on outside resources.

Which child has the greater imagination-he who with a tray of sand in front of him for shore and a sailing ship he has modelled out of paper in his hand, ready to sail on the ocean (ready provided to his hand in the form of a tank filled with water), or he who, with an empty soap-box on the nursery or kitchen floor, is content to play, quite convinced that his box is a White Star liner

Would Stevenson, or Ruskin, or Shakespeare himself have been eleverer had they learnt to read by the new combined "syllable" system of sounds

To confuse work with play, to strive always to combine the two, is, in my opinion, wrong.
BETTY S. MAXWELL.

What Education has Done

DEAR SIR, -May I, as a teacher who has had over ten years' experience, take the opportunity to deny stoutly your contributor's idea that the increased cost of education is not, financially speaking, a sound investment and that education has failed?

It would appear that Mr. Brooke has no first-hand knowledge of educational methods, and that he judges them from distorted results that he has heard accrue. It would be wiser to deal first with heard accrue. It would be wiser to use a large with personal experience—he seems to refrain entirely from any such thing. Has he had no employees of any sort from whom he has learnt anything?

I have taught in public elementary schools and in high-class schools, in cottage and in castle, and in high-class schools, in cottage and in castle, and

I may say that I have never found that money

spent on the teacher's own training, the various school appliances, and the buildings, has been a penny too much; generally, on the other hand, far too little. Every pound spent on convenient buildings, up-to-date books, etc., adds far more than its material worth to the child's health and intelligence

I take it that Mr. Brooke is referring principally to the results of public elementary education. he any conception of the working classes' enforced mode of living before 1870-the date when such education may be said to have commenced? Does he realise the enormous advantages they have won, and dearly won, for themselves in such a slot period by the help of this education? Certainly it has made them "happier, more prosperous less dependent upon others"—are we not constantly hearing how independent everyone is getting? Does he realise how their better training has helped to make the enormous strides that have been made in every department of knowledge during the last twenty years, or how much they have done to win the war by their patient co-operation with the socalled better educated classes? Does he realise how many have risen to the highest positions, and how much has thus been gained by the State? Does he realise that until the new Education Bill becomes workable none but a very few have the opportunity of continuing their studies after fourteenthe age when children of more favoured classes are just beginning to understand that the drudgery of lessons is past and a wonderful field of know-ledge is open to them if they will walk in it? How many of these poorer children have had to become wage-earners at this age with but very little prospect of really learning a trade? Can it be said that it is the fault of education that we are faced with a host of unskilled workers and a serious lack of skilled ones? Surely it is the lack of education

Granted that office boys now seem very incompetent at first, but has Mr. Brooke noted the marvelous improvement they soon show? Has he remem-

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STAYRES

bered they used to be drawn from the class that now sends its best to all parts of the world to till and irrigate the vast new lands that must be pre-pared for the world's sustenance? Again, Mr. Brooke complains of a "smattering" of subjects. Surely he realises the correlation of subjects, and that fresh knowledge gained in any direction merely adds to the sum!

adds to the sun?

Education may be partly the cause of the industrial unrest of the present day, but surely that unrest is justified by the appalling conditions of unrest is justified by the appalling conditions of labour before the war. Nothing worth having is obtained without a struggle, and we are struggling for better conditions of life, so that we shall have time to study and appreciate the wonderful gifts we may enjoy in this world and prepare for an adaptability to pursue our studies in a higher exist-

Dealing with the question of religion in schools. Children, as well as adults, demand the real thing. No church is empty where the parishioners clearly see the fruits of the Spirit in the everyday life of their clergyman; no school is without incalculable influence where those same fruits are seen in the teachers'

Your contributor next quotes a farmer. Can we take any notice of any English farmer's opinion? Does not his farming nearly always show an entire lack of method and a most abominable waste of land and opportunity? Men, even to-day, need

good leaders to make the best of themselves.

Education may aim at a "ridiculous height,"
but those who have the actual work to do know

how slowly and painstaking the child has to be helped up the first rungs of the ladder.

Mr. Brooke fails to observe that the children whom he likens to "patches of barren ground" are being gradually weeded out from the ordinary schools and sent to special ones where they can be taught to be useful in some way to the com-

I have tried to deal with Mr. Brooke's points in his own order. I trust he will read my letter and become a little more optimistic upon this wide and important subject.—Yours truly, RAY DUDENEY.

The Woman who Works

DUAR SIR,—I have read with great interest the ticle in your magazine entitled: "The Woman DEAR SIR,—I have read with great interest the article in your magazine entitled: "The Woman who Works—What will Happen to her at Fifty?"

As I belong to the great Army of Women Typists, your article appeals to me, and I gladly avail myself from infitting to see and lyon a fow of my thoughts. of your invitation to send you a few of my thoughts on the subject.

You are right in saying that, so far, the salaries paid to women workers have not left them much margin to provide for the times of sickness that fall to their lot occasionally, much less for the years that are slowly creeping on, the approach of which raises a problem that should be seriously and ear-

nestly faced.

If we want to be able to look forward to a pension or annuity when we can no longer continue our usual labours we must set about the right way to get it, and many a woman could spare, and would gladly pay, a small sum weekly to the State for that pur-

I say the "State" advisedly, because firstly:
women would have more faith in it than in any of the great insurance companies, and secondly: that, worked in conjunction with the National Health Insurance Scheme, to which many of them already belong, it could be done with very little extra trouble

I do not say that the State should take the matter

That should be done by the most clever and skilful business women amongst us, and the whole thing offered to the Government as a profitable business concern that it would pay them to take over.

If something of the kind is not done, in a few years time the Chancellor of the Exchequer will be called upon to dole out weekly pittances—not enough to keep body and soul together—to women who, if properly appealed to, would have willingly contributed that which would have turned the pauper's dole into a decent competence.

I feel sure too that the business men of the present day would be only too glad to see started a scheme by which women, many of whom have helped them during the trying years of the Great War, could look forward to a time of well-earned rest and com-

fort.

And now, dear Mr. Editor, it is not the first time you have tried to start the ball rolling, and you deserve the thanks not of one only but of all your women readers. Would that we could sound the Clarion Call loud enough to awaken them to the importance of the subject! LILIAN A. ŜMITH.

In the Hands of Parents

DEAR SIR,—The economic security of woman, in my opinion, lies largely in the hands of parents, and is based on the intelligent education by them

of both their sons and daughters.

I will limit myself here to the case of the middle-

class woman

The usual system of bringing up boys and girls is ludicrous when viewed through modern spectacles, and with an understanding of modern economic conditions.

The males of the family are encouraged by their parents to look upon their women as unable (or too women, on their side, too often accept the rôle of "parasite" in one or other of its camouflaged forms. The effect of this upbringing is bound to be felt

economically

Men are trained to believe that women are not equal to responsibility, and that if they are put into a position of trust, in some way they will fail

And, broadly speaking, this attitude is justified. The early training of the average middle-class woman has not yet fitted her for responsibility in any large

Comparatively speaking (for there are many exceptions) she lacks initiative, very seldom takes a sporting chance, and as a rule is a mixture of diffidence and fears. But what else can one expect-logically?

She has been taught for centuries to depend on outside help for her maintenance, and very rarely, even now, is she expected to stand firmly on her own feet, and make her own way in life. Her training in no way fits her to keep herself in the same degree of comfort as her brothers expect as their right.

For these reasons she helps to swell the ranks of the "under-dogs" of the business world, and being badly paid she has very little chance of saving for

a rainy day, or against old age

This class of woman, as her birthright, should have her inherent initiative developed in her during the impressionable years of her life, and in this way she would have a chance of succeeding in a financial

In my opinion, no form of insurance, no form of legacy, would reach the trouble. The disease is mental, and the cure lies in the hands of parents. If they really love their children they will train them up as individuals, and give them equal rights and equal opportunities quite irrespective of their sex.



POR the May literary competition I am going to ask my readers to write an essay on "Friendship," into which I should like them to introduce, if possible, personal experiences of their own or of other people. I specially do not want just a literary causerie built up from a few general statements. Treat the subject intimately rather, and sift it through and through until you get to its real value and true meaning. Prize for seniors (over 18) Ten Shillings, and for juniors (18 and under) a Book.

A Further Discussion

The question that I intend to ask readers to discuss through these pages this month is one which I think should strongly apper I to them: "Which has the greater influence on the child, its home life or school life?" For the best replies received a prize of Ten Shillings will go to the senior division, and a Book prize to the juniors.

Rules for Competitors

 All work must be original, and must be certified as such by the competitor. In the case of literary competitions work must be written on one side of the paper only.

 Competitor's name, age and address must be clearly written upon each entry—not enclosed on a separate sheet of paper. All loose pages must be pinned together.

 Pseudonyms are not allowed, and not more than one entry may be submitted by one competitor for each competition,

4. No entry can be returned unless accompanied by a fully stamped and directed envelope large enough to contain it. Brown paper and string, wrappers, and stamps unaccompanied by envelope are insufficient.

 All entries must be received at this office by May 25, 1920. They should be addressed "Competition Editor," The QUIVER, La "Jelle Sauvage, Ludgate Hill, London, E.C.4.

A Special Art Competition

For our next special art competition I have decided to ask you to illustrate one of Shakespeare's plays: "A Midsummer Night's Dream." I should like the illustration to be in colour, not black-and-white, and of course the painting must be the competitor's original work. The prize in this instance will be, for the seniors (over 18), Two Guineas, and for the juniors (18 and under), One Guinea. The closing date for receiving entries will be the 23rd August next; otherwise the rules given above must be adhered to.

Results of the February Competitions

Literary

" AN ADVENTURE STORY"

Quite a splendid number of stories were received in connexion with the February competition, many of which were quite well carried out.

In the senior division the prize is awarded to Miss Elinor W. Francklyn, whose story is printed below.

ON THE LAP OF THE GOD

"I say, Grig," observed The Dipper, with a wile vawn, that he took no pains to conceal, "this is the slowest hole of all,"

"Why there's no end of amusement," remarkel Grigson, carefully examining his rifle, "Think of the loyous time we had last night with those beats of lions. . . ."

of lious, ..."
"Pooh!" snorted The Dipper, "the tragic look of the Boss was more amusing. For weeks we have trekked lious, with absolutely no luck. Then when a beastly old hippo has sent our belongings to the bottom of the river, and hopelessly mined on precious films, we run into a horde of lious, who are out to give us an African night's entertainment, and we haven't the wherewithal to transform the tawny forms into pictures. Imagine that great

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COMPETITION PAGES

beast standing over that old ox and roaring defiantly at us . . . the flare of the blazing brands as the terrified niggers flung them at the brute; how they flashed against the blue black of the sky. It would

nasned against the base made a splendid picture."

"Yes, and you call it slow," interrupted Grigson.

"Well, it isn't business, and we are kicking our heels until Jones brings up a fresh supply from our reserve stock. By the time he arrives we'll have shot all the lions, or they'll have killed us."

Grigson laid down his rifle with a laugh. never saw such a fellow for meeting trouble half way. If you particularly want something to do you can come with me. I'm bent on exploring that old ruin Joseph told us about."

"The one the niggers are so scared of? I'm ready, Anything for movement, Anything special to be found in the ruin?"

Nothing at all except the ghosts of some beasts. White creatures that wander through the ruins. Albinos, I expect. That's what I want to find out. A film 'featuring' white brutes lurking in the shadows of a ruin would make a good picture."

"You're much more likely to meet the mate of the lion you killed last night. The Boss was saying the niggers believe that if a mate of a maneless lion is killed by anyone, the male lion will track him down until he gets a chance of killing him. You're in for it, according to all accounts."
"I'll take the risks," laughed Grigson. "Come

Joseph will guide us, although be declines to enter the ruin, but will wait until we return."

The two set off accompanied by Joseph, who professed to be an Egyptian, but might have been anything that was tall and bamboo coloured, while three boys, carrying rifles, brought up the rear. The way lay over a plain covered with scattered trees and a low growth of reeds, with here and there masses of reddish rock that afforded good cover for the lions. Once or twice one was seen slinking through the reeds, but not being out after lions they lid not shoot. In fact they were anxious to keep the lions if possible until their fresh supply of films arrived, and then organise a big hunt which would prove an exceptional triumph.

The plain soon ended, giving place to marshy ground covered with a dense growth of tropical trees, while this in turn led to ground that resembled a park, with trees growing singly or in scattered groups, stretching towards a high cliff or precipice

at no great distance

"The ruins are at the foot of the cliff," said Joseph coming to a halt on a mass of broken paving that had evidently at one time formed the roadway leading to the ruins. The boys had dropped well to the rear, and looked inclined to bolt at the slightest sign of a ghost creature. "I will wait here for your

"Well, Joseph, don't expect us before two hours. Then if we don't return you must come and see what has happened."
"Allah forbid," muttered Joseph, looking ex-

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"Allah torbid," infiltered Joseph, tremely uncomfortable.

Grigson laughed as they picked their way along the broken roadway through which grass and plants were forcing their way. It led straight onwards, the scattered trees now growing closer together, the scattered trees now growing closer together, until at length the branches met overhead and the roadway lay in deep shadow.

Suddenly the light burst through the screening branches and they found they were standing inside a high wall, and all around them lay piled masses of hewn stones that had evidently been columns supporting a stone roof. The pavement between supporting a stone roof. The pavement between the masses of fallen stone was smooth and even, although here and there a great tree had thrust its trunk up through the slabs, and threw a grate-tal shade upon the heated stones. In the dis-tance the cliffs showed up black against a brazen sky. "It is certainly a ruin," groaned The Dipper, There isn't a single interesting object."
"We may as well go farther in. There seems to

"We may as well go farther in. There seems to be something dark over there. It may only be a shadow, but then it may be a better type of ruin

than this."

They walked on, their footsteps echoing weirdly upon the ruined pavement. The place was strangely silent. There was neither bird nor insect to be seen. the very air appeared to be brooding and heavy, as if stagnant. Although the sun was shining hotly upon everything, and the stones under their feet burned botly through the soles of their boots.

After some time they reached a part of the ruins that were in better preservation, and entered a sort of hall lined with huge idols, the roof above their head supported upon massive columns, fantastically carved with scenes that wound around and around. Immense human headed animals hewn in stones appeared to mount a sinister guard, and glared savagely upon the intruders.
"What was that?" asked The Dipper, stopping

suddenly in front of a woman-headed lion. "There

was something behind that column."

"Nonsense, man," replied Grigson. "It was only the swish of a running lizard among the leaves. The place is littered with rubbish."
"I am certain I heard a stealthy step," muttered The Dipper. "I wish the light was better," he added.

"The whole place is so weirdly suggestive, that it would make a good setting for an African film " "Tell the Boss, and perhaps he'll come."

"No, I'll make some rough sketches."
"You can't in this light."
"What about a fire? The dancing light will flicker upon these old idols, and produce just the effect I want. I shall climb upon the lap of that old Johnny there, and if you feed the bonfire well, I'll get a good view of the whole crowd,"

The Dipper was so very keen, that Grigson laughingly collected together some of the rubbish that littered the floor, and set a match to it. "Have your look," he cried, "and tell me if it's worth the trouble."

The Dipper had climbed to a comfortable seat upon the idol's lap, and gazed critically down the

long rows of idols.

"Fling on some more sticks and come here," he called to his companion. "I never saw anything so awesome in all my life. The idols look as if they were gloating over a sacrifice. The expression upon their hideous faces is indescribable,"
"Well, you're sitting just over an ancient altar.

It looks as if it had been used rather recently. It's covered with brown stains. How'd you get up?"
"There's a sort of broken staircase at the back,
Take care, it's in a pretty rotten state, and some of
the steps are missing."
Grigson climbal up to release The State.

Grigson climbed up to where The Dipper sat, busy with his drawing block and pencil, roughly blocking in the general aspect of the idols and stone, human-headed animals that crouched at the bottom of the columns. The fire flared brightly, sending up spark-flecked smoke that floated heavily around

the columns.

"That's weird if you like," observed Grigson, pointing to the thin wreaths of smoke, twining slowly around the columns. "It's a horrid place."

"Can't you imagine it with crowds of white-tobed priests; stolid, drugged captives, about to be accepted to he have the crowds."

sacrificed; the haunting music; and the crash of

"Shut up," snapped Grigson. "The place is getting on my nerves; why I actually imagined that I saw something white creeping across that shadow over there."

"One, that's nothing," grinned The Dipper, "I've seen several, headed by an ordinary maneless lion. No doubt the mate of the lioness you shot last night. I say, do throw some more sticks on that fire. I'll

THE QUIVER

have this blocked in sufficiently in a few minutes. I think I'll come back some day and do it in water colours. I believe I could get the effect better.

colours. I believe I could get the effect better,"
Grigson ran down the steps, and collecting an armiful of wood from a fallen tree trunk, piled it upon the
fire, and then returned to the lap of the god. "The
place is full of maneless lions," he said quietly.
"At least, I think they are maneless lions, but they
are quite light coloured. Look white in this dull light."
"The ghosts!" murmured The Dipper, blocking
in the last idol's head. "I wish they'd come into

the open."

"Good heavens," whispered Grigson.

got your wish. Here they come."

The Dipper breathed hard in pleasure, for stealing silently from out of the shadow came a magnificent maneless lion, followed by six smaller, but perfectly white, beasts. He sketched them frantically, while Grigson watched the brutes circling around the fire, and sniffing the air, as if seeking something. the leader crouched, and with tail switching sharply

from side to side, it crept slowly across the pavement, its glowing eyes fixed upon Grigson.
"Put up your traps," said Grigson quietly, " and pick up that rifle. These beasts are going to attack us, and ghosts or not we've a mighty small chance if they try that staircase. Pick off the leader," He fired as he spoke, and the leader gave a spitting snarl, snapped at its side, and then came on with incredible swiftness, while from every shadow-hidden corner, white and cream-coloured lions came roaring

and growling into the open.

The light from the flickering fire was so uncertain that it was difficult to take good aim, but even then that it was difficult to take good ann, out even discovered of the beasts rolled off the altar, either seriously wounded or else dead. And still they jumped eagerly, endeavouring to reach the men above them, while the great lion, although badly counted still but the stack. Somebow he always wounded, still led the attack. Somehow he always seemed to keep under the ledge of the god, and the

men could not secure a shot that told.

Suddenly The Dipper leant forward. "Grip my legs," he said, and bending perilously over the edge he fired. The great lion gave a loud snarl, and rolled over dead. There was a terrible jangle of metal, the rending of stones, and to their astonishment, the lap of the god slipped suddenly away as if some spring had been loosened by the shot, and they were flung helplessly down an incline to land unhurt upon the sandy bed of a dried-up watercourse. could hear the snarling of their disappointed foes, cound near the sharing of their disappointed for, and, looking upwards, they caught sight of great, white heads looking over the edge of the cavity through which they had slipped.

"Well?" said Grigson, with grim intensity of feeding.

feeling.

"This old washaway must find an outlet somewhere," observed The Dipper, "Get out your flashlight and we'll make tracks. I'm almost certain that it leads to that empty water tank we saw as we came in. You remember there was an arched opening into it."

He was right, and they soon reached Joseph and the waiting boys. When they told the Boss of their adventure he only remarked, "What a chance for a good film wasted?" ELINOR W. FRANCKLYN. ELINOR W. FRANCKLYN.

HIGHLY COMMENDED

Ethel M. Burrows, Edith Longman, Una Burgess, Dora Barr Chapman, Doris Forscutt, Frances Hives, . B. Braithwaite, Gwendolen Lerjonhufyud, Frances M. N. Tall.

COMMINDED

Beatrice G. Fraser, L. E. Bartlett, B. Salmond, Ethel Bickley, Dorothy Hayward, Olive Philpott, A. Chapman, Alice Andrews, Selma B. Drummond

The junior prize has been awarded to G. HAROLD HILL, aged 151, whose story,

unhappily, I am unable to include in these pages owing to the length of it.

Besides the prize winner's, however, the stories sent in by JOYCE O. HAWARD. JANET ADDIE and ROSA E. BUNN were all well carried out, and their efforts ran the successful competitor's very closely.

HIGHLY COMMENDED

Joyce O. Haward, Janet Addic, Rosa E. Bunn, Helen Orbell, Dorothy A. Kuhruber, Dorothy Crompton, Geo. Butterley, Lilian Bedford, A. H. Burgess, Fred R. Hurworth, Margaret E. Drake, Lorge Putter Leviller, E. Mackeyin, Pers Lorna Rutter-Leatham, E. Mackenzie Ross. COMMENDED

Kathleen Page, Alfreda G. Lucas, Janet Dougal, Katharine W. Gould, Tom Meck, Gladys Moti-Distin, Myfanwy Hammond, Vera Kathleen Mitchell, May Llewellyn, M. H. Selkirk, Lily M. Howell, Edith Martin, H. Holland, Nancy St. Quintin, Elsie Mowbray, A. C. Norman, Ruth C. Haward, John Bird, Enid Felix.

Art Competition

" A BOOK-PLATE"

I was specially pleased with some of the entries for our art competition this month, though I was surprised to notice that in a few instances readers seemed a little hazy as to what a book-plate really is, or maybe that the design they executed was, to my mind, hardly suitable for the purpose.

I have decided to award the senior prize to Miss A. M. Kay, whose illustration was strongly carried out in black-and-white. Both drawing and lettering were quite good.

MARJORIE CURTIS sent in a painting specially designed for a nature book. It was most attractively carried out as regards arrangement and colouring, though I think the pink border tended to depreciate the value as a whole. Also, for the purpose of a bookplate, the detail was perhaps a little excessive.

HIGHLY COMMENDED

Marjorie Curtis, Ethel M. Tanner, K. S. Jenkins, E. Mason, Beryl M. Puzey, Dorothy Rowe.

COMMENDED

Vera Furneaux Harris, Gladys Mace, Eva Bickly, Ioan Gedge, Muriel Robinson, Edith J. Oatway. K. M. Fryer, Elsie Carte, Ethel Bickley.

In the junior division I am awarding the prize to IVY S. FORFAR, aged 17. Her idea was quite good, and had the lettering and the scroll - work been rather stronger, the final result would have been very satisfactory.

HIGHLY COMMINDED

Muriel Corbett, Shelagh Morris, Flora M. MacLeol. Alice Helena Graves, Beryl W. Geslge, Geraldine McWhirk, R. G. Zissell.

COMMENDED

C. C. Norman, Julia Webber, Myfanwy Hammond, Nellie Schmidt, Marjorie Budden, D. Scouloud, Beryl Jones, Beryl Wooldridge.

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